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1861-5

A PHOTOGRAPH OF OUR OLD LIFE.

SPARKS FROM THE CAMP FIRE.

OR
TALES OF THE OLD VETERANS.

THRILLING STORIES

OF
HEROIC DEEDS, BRAVE ENCOUNTERS, DESPERATE BATTLES, BOLD
ACHIEVEMENTS, RECKLESS DARING, LOFTY PATRI-
OTISM, TERRIBLE SUFFERING AND
WONDROUS FORTITUDE.

AS RE-TOLD TO-DAY

AROUND THE MODERN CAMP FIRE.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION

WITH

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY COMRADES.

EDITED BY

JOSEPH W. MORTON, JR.

ILLUSTRATED.

PHILADELPHIA:

THE KEYSTONE PUBLISHING CO.

1890.

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1890.

EX-101

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EX-101

≡ PREFACE ≡



IN preparing this new and enlarged edition of SPARKS FROM THE CAMP-FIRE, we have simply yielded to the wishes of our esteemed friends, the public, who have demanded a book which shall be fuller and more complete than the modest little volume which first bore the title named above. In the preparation of this volume we have been nobly aided by very many of the veterans, some of whose contributions have been published as received, while others have had the revision of the editor. Most of the contributors, through that motive of modesty which is such a distinctive trait of the true soldier, have denied us the privilege of using their names, while in a few cases we have insisted so strongly that we have been granted the privilege of stating the authorship.

We do not feel obliged to offer any apology for the publication of SPARKS FROM THE CAMP-FIRE. The events of 1861-65 will always form a conspicuous part of American history. The stories of the battle-field and camp-fire never grow old, nor does time detract one jot from their interest. They form the principal topic of conversation around the modern "camp-fire," where the battle-scarred veterans of the late civil war meet and rehearse in peace and quietness the stirring episodes in which they have figured in by-gone years.

Those there are who say "let by-gones be by-gones," "let us forget all about the war;" but we cannot endorse these sentiments. Men who talk thus are not those whose life-blood watered the gory field—not those who went promptly to the front when danger threatened, ready to sacrifice life or limb upon the altar of patriotism. As a general rule this cry proceeds from the same class of self-righteous citizens who are always ready to oppose the granting of pensions, and to assist into positions of power men who, in the dark days of the early Sixties, stood with folded arms ready to embrace the cause of the victorious party, no matter which it might prove to be.

We know that the war is over; the strife has ceased; the victory has been won; but the story of the great conflict will never diminish in interest, and the tales of veterans will always command respect and attention. Whatever is worth talking about is worth writing; and whatever is worth writing is worth publishing.

PREFACE.

This volume contains nothing but true stories—real incidents—the truth of which has been thoroughly attested. No embellishments are needed to make such a work thrilling and interesting. The most gifted writer of fiction can add nothing to the romance of war stories, of which it may be truly said, “Truth is stranger than fiction.”

Let us keep alive the memories of the gallant deeds of 1861–65! Not with malice and bitterness, but with love, charity and thanksgiving. Let us encourage the rising generation to honor the memory of the heroes now fast passing away. It will tend to promote patriotism and national pride—a result devoutly to be wished.

The illustrations deserve more than passing mention. Not only are they numerous, but they represent the best work of such noted artists as Edwin Forbes, the famous etcher of war scenes, Frank L. Fithian, the popular artist of “*Puck*” and “*Texas Siftings*,” James Thompson, the rising color artist, and others of almost equal skill and prominence. No soldier-book, sold at a popular price, has ever contained one-half the wealth of illustrations—vivid and realistic—that will be found in this volume.

In conclusion we may say that the chief object of the editor has been to chronicle the minor incidents of the great conflict. Detailed histories and official records must of necessity be resorted to for the graver and weightier matters, for criticism or censure of the more prominent actors in the gory drama; but this volume tells of the experience of private soldiers, innumerable incidents of adventure and daring, items of personal endurance and suffering, details of peril by flood and field—the rollicking, luxuriant humor of the camp cropping out with refreshing frequency.

It cannot fail to be interesting, and we now submit our work to the critical “inspection” of the “rank and file,” in the hope that it may “pass muster” and that its readers may be numbered in a very “long roll.”

THE EDITOR.

MAY, 1890.

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THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

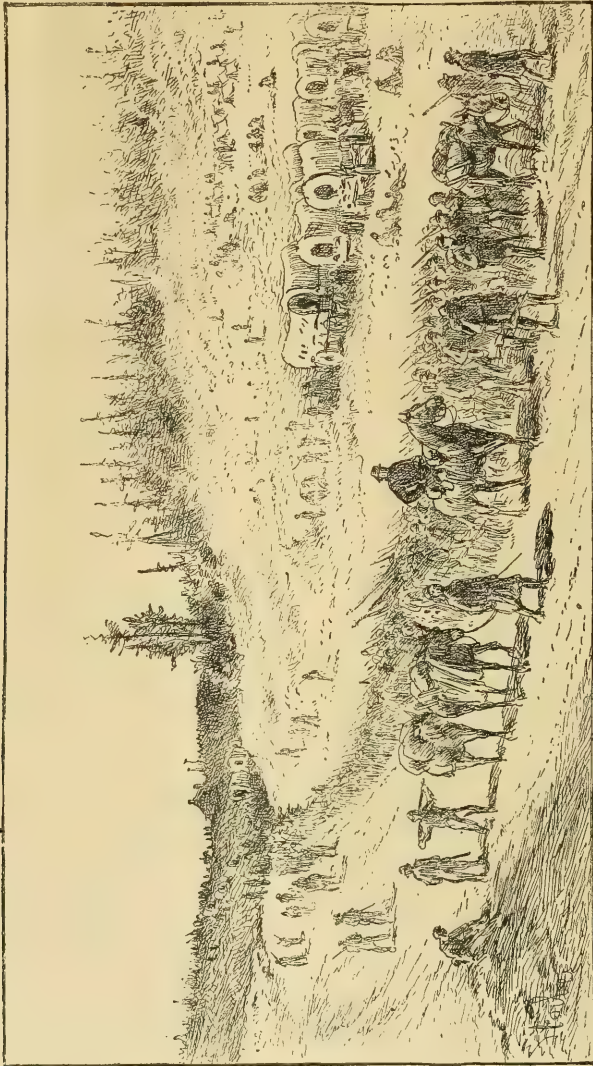
N the 28th day of June, 1863, Major-General George Gordon Meade assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, succeeding General Hooker, who, though a brilliant fighter, had not given satisfaction to the authorities at Washington and was permitted to resign. In fact, his relations with the War Department and the disaffection of some of his inferior officers compelled this course. Yet Hooker's parting from the army caused much genuine grief among the rank and file of his command, who respected and loved the man for his dashing intrepidity and sterling patriotism. The appointment of General Meade created considerable surprise, especially to that gallant officer himself, who was not aware of the high esteem with which he was regarded by President Lincoln.

To the new commander was given a great amount of authority—in fact, he was almost absolutely untrammelled, and was directed to act entirely upon his own judgment. The President waived, in his favor, all the prerogatives of the Executive. Meade used this power with rare discretion and proved that Mr. Lincoln's confidence was not misplaced. Whether Hooker, Burnside, or any other of his predecessors would have made a better showing if given the same freedom of action can only be conjectured.

But few changes were made in the assignments of command and only those that were absolutely necessary. Meade's Corps—the Fifth—was placed under command of Sykes; Hancock led the Second Corps, *vice* Couch, who had been assigned to the department of the Susquehanna; Reynolds commanded the First; Sickles the Third; Sedgwick the Sixth; Howard the Eleventh, and Slocum the Twelfth. Meade's entire effective force was about 100,000 men.

To oppose this mighty army General Lee had about 98,000 men and nearly 300 guns, besides a strong force of cavalry which was pressing toward the north apart from the infantry columns. Lee's headquarters, on June 28th, were at Chambersburg, Pa., and portions of his command had advanced as far as Carlisle and York, while Meade's army was located at Frederick, Maryland. The old Keystone State was apparently at the mercy of the invaders, who were levying tribute right and left,

and striking terror to the hearts of the whole North. The inhabitants of Franklin, Adams, York and Cumberland counties fled in droves to the northern hills, driving their cattle and other farm animals before them. Philadelphia, the "hot bed of abolitionism," lay almost within



MEADE'S ARMY MARCHING INTO PENNSYLVANIA.

the grasp of the Southern hordes. The outlook was dark indeed; but by a series of most fortunate accidents, supplemented by some magnificent generalship and a display of heroism never equaled in the world's history, the onward march of the enemy was soon stopped and his broken columns thrown back beyond the Potomac in all but utter rout.

Immediately upon assuming command of the army, General Meade started his columns northward and threw them between the enemy and the rich prize on the banks of the Delaware. Before Lee was aware of his antagonist's intention, the head of Meade's column had crossed the Pennsylvania line and reached the South Mountain. Meantime, Lee's cavalry, under Stuart, had essayed to reach the main army by a detour still further east, by way of Hanover, and found themselves cut off by the rapid advance of Meade. Hooker was forced to fight at Chancellorsville without his cavalry, and Lee had a similar misfortune at Gettysburg. Being without those "eyes of the army," Lee was in ignorance of the proximity of Meade and was overtaken and forced to fight on ground not of his own choosing.

SCENE OF THE BATTLE.

The town of Gettysburg, now rendered immortal as the scene of the greatest battle of modern times, lies in a beautiful valley between two of the series of ridges that traverse the southern part of Pennsylvania. The general direction of these ridges is from north to south, and they are broken here and there by irregular depressions and knolls, giving the country a rolling and diversified aspect. From the town of Gettysburg a number of roads and turnpikes diverge. The Carlisle road runs almost north; the Harrisburg road bears to the northeast; the York road to the east; the Baltimore turnpike to the southeast; the Taneytown road due south; the Emmitsburg road southwest; the Hagerstown road to the west, and the Chambersburg and Shippensburg roads to the northwest. The railroad from York enters the town from the east.

West of the town is a long sloping range of hills called Seminary or Oak Ridge; to the north is a slight elevation almost at right angles to this. South of the town is another range of hills of peculiar formation, somewhat resembling a fish-hook, with the curve towards Gettysburg. On the brow of this hill is located a cemetery, from which the range takes the generic name of Cemetery Hill. Two miles south of the cemetery, and a little to the west, is Round Top, an elevation of some four hundred feet, which forms the end of the stem of the "fish-hook;" a short distance to the north of this is a smaller knob called Little Round Top, a bold and rocky prominence nearly three hundred feet high; then comes a range of hills up to the cemetery, where the ridge curves and runs back almost a mile to Wolf's Hill, forming the point of the "hook," Culp's Hill forming the barb.

A more perfect place for defensive military operations could hardly be conceived. The rugged character of the ground, with its rocky

ledges and huge boulders, make it a sort of natural fortification, forming almost three-quarters of a circle, within which wagon trains may be protected and troops transferred from point to point with the greatest security and almost absolute safety.

To the west of the main stem of Cemetery Ridge, and opposite the Round Tops, the ground falls off in a gentle slope through a cultivated valley, rising again in another and parallel crest—Seminary Ridge—about a mile distant. In this valley and on the slope of Cemetery Hill, human blood was poured out like water during those two July afternoons. Around the head of the ridge, opposite the town and beyond, the battle raged fiercely and bloody work was done, but it was on the bosom of the peaceful valley above described that the demon of war laid his thousands of victims those fateful days.

FIRST DAY.

General Buford's cavalry reached Gettysburg on June 29th, and remained there until the morning of July 1st, when Buford pushed forward toward the west, over Seminary Ridge to the hills beyond, and took a position over a mile from the town and east of a small creek known as Willoughby Run, his line extending on each side of the Chambersburg road. Buford's object was to intercept the advance of Longstreet and Hill, who were known to be approaching from Chambersburg.

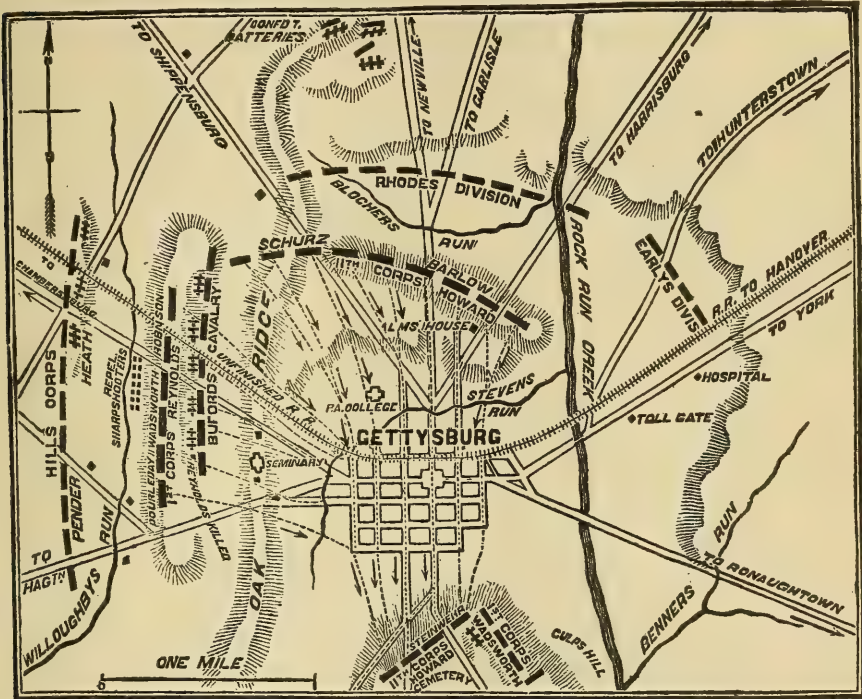
OPENING OF THE BATTLE.

About nine o'clock in the morning he was assailed by Heth's division, which formed the head of Hill's column, and a furious engagement began at once. The great battle of Gettysburg here commenced.

At this time Reynolds' corps was about four miles from Buford, and rapidly approaching. Howard, with the Eleventh corps, was not far behind him. Knowing this, Buford determined to hold the enemy in check until Reynolds and Howard could come up. This he did most gallantly and skillfully. The troops fought bravely and yielded their ground only by inches, until, at ten o'clock, Reynolds came upon the scene with Wadsworth's division, leaving his other two divisions, under Doubleday and Robinson, in reserve on Seminary Ridge. Buford was by this time hard pressed, and although Reynolds had no instructions to bring on a battle, the existing conditions gave him no alternative. No doubt his fine military eye took in the grand defensive position offered by the rocks and ridges of Cemetery Hill, and he saw

the importance of holding the enemy at bay until the main body of the army of the Potomac should occupy this eminent vantage ground. Whether this be true or not, the stubborn resistance in this opening fight allowed just such a manœuvre to be executed.

Advancing Wadsworth's division to the support of Buford, Reynolds hurriedly sent Howard instructions to push forward with all possible speed. Wadsworth's corps was rapidly placed in position, Cutler's



THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GETTYSBURG—FIRST DAY.

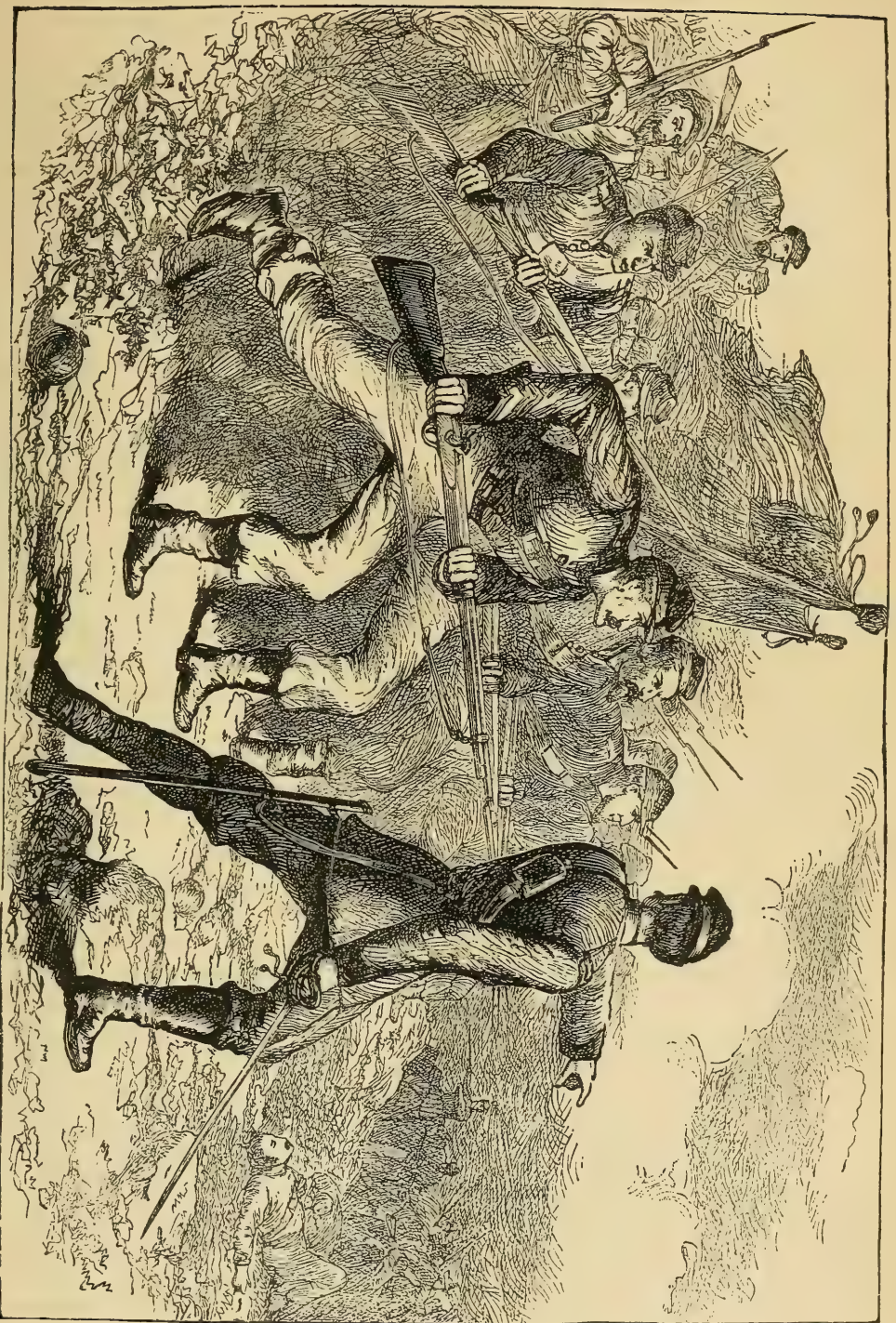
brigade to the right and Meredith's "Iron Brigade" to the left of the Cashtown road. The Union troops were posted on rising ground and below them lay the enemy, along Willoughby Run. A lot of rebel sharpshooters had crossed the Run and taken possession of a strip of woods, from behind the shelter of which they were picking off our men with great rapidity. Reynolds decided to charge, clear the woods of the sharpshooters, and if possible drive the Rebels from their position. With his characteristic boldness the brave commander rode forward to reconnoitre and ascertain, if possible, the strength and position of the hostile force. While thus engaged in preparing for the onslaught, the gallant Reynolds fell—shot through the neck by a rebel sharpshooter.

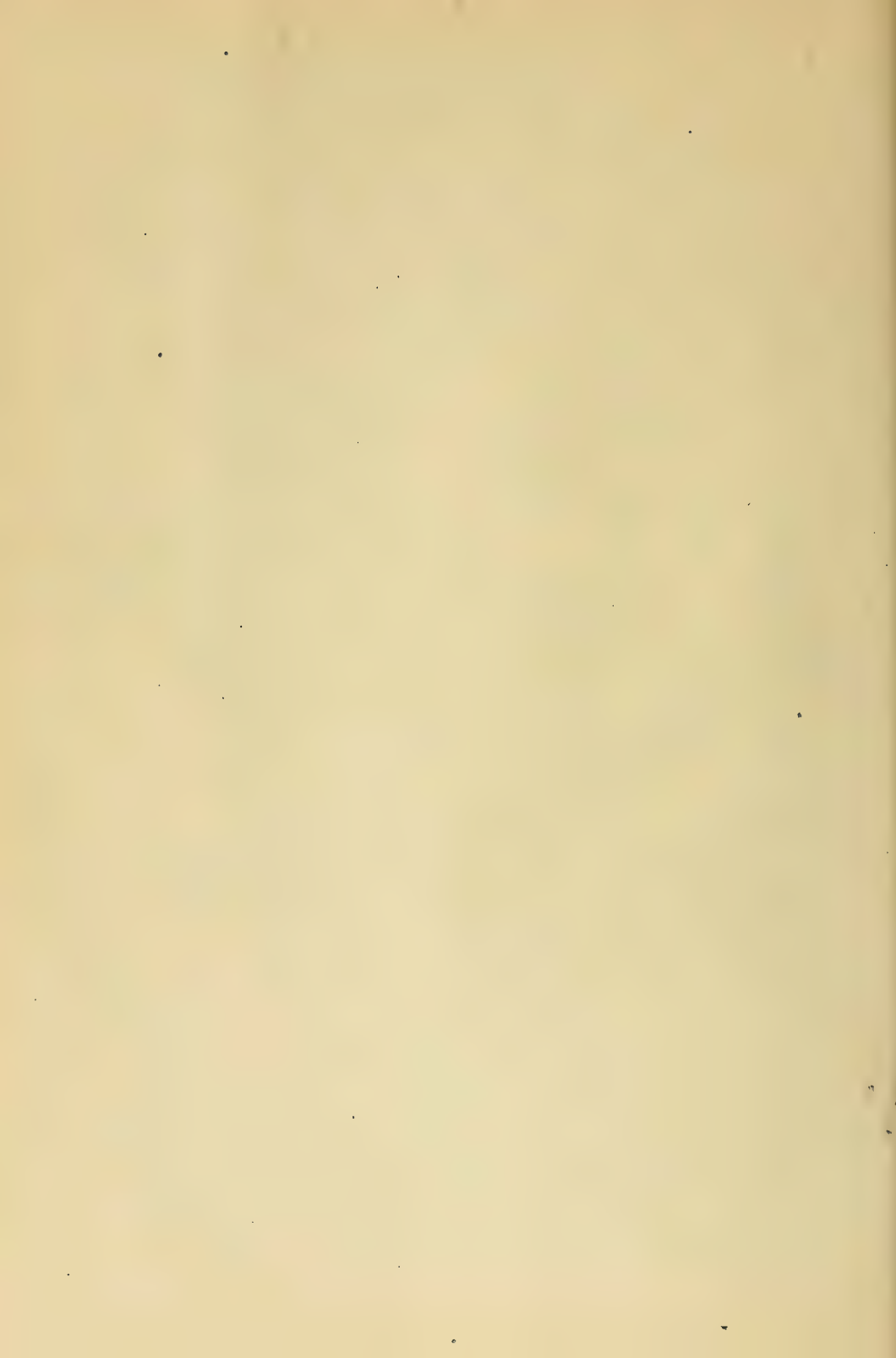
Doubleday turned over his division to General Rowley and came forward to take the place of his fallen commander, and the battle went on without a moment's pause. A general charge was ordered and the whole of Wadsworth's division was soon engaged at close quarters with Hill's troops.

The "Iron Brigade" fell like an avalanche on the front and flank of Archer's confederate brigade, tearing it to fragments and sweeping its commander and hundreds of his men to the rear—prisoners. The boys in blue fought desperately and tore the gray lines into shreds as fast as they were formed. Along the whole line the fighting was fast and furious; not a man shirked his duty. "We have come to stay," was the battle-cry, and too true it was of many of the brave boys, for soon the ground was cumbered with the forms of fallen heroes. The oldest veterans of the First declare that the firing in this engagement was the hottest of the war. Every staff officer in Cutler's brigade had his horse shot under him within the space of twenty minutes, and some lost two or three. The air seemed literally alive with whizzing lead. Hall's battery—the only one in action on our side—was in position beside the Cashtown road. Being left for a time unsupported, the rebels made a vigorous effort to capture it, and for a few minutes the guns were in imminent danger, but three regiments of Wadsworth's command—the Fourteenth Brooklyn, Sixth Minnesota and Ninety-fifth New York—sprang forward with a ringing cheer, saved the guns, repulsed the enemy with fearful slaughter, and drove two Mississippi regiments into a cut of an unfinished railroad, where they were surrounded and captured, together with their battle-flags.

Seeing that the enemy was growing stronger and bolder, Doubleday brought up his two reserve divisions under Robinson and Rowley, placing the former on the right and the latter on the left of Wadsworth. Gen. Baxter's brigade, consisting of the Twelfth Massachusetts, Eighty-third and Ninety-seventh New York, and the Eighty-eighth and Ninetieth Pennsylvania regiments, held the extreme right of Robinson's division. Upon the front and flank of this noble brigade the Rebels hurled their forces with crushing weight. But Baxter's boys were there for business, and bore the brunt of the engagement with great heroism. The Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania charged and captured nearly a whole regiment—the Twenty-third North Carolina—of Rodes' division. So great was the impetuosity of the conflict on both sides that the blue and the gray were at times so mixed together that it was difficult to distinguish the formation of the lines. But numbers were beginning to tell, and with Hill's entire corps, numbering 35,000 men, on his front, and with every prospect of his right flank being

CHARGE OF THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA.





turned in spite of Baxter's valor, Doubleday was gradually forced back until he encountered Howard's columns, just coming into action. Howard assumed chief command, putting Schurz in charge of the Eleventh, while Schimmelpfennig took command of Schurz's division. The Eleventh formed in line of battle facing the north, Schurz's left wing forming a right angle with and almost resting upon Doubleday's right. This timely assistance prevented Hill from flanking Doubleday, for the advancing rebel columns were driven back in disorder by the left wing of the Eleventh. The battle now broke forth again with desperate fury. Our troops were largely outnumbered, but the Eleventh corps vied with the First in deeds of valor and seemed determined to redeem the honor lost at Chancellorsville. Howard had barely 21,000 troops in action, all told, while Hill had some 35,000; but with all this force he was able to accomplish but little until about two o'clock, when Ewell, headed by "Stonewall" Jackson's old brigade, stole in from York and swelled the Confederate force to a round 50,000. These fresh troops fell with terrible energy upon Barlow, commanding the right wing of the Eleventh. Early's division descended like a thunderbolt on Barlow's flank and front while Rodes' division of the same corps moved around and formed a junction with Hill's left. At the corner of the angle, where the First and Eleventh approached but did not meet, was a commanding elevation which Rodes at once saw was the key of the situation. Massing his infantry, Rodes threw them directly at the angle in overwhelming numbers, and having seized the vantage point he planted his artillery so as to pour an oblique and devastating fire on the left of the Eleventh.

DRIVEN BACK THROUGH GETTYSBURG.

A terrific, blinding leaden sleet filled the air, while shot and shell played havoc with the blue-coats. The boys fought stubbornly but were pressed back by weight of numbers. Howard's line was too extended, too thin to repel the savage rushes of the enemy. The Eleventh was completely overmatched and fell back through the streets of Gettysburg in disorder. Ewell, in hot pursuit, captured some three thousand men who were unable to make their way to the protection of Steinwehr on Cemetery Hill. The defeat of the Eleventh corps placed Doubleday in a most perilous position. In the face of fearful odds he had bravely held his ground, but after the Eleventh corps had been driven from the field a furious enfilading fire of musketry and cannon compelled Baxter and the whole First corps to yield the position they had so gallantly defended.

Stubbornly and doggedly they fell back towards Gettysburg, bitterly

contesting every foot of the ground. Doubleday handled his men with consummate ability, but now that the Eleventh corps had melted away it would have been madness to attempt further resistance. Both flanks of the First were in danger of being turned, and an overpowering force of the enemy was in front. The shattered battalions made a dignified retreat through the southwestern portion of the town, taking with them all their wagons and all their artillery except one piece. Defeated, but not crushed, the noble First corps retired to the fastness of Steinwehr's position, and at once began to repair damages and prepare for the struggle of the morrow.

As the broken Union columns fell back upon the heights south of Gettysburg the wisdom of posting Steinwehr's division and the reserve artillery upon the commanding crest of Cemetery Hill became perfectly apparent. It formed a nucleus around which the discomfited Union army re-formed its broken lines, and eventually this rugged mountain proved a rock against which the Confederate leaders hurled their legions in brave but useless endeavor.

The remains of the Eleventh corps took a position to the right of Steinwehr, and the First formed on his left, making a crescent-shaped line around the front of Cemetery Hill. The position was a strong one, and its possession proved to be the salvation of Meade's army.

The fighting ceased about four o'clock in the afternoon, and shortly after that time nearly all of Lee's army was upon the scene of conflict. By five o'clock the rebel forces on the field numbered nearly 80,000, and had Lee attacked our position on Cemetery Hill at that hour, he would no doubt have been successful in seizing the position, and the result of the battle of Gettysburg would have been far different. But Lee was deceived by the fierce onset and stubborn resistance of the Union forces and was led to believe that the whole Union army was within supporting distance. Thus, fortunately for us, he allowed his golden opportunity to pass unimproved.

About the time that Howard's corps was fleeing through Gettysburg, Hancock arrived at Steinwehr's headquarters and assumed chief command. He received the retreating soldiers with words of cheer, and his confident bearing and magnetism of manner went far toward restoring the spirits of the broken battalions. Buford's fine cavalry division was deployed on the plain at the foot of the Hill, and presented a firm front to the pursuing enemy. The troopers, although wearied by their hard morning's work, did yeoman's service, and gallantly covered the retreat of their unmounted comrades. Buford has been called "the good angel of Gettysburg," a title which he, supported by his matchless band of warriors, richly earned.

During the evening the Third and Twelfth corps of the Federal army reached the scene of action and were promptly placed in position. Shortly after midnight the Second corps arrived from Taneytown, and by early morning the Fifth corps, under Sykes, arrived on the field after a forced march of twenty-four miles from Union Mills. The Sixth, under the gallant Sedgwick, had thirty-two miles to come, but it was on hand, worn and weary, by two o'clock the following afternoon and rendered noble service in spite of its exhausted condition.

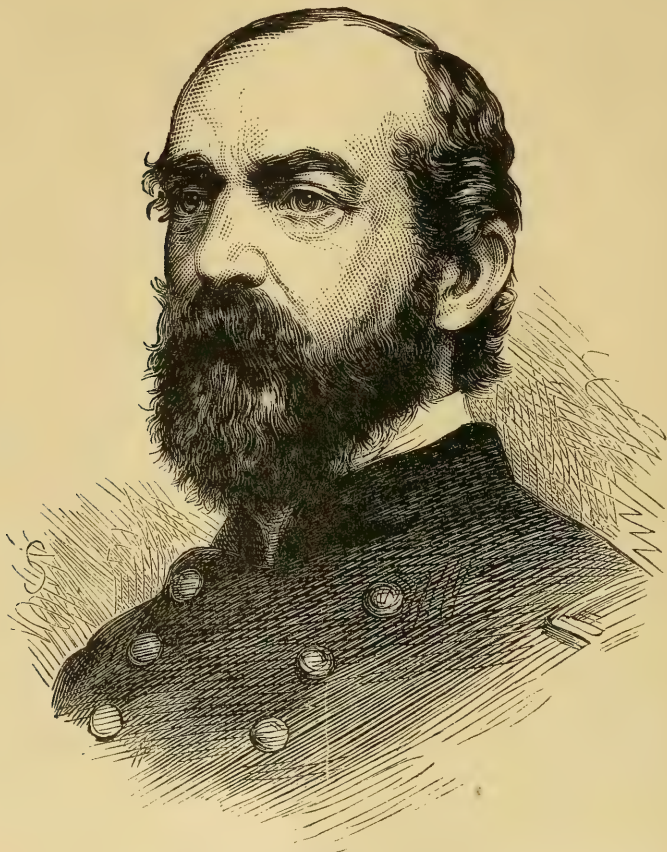
The people of Gettysburg were in despair that night. They had seen our troops driven like sheep through their streets, or captured by droves; their town was held in indisputed possession by the invading hosts, whose numbers seemed overpowering. They were unaware of the approach of the re-enforcing Union columns, and doubtless believed that the opening of another day would witness the total annihilation of their defenders. The boastful confederates talked boldly of what they would do the following morning, and it was with sad forebodings that these wretched people sat and waited for the dawn. Many fled from the town and took refuge in the rear of the Union army. But when morning came the heights were crowned with a formidable array of wide-mouthed cannon, and behind every stone wall, every ledge of rock appeared a glistening *abattis* of bayonets, through which no force of flesh and blood might pass.

The death of General Reynolds was a severe loss to the country, and cast a deep gloom all over the army, but especially over the Pennsylvania Reserves, with whom he had been closely identified and whose idol he was. Some of these men wept, and all demanded to be led against the enemy that they might wreak vengeance upon his slayers. During their desperate charge on the following day the thrilling war cry of the Reserves, "Revenge for Reynolds," rang out above the din of battle and steeled their hearts to deeds of wondrous valor.

SECOND DAY.

The sun rose clear and bright on the morning of Thursday, July 2d. From the top of Cemetery Ridge, a scene of surpassing loveliness was spread out before the observer. To the westward lay a beautiful rolling valley, dotted with well-kept farms and broken by occasional patches of timber. The air was filled with balmy sweetness, and the woods echoed with the songs of feathered warblers. Blooming orchards and yellow wheat-fields met the eye, and all was calm and still. The birds sang in their sylvan bowers, the leaves rustled in the warm summer zephyrs, the golden grain-fields moved in gentle undulations;

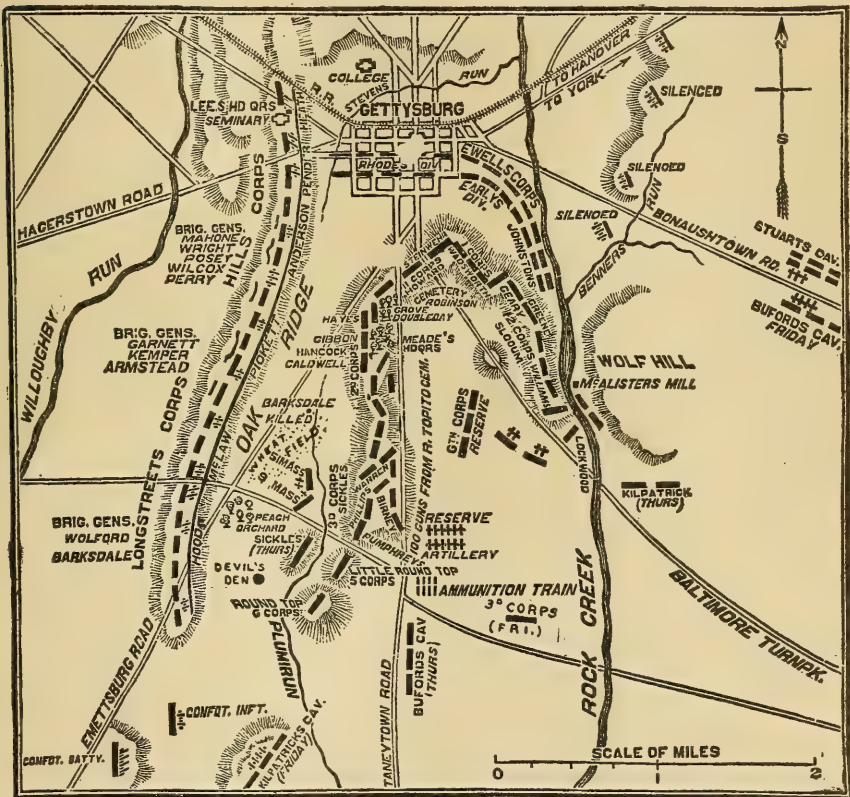
all nature seemed unconscious of the terrible whirlwind of human passion that was soon to desolate this scene of peace and happiness, fill the air with shrieks and groans, deluge these fields with streams of gore, and cover the hillsides with the mutilated bodies of the slain.



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE GORDON MEADE.

General Meade had reached Cemetery Hill shortly after midnight, and had taken command in person, establishing his headquarters in a little frame shanty on the Taneytown road, out of range of the enemy's musketry. With the first streak of dawn, the general-in-chief was hurrying about from point to point, studying his ground and posting his forces. Some of the corps were already in position and partially intrenched, and as the others came up they were promptly placed where they would do the most good. When the dispositions were completed, the positions were as follows: On the extreme right was

the Twelfth corps, General Slocum, which, with Wadsworth's division of the First, held Culp's Hill. Then came the remaining divisions of the First corps (now commanded by General Newton) under Robinson and Doubleday; the Eleventh corps came next, occupying the front or face of Cemetery Hill; then the Second corps, under Hancock, and the Third, under Sickles. The Fifth corps was held in reserve, its position being behind Little Round Top. When the Sixth corps came up, at two o'clock, it was also held in reserve. The army was thus placed in a sort of horse-shoe form, the left wing, however, being much longer than the right, and the reserves were within thirty minutes' march of any part of the line of battle. The wagon-trains were parked in the hollow inside of the horse-shoe, where they were well protected.



THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GETTYSBURG—SECOND AND THIRD DAYS.

Although the arrival of Longstreet had largely augmented Lee's forces, the confederate prospect on Thursday morning was not near so rosy as it had been the night before. The Union army had received

still larger reinforcements, and during the hours of darkness had thrown up breastworks, dug rifle-pits, felled trees, and otherwise intrenched themselves along the hillside. The crests of the ridge were crowned with murderous-looking cannon, and it must have been painfully apparent to the rebel leaders, when they swept the field with their glasses at break of day, that Meade's position was almost impregnable. But Lee could not remain idle and await Meade's action. He must either attack or retreat; and, emboldened as his soldiers were by their undoubted success on the day preceding, it is doubtful whether Lee could have persuaded his men to withdraw without making a struggle for a decisive victory.

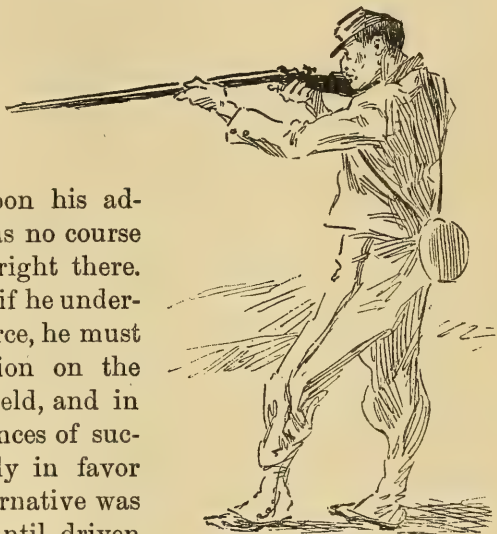
POSITION OF THE ARMIES.

The Union line of battle, from Slocum's right to Sickles' left, was about three miles in length. Lee's line was nearly five miles long, and was in a form of a vast crescent, with its concavity facing Cemetery Ridge. Longstreet's corps formed the confederate right, facing Sickles and Hancock; Hill was in the centre, his right resting on Longstreet's left; Ewell's corps formed the left wing, extending through the streets of Gettysburg and around in front of Newton and Slocum. Between Ewell and Hill was a gap of almost a mile, but, as Meade was acting entirely on the defensive, this break in Lee's line did not weaken it to any extent. In numerical strength the opposing armies were about equal—something over 85,000 men each. Meade's force was compact and communication easy; while Lee's condition was just the reverse.

As we have seen, it was Meade's intention to present an unbroken front from Culp's Hill to Round Top. Sickles' instructions were to connect with Hancock's left, and carry his line straight on to the Round Top, occupying it if possible. But along the centre and left of Hancock's position the ridge was considerably depressed, so that there was a very slight slope as compared with the northern end of the Ridge. One-third of a mile west of this depression in the ridge, half-way to the Emmitsburg road, is another elevation of no great height, but high enough to command the depression to the north of Little Round Top. When Sickles advanced to the position assigned him, he assumed the responsibility of moving forward to the elevation above described, instead of carrying his line straight down toward Round Top. No doubt Sickles did exactly what his judgment dictated, but it was, nevertheless, a mistake that came very near being fatal to the entire army. Instead of connecting his right with Hancock's left, he threw it forward several hundred yards, leaving a wide gap in what ought to have been an unbroken line; his left, instead of being at Round

Top, was in advance of it, and his right wing made an angle of about forty-five degrees with Hancock's line, instead of being a continuation of it. Little Round Top, the key of the battle ground, was not only unoccupied, but unprotected. Thus did Sickles invite attack, and dearly did he pay for his temerity, for Lee was not slow to observe and seize upon the opportunity thus presented by the weak and faulty position which Sickles had assumed.

During the morning, and up to the middle of the afternoon, there was no sign of active hostility, except a pattering and desultory firing between the pickets. But about four o'clock the blow fell. Meade had just seen and realized the perilous position of Sickles, and the latter was making preparations to withdraw; but before anything could be done, the confederate batteries opened upon his advanced position and there was no course left open but to fight it out right there. Meade perceived at once that if he undertook to support Sickles in force, he must move from his strong position on the hills and fight in the open field, and in such a position that the chances of success would have been largely in favor of the enemy. The only alternative was to let Sickles fight it out until driven back to the position which he ought to have occupied at first. The latter course was deemed more wise.



A SKIRMISHER.

Now let us see what shape Sickles was in when the battle opened. His right, under Humphreys, was disposed along the Emmittsburg road, but some distance back from it, the right brigade extending to within a quarter of a mile of Hancock's left, and making an angle of forty-five degrees with the general formation of the Union line. On Humphreys' left, his line was continued by Graham's brigade of Birney's division, as far as the peach orchard. At the left of Graham the other two brigades of Birney's division (under Ward and DeTrobriand) were thrown back obliquely toward Round Top, thus forming a salient, which was Sickles' weakest point. The apex of the angle formed by the line of Birney's division was right in the now celebrated peach orchard, and upon this salient the great weight of the attacking force was thrown.

ASSAULT ON THE THIRD CORPS.

The charge of Longstreet's corps was gloriously awful. His right flank extended past Sickles' left fully two brigades, and as the warrior columns came on, under cover of a devastating artillery fire from their batteries on the wood-crowned heights of Seminary Ridge, the right flank of the enemy was seen to bend in toward Little Round Top. It was plainly Longstreet's intention to envelop the left of Sickles with his right wing, while his left should attack the right and centre, hoping to break through the salient and annihilate the Third corps before substantial aid should reach them. But the bold confederate had reckoned without his host. Sickles' men were there to die, if necessary, but not to show their backs to the enemy.

Ward's brigade, forming the left of the corps, was first struck by the oncoming lines of gray. Hood's trained battalions rush forward with savage yells and demoniac shouts and fall with dreadful force upon Ward's front and flank; but our men are not unprepared, and repel the savage rush of the enemy with great gallantry. Soon the battle rages all along the refused line from the peach orchard to the foot of Little Round Top. Hood sees that if he can gain possession of that rocky prominence the whole of Meade's army may not dislodge him, and that the fate of the Army of the Potomac will be sealed. For weary hours the battle rages, victory inclining first to one side and then to the other. Birney's whole division is under a terrible fire and closed in with rows of glistening steel. In the peach orchard a frightful struggle occurs. Hood is determined to pierce the Union line at the salient, and the brave boys of Graham's and DeTrobriand's brigades have resolved that he shall not. McLaws and Anderson lead the confederate hosts here, and their strength is overpowering. Sickles calls for reinforcements, and Tilton's and Sweitzer's brigades of Ayres' division, Fifth corps, are hurried to his support. But the enemy now opens a terrible enfilading artillery fire on the Union line, and Sickles is pressed back, leaving the coveted orchard in the hands of the enemy. This breaks the National line, and Birney, still fighting desperately, is forced back to a new position, half-way between his last line and the Round Top. About this time Sickles, who has ever been where the bullets were the thickest, is wounded and borne from the field, leaving the Third in command of Birney. The battle continues to rage with unabated fury. Birney is all torn up, but not yet dismembered. Hancock, seeing Birney's distressed condition, sends Caldwell's splendid division of the Second flying to his assistance. Dashing through the blood-stained wheat-field, Caldwell's fresh columns, with Cross and Kelly in the lead, are fiercely attacked by the

confident enemy, and horrible carnage ensues. In a few minutes the gallant Cross falls dead, and both brigades are badly cut up; but Caldwell promptly throws forward his remaining brigades, under Brooke and Zook, and the hot battle bubbles and boils as though it were some great hell caldron. Zook died at the head of his brigade, but Brooke drove the enemy before him. It seemed as though the tide of battle had turned; but the confederates come on again with even greater energy, and Caldwell has hard work to withdraw his battered division. Ayres has just come up with two brigades of regulars from the Fifth corps, but before they can form for action, the impetuous confederates have struck them on front, flank and rear, and they join in the general retreat. But, while our ranks are decimated and disorganized, those of the enemy are quite as much so. Although for the moment victorious, they still are broken and disordered; and when their mad rush carries them up to the base of the hill, they hesitate, and not without substantial reason; for the steady ranks of the Fifth and Sixth corps are waiting on the heights for an opportunity to strike a decisive blow.

The opportunity has come, and General Crawford, with his noble division of Pennsylvania Reserves, is accorded the honor of dealing the parting stroke. The gallant reserves descend like an avalanche upon the disordered foe before them, and a fierce struggle occurs at the base of the hill for the possession of a stone wall. But after a short and bloody conflict, in which the reserves gain fresh laurels for their desperate bravery, the rebels are put to flight, and driven back through the woods beyond the wheat-field. This ends the fighting at this point for the day.

DEFENCE OF LITTLE ROUND TOP.

While Birney, Caldwell and Ayres were making their unequal struggle back of the peach orchard, a fierce contest was going on for the possession of Little Round Top. As before stated, this point was the key of the battle ground. Had Hood's troops gained its summit, they could not have been dislodged without fearful slaughter, if at all, and they could have played havoc with our supply teams and ammunition wagons, which were parked in the rear of the army. Our left flank could have then been turned, and in all human probability the battle of Gettysburg would have ended in an overwhelming defeat for the Union forces. It is enough to make one shudder to think how nearly this end was accomplished.

As before stated, Hood promptly recognized the value of the Little Round Top, and perceived its exposed condition. Its bold and rocky

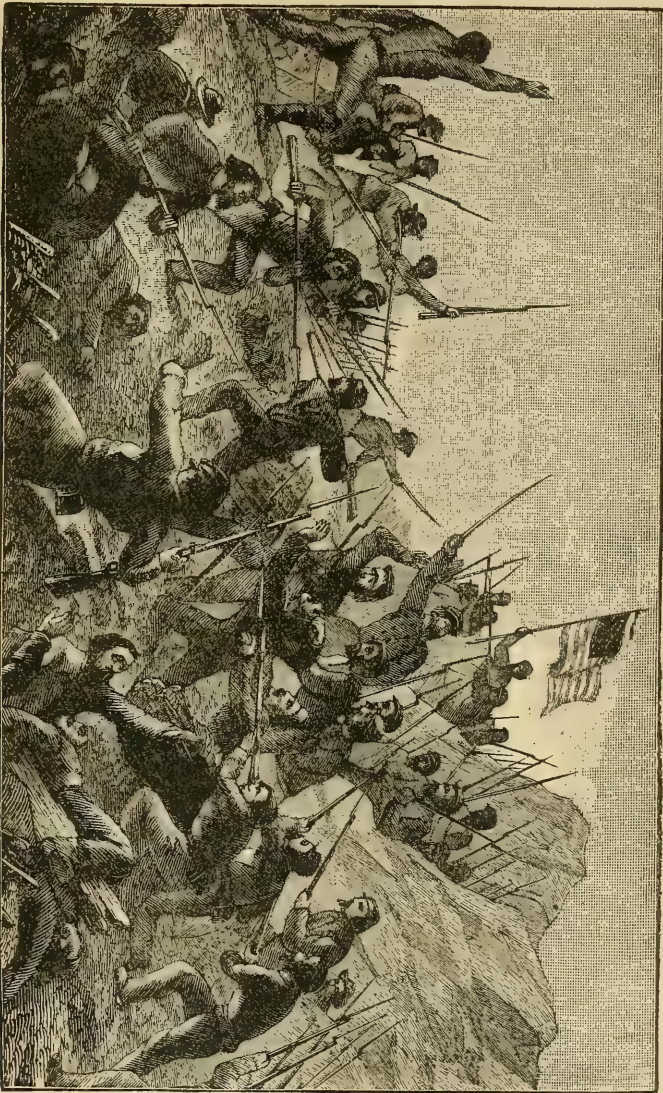
summit was totally unoccupied, save by a few men of the signal corps, and only a thin line of soldiers—the Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania—covered its front. While the first violent attack was being made on Ward's brigade, and along Birney's front, Hood detached his chosen band of Texans, pointed out to them the importance of seizing Little Round Top, and sent them on their errand. The brave and impetuous Texans rushed with lightning speed toward the black and rugged mass. As they reached Plum Run, a narrow stream which skirts the western base of Little Round Top, they found their pathway blocked by what proved to be an insurmountable obstacle.

It seems that General Warren, Meade's chief engineer, had noted the unprotected condition of this vantage point, and had realized the terrible consequences that must follow if the rebels obtained a lodgment there. So, when Barnes' division of the Fifth was hastening by to the relief of Sickles, Warren ordered one brigade, that of Vincent, to be detached and sent at once, with Hazlitt's battery, to occupy and defend Little Round Top. Vincent's men were disposed around the base of the mountain, occupying every ledge and crevice, their muskets and bayonets commanding every gorge and pass. By almost super-human effort, the guns of Hazlitt's battery were lifted to the crest of the hill and placed in such a position that they could command and enfilade all the avenues of approach. Vincent's brigade consisted of the following regiments: Twentieth Maine, under Colonel Chamberlain; Sixteenth Michigan, Lieutenant Colonel Welsh, and the Forty-fourth New York, Colonel Rice.

Scarcely had these noble regiments reached the positions assigned them, when the Texans came on with a loud, fierce, defiant yell, as if all Pandemonium had broken loose and joined in the chorus of one universal war-whoop. On came the dare-devil Texans, three ranks deep, and at double-quick. A hot musketry fire assails them, and Hazlitt's guns pour on their front a perfect rain of shot and shell. Their advanced lines waver, curl up and disappear; but on they come again in ever increasing numbers, only to melt away before the murderous fire that belches forth from every corner and crevice of the rockbound heights. The dead and dying are heaped upon the sun-baked rocks; but for thirty minutes the savage contest rages. Weed, also of Ayres division, comes to Vincent's assistance and the Texans are driven into the hollow between the Round Tops. There they resume the attack with such fury and skill, that the left flank of the brigade is turned. At this point the fighting was simply awful. So intermingled were the combatants that powder and bullet could scarcely be used. A hand-to-hand conflict ensued, in which the

Maine regiment turned upon their assailants with the energy of despair and beat them to death with their clubbed muskets. But the Texans were taking desperate chances, and Chamberlain's position was

IN THE DEVIL'S DEN.



almost hopeless. He called for assistance, but none came. It was a case requiring the utmost boldness, but Chamberlain was equal to the emergency. Leaping to the fore, he charged upon the enemy with

tiger-like ferocity and energy, sweeping them before him like chaff. To complete this repulse, a brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserves under the personal command of General Crawford, who carried one of the colors in his hand, made a grand dash after the retreating rebels, and turned their flight into a perfect rout.

Little Round Top had been secured, and the victory at this point was complete; but the slaughter was something awful. Heaps of dead and dying were piled among the rocks in the narrow valley; the air resounded with groans of agony. Vincent, Weed and Hazlitt had all met the fate of true soldiers; but the left flank of the Union position had been successfully defended and rendered secure.

IN FRONT OF THE SECOND CORPS.

It will be remembered that Humphreys' division of the Third corps was posted to the front and left of Hancock. During all the time that Birney was so fiercely engaged, Humphreys was unassailed, and was able to send assistance to Birney during the awful fight in the peach orchard. After Birney was forced back to his new position in front of the Round Tops Humphreys was left alone and in a most exposed and perilous position. Birney, now commanding the corps, ordered him to fall back so as to connect with his right in the new position—a most difficult manœuvre, but one which Humphreys executed with great skill under a heavy fire. The legions of Hood and McLaws poured in upon his exposed right like a deluge, and although forced steadily back, Humphreys kept his lines steady until he joined Birney, thus establishing the Union line in the position which Meade originally intended it to occupy.

Up to this time Longstreet had been doing all the fighting on the confederate side; but when Birney's front was pierced at the peach orchard and his line was driven back to the ridge, Hill abandoned his passive attitude and came down like a torrent on Humphreys' exposed command. Hancock, observing Humphreys' predicament and his gallant effort to extricate himself from it, sent two regiments from Gibbon's division—the Eighty-second New York and the Fifteenth Massachusetts—to support his right, while Willard's brigade of "Alec" Hays' division was sent to the support of his left. Bigelow's Ninth Massachusetts battery was placed near to the Trostle house and made for itself an ineffaceable record for gallantry. Its commander was ordered to hold his position at all hazards until relieved by supporting batteries in the rear. Most nobly did Captain Bigelow and his brave cannoneers obey this order. They stuck to their guns with utter disregard for the blinding sleet of lead that was poured upon them. They were undis-

mayed and unterrified when the rebel hordes with deafening yells charged right up to the muzzles of the guns, climbed over the limbers and shot down horses and men. When the supporting batteries were ready to open their enfilading fire, Captain Bigelow and nearly all his men lay bleeding beside the guns they had so gallantly defended. Out of eighty-eight horses attached to the battery eighty were killed.

Wright's rebel brigade presses Humphreys hard. Wilcox and Perry, also of Anderson's division, assist in the assault. These three brigades advance to the weakest point of the Union line—the depression on the left of the Second corps, which has all day been inadequately protected—hoping to gain a foothold within the Union lines. Flushed with success they press in on Humphreys' front and flank and rush up the hill with loud shouts of victory. But in their moment of triumph they perish. They have come within range of the muskets of the Second corps, which lies concealed behind a stone wall. On they come, with defiance in their eyes and destruction in their steady strides. Suddenly a sheet of flame runs along the stone wall. The veterans of the Second rise up out of the earth as if by magic. The well-known trefoil flutters before the enemy like an emblem of disaster. The bold line rolls up like a piece of parchment under the withering fire, staggers and falls back, leaving the ground cumbered with the dead and dying.

From this time on until dark the enemy was repulsed at every point along the National left. The rebels were persistent—the Union army was determined. Just as darkness came on, Hancock gathered up his energies for a final and decisive blow, and threw his whole command, together with Humphreys' shattered division, straight into the valley where the baffled enemy lay, driving them to the woods with great loss and in utter confusion. It was now dusk, and the fighting ceased along our left wing. The enemy had secured and now held Sickles' morning position, including the Devil's Den and its woods, and lay in close proximity to our front, but made no further hostile movement until the next afternoon.

EWELL'S ATTACK ON THE RIGHT.

Ewell, commanding the left wing of the rebel army, had been instructed by General Lee to assault the Union right as soon as Longstreet had begun his attack on the left. For some unknown reason he failed to do so. It will be remembered that the National right was held by the Twelfth, First and Eleventh corps. As the battle progressed on the left with no sign of attack from Ewell, Gen. Meade had gradually drawn upon the right to reinforce the left. But one brigade

of the Twelfth corps was left in position—that of Greene, of Geary's division. Near by and to the left, Wadworth's division of the First corps, was still stationed.

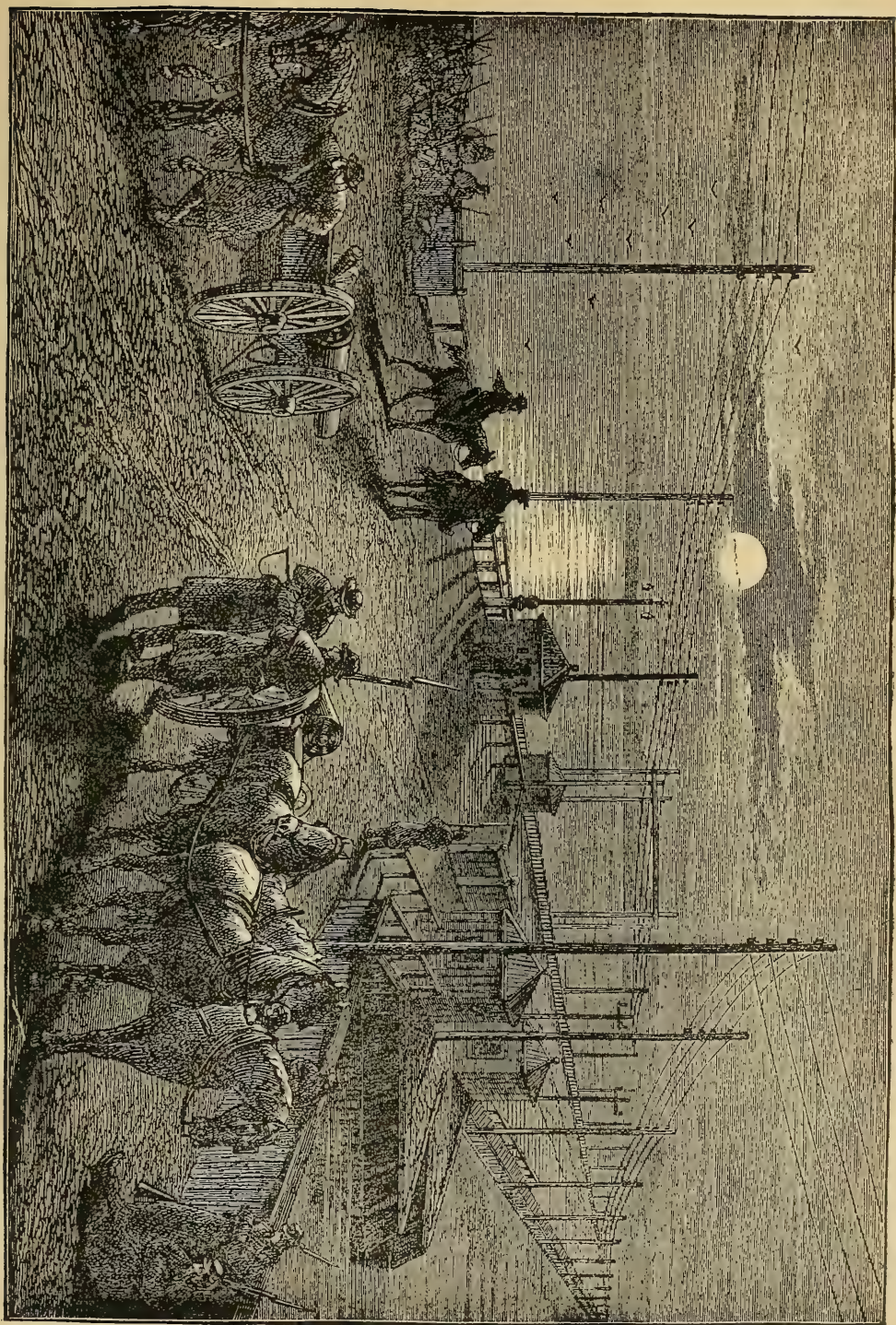
Between Culp's Hill and Cemetery Hill there is a slight depression, or ravine, marking the division between the two hills. On the right of this ravine and commanding it was posted Stevens' Maine battery. On the opposite side of the ravine was the right of the Eleventh, the line extending from there around the face of Cemetery Hill, under cover of a stone wall, while on the heights above them were the batteries of Ricketts and Weidrich.

On the right of the Maine battery was a line of earth-works which had been constructed by Wadsworth, and which extended around to the right, where they were taken up by Greene. The latter had carried his works back obliquely so as to protect his right flank. In the absence of the greater part of the Twelfth corps, Greene was obliged to leave a large part of the works unoccupied, and, as will be seen, this gave the enemy a chance to make and maintain a lodgment inside of the Federal lines.

Ewell had posted his advance batteries on Benner's Hill, an eminence a little to the northeast of Culp's Hill, and at six o'clock he opened fire from this point. The National guns were quickly turned upon Benner's Hill, and in less than twenty minutes the hostile batteries were almost silenced.

As the sun was sinking below the western horizon the assault commenced. The splendid division of Early moved upon Howard, his column being headed by the famous and hitherto invincible Louisiana Tigers. The assault was made in no hesitating, uncertain manner.

Early's veteran legions know that a tempest of death awaits them but there is no fear in their looks nor trepidation in their footsteps. They clear the town and sweep up the hillside in brilliant array. When within point blank range Stevens turns his battery loose upon their devoted heads and Ricketts' and Stevens' guns belch forth a perfect hail of grape, canister and shrapnel. But on they come. The wide gaps torn by the flying iron are quickly closed up, and still on they come. While the cannon are still pouring forth their death-dealing metal at the rate of four shots a minute, Howard's infantry rise like specters from behind the stone wall, and a terrible rain of lead assails the swiftly moving line of gray. On the confederate left and center the lines waver and are beaten back, but the right still presses on, wildly and triumphantly. Nothing can stop these brave confederates. With a yell of triumph they overrun Weidrich's battery, and push on to Ricketts' where a horrible struggle takes place. Here it is hand to



DEFENDING THE LONG BRIDGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

hand—man to man—give and take—no quarter. Stevens is compelled to cease firing, for blue and grey are mixed in utter confusion. Bayonets, clubs, hand spikes, even stones and rocks are freely used. It is anybody's victory just now. But Hancock, ever on the alert, sees Howard's desperate condition, and sends Carroll's brigade flying to the rescue. Charging up with full ranks and a firm front, Carroll drives the enemy in confusion before him. Ricketts regains possession of his guns and gives the enemy a parting salute of double-shotted canister.

Early's charge was grandly conceived and fearlessly executed, but it was a failure and a costly one. The Tigers had been defeated in a contest that left no doubt as to their courage, and they never were known thereafter as a distinct body.

While all this was going on, Johnson's division of Ewell's Corps was making an equally daring attempt to carry Culp's Hill. This, as we have seen, was defended by Greene and Wadsworth. The attack was gallantly made and as gallantly repelled. Greene showed a rare degree of courage and ability. The advancing columns were literally mowed down by constant volleys of well directed musketry. Assault after assault was brilliantly repelled, the rebels suffering frightful losses. It is true that a portion of Johnson's command occupied and held the refused line of breastworks on Greene's right; but this was of no permanent or practical value, since the general assault had utterly failed. When Geary's men returned, under orders, to their intrenchments, they were met with a volley from Johnson's men, of whose presence they had no knowledge, but they quickly fell back upon Greene's lines and remained undisturbed until morning.

This ended the fighting on the bloody second of July. No very great advantage had been gained by either side. Meade had lost ten thousand men, but Lee's loss was much greater. Sickles' morning position had been lost, but the National line was all the stronger for the change; and, although Johnson's extreme left held a position within the National line of defense, it profited him nothing; for before daybreak the weakened right had been restored to its normal strength and all immediate danger from Johnson was past.

THIRD DAY.

Although the fighting on the first and second days at Gettysburg had been severe in the extreme, it was destined to be eclipsed in heroic daring and savage bravery during the third and last day. It seems that General Lee overestimated the advantages he had gained during the first and second days, and, despite the adverse opinions of some of

his lieutenants, notably General Longstreet, he deemed it wise to make another attempt to break through the Union lines. Every man in the two armies realized that the final and decisive struggle must occur before the setting of another sun. At the break of day the two combatants lay facing each other, like two colossal gladiators stripped for the fray and eager to begin.

THE DEFENCE OF CULP'S HILL.

As the morning sun threw his first red streaks above the eastern hills, the carnage began. Geary's troops, repulsed the night before by Johnson's fire from their own breastworks, had slept on their arms. As early as three o'clock the watchful eye of General Kane, commanding Geary's first brigade, had observed signs of activity on the enemy's front, and he notified his superior of the suspicious movements he had observed. Geary determined to seize whatever advantage might be gained by assuming the initiative, and called his men to arms. A few minutes before four o'clock the signal was given, and Geary's artillery opened a heavy fire upon the enemy's front. This immediately precipitated a general engagement and a fearful struggle was soon in progress all along the Federal right. The Rebels not only held their advanced position within our lines, but they charged through the woods with tremendous energy again and again, in the very teeth of a storm of screaming missiles that it seemed would destroy any force of flesh and blood. The broken and rugged character of the ground prevented any very orderly advances, but what Ewell's men lacked in precision they made up in energy. But Kane's gallant brigade—and, in fact, the whole of Geary's iron division—were made of stuff as stern and unyielding as that of their brave assailants, and they held their ground with unwavering firmness. Our right had become a wall of adamant against which the heaviest surges of the enemy broke in vain.

For six long hours the battle raged with undiminished fury. The contested ground was piled with dead and dying; heroes in blue and gray lay side by side in writhing agony, their life-blood pouring down the hillside in one common stream. At no time during the whole war was there more horrible carnage or a greater display of individual bravery.

As the day advanced, heavy sulphurous smoke-clouds hung over the gory field, the air grew thick with dust, and the heat became oppressive. Wearied with their murderous work, both sides have relapsed into comparative quietude. But not for long; for Ewell's men, forming their lines afresh, have gathered up their strength for one grand and desperate assault. Meantime, the noble "Star" corps has been

reinforced by the arrival of fresh troops from the Union left, artillery has been brought up on the gallop, and all is prepared to give the enemy a continued desperate resistance.

With a fierce yell that rises high above the roar of battle, Ewell's veterans move swiftly forward once more, supremely indifferent to the storm of grape and canister that tears huge, bloody gaps through their undaunted lines of gray. Resistless as the billows of the sea they push ahead, over the piles of slain, right up to the very muzzles of the Twelfth, which lies concealed behind the works. Will nothing stop this mad onward rush? Yes! for when the rash confederates come



GENERALS MEADE AND WARREN ON LITTLE ROUND TOP.

within range of Slocum's muskets the boys in blue spring to their feet and pour one cold, deliberate and withering volley full in the faces of the over-confident foe.

This is more than even the hardened veterans of the famous "Stonewall" brigade can stand. The line staggers, reels, turns, and goes flying back; but, by a mighty effort, partially recovers and hurls back a leaden defiance as it slowly retires across Rock Run. Such chivalrous courage commands the admiration even of the victors, and while they cheer, shout, shake each other by the hand, and thank God for the glorious triumph of the valiant "Star" corps, they know that nothing short of utter rout will prevent the enemy from re-forming in the hollow and returning to the attack. So Geary instantly orders a counter-charge, which is executed so vigorously that the rebels are driven from the breastworks through the valley, and clear off the field.

This ended the fighting on the National right, and Ewell had been completely baffled. He had thrown away his opportunity the preceding night, and now he had done his best to retrieve his error, but in vain. No troops could have behaved more gallantly, but it was not theirs to win. Ewell's brave men were met by other men of equal bravery—men fighting for their homes and firesides, and they would have fought until the last man was dead before they would have yielded their ground. The intermingled heaps of blue and gray gave ample testimony to the fierceness of the struggle. Never had human beings been made the target for a more death-dealing fire. The very wood in which the combat raged gave evidence of the wondrous destruction, for it was torn and rent with shells and solid shot. Even the sturdy oaks—those brawny giants of the forest—pierced to the heart by bullets innumerable, gave up their lives together with the scores of braves who perished in their shade, and stood in after years—leafless, dreary monuments—to mark the spot on which so many heroes fell.

LEE'S SUPREME EFFORT.

This fearful storm was succeeded by a lull of several hours, during which terrible suspense reigned in every heart. Lee, being baffled in his first design, pondered what next to attempt. He had tried to break both our right and left wings, and had failed completely. All he had gained on our right was now lost, and along the whole Union line had appeared, as though by a conjurer's touch, an almost impregnable line of intrenchments, filled with determined men.

Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps had now come up, and Stuart's cavalry, after its long detour around the Union army, had also joined Lee's forces. Stuart had been beaten by Kilpatrick at Hanover the day before, but had managed to slip away, while Kilpatrick, following hard upon him, had joined Meade. Lee's right and center were still concealed upon the wooded slopes in Seminary Ridge.

Thus the armies lay at mid-day. Silence reigned over all. The sun was beating down with almost tropical ferocity. But not a man relaxed his vigilance. Fresh ammunition and rations were served out, and the soldiers took their noonday meal with one hand upon their muskets.

Lee concentrated his artillery, to the extent of at least one hundred and fifty guns, upon the heights of Seminary Ridge, the lines of batteries extending from a point opposite the town to the peach orchard and beyond. Meade had some three hundred guns at his command, but the conformation of the ground and of the lines was such that he could make effective use of only about seventy-five of them at once.

These were admirably posted by General Hunt, chief of artillery. McGilvery's guns were located on the crest held by Caldwell, and the artillery of the Second corps, under Captain Hazard, was placed well around the right, supported by Hays and Gibbon. Woodruff's battery was at the extreme right of Hazard's line; next came Arnold, then Cushing, Brown and Rorty, in the order named. The total number of effective guns in Hazard's command was only twenty-six. Brown and Rorty had already suffered severely from loss of men and horses. But Meade had plenty of guns in reserve, and they were well handled by his chief of artillery.

THE ARTILLERY DUEL.

All was in readiness on both sides. Shortly before two o'clock a puff of white smoke shot out from a clump of trees on the Confederate left, and a Whitworth projectile came screaming across the deserted valley. This was the signal gun, and a moment later the crest of Seminary Ridge was swept by a tongue of darting flame. Shells and solid shot were hurled by the ton upon the waiting forces on Cemetery Ridge, and the grim reaper began again to gather in a rich harvest. Twelve dozen wide-mouthed cannon were vomiting death and destruction upon the heads of Meade's devoted army.

But our guns did not long remain in silence. General Hunt waited only until the first fury of the enemy had been spent, when he began to retaliate most effectively. Then the earth shook and rocked as though by some tremendous internal convulsion. The din was deafening; the thunder of the two hundred heavy guns, and the lightning flashes as they pierced the tawny banks of smoke, produced the appearance and roar of a tropical tempest. It was the grandest artillery duel that ever occurred on this continent, magnificent beyond description, and realizing all that is grandiose in warfare. The air was rent with hideous, discordant noises; the earth trembled, and the hills and rocks seemed to reel to and fro like a drunken man.

Although the enemy's gunners failed to get the range as perfectly as they might, the destruction on our side was simply terrible. The men were ordered to lie flat upon the ground and to seek such shelter as the rocks and ledges might afford; but many of them, in their excitement and suspense, persisted in rising to their feet and stood spell-bound by the wondrous spectacle. On the National centre there was little chance for shelter of any kind; horses and men were blown to atoms beside their guns, caissons were exploded and shattered; but as fast as one battery was crippled or disabled another came up at full gallop to take its place, and the bloody work went on. A constant

line of stretchers bore mutilated bodies to the rear, and sounds of agony filled the stifling summer air.

The monotony of this passive endurance grew painful. The men longed for the cannonading to cease, although they knew that a more deadly storm of bullets would be their portion when the giant weapons had exhausted their energy. It is harder to quietly endure a distant fire than it is to meet the whistling bullets at short range and with some chance of making a fair return for them.

By degrees the artillery firing decreased on both sides, until all was again quiet. General Hunt's idea was to delude Lee into the belief that our ammunition was exhausted, and in this it seems he was partially successful; for, after a brief lull that was far more appalling than the tempest that preceded it, Lee formed his battalions for a last grand assault. By this time the sun had dispersed the heavy clouds of vapor that hung over the valley, and the confederate lines could be seen forming before the belt of timber shading the slope of Seminary Ridge.

It was nearly four o'clock when, "with banners high advanced" and courage that seemed to foretell success, Longstreet's valiant troops moved forward to the assault. The chief point of attack was our left center, held by Hancock's Second corps, which had all along been the weakest position in the Union line. Lee, thinking that he had silenced our guns, had high hopes of breaking through Hancock's line and turning our position. He had concentrated his heaviest artillery fire upon this point, and now he had massed the flower of Longstreet's and Hill's corps for a grand assault upon it.

PICKETT'S RASH CHARGE.

It was a grand and thrilling spectacle. The enemy came out of the woods as though for a dress parade. Three lines deep they were—formed in column by brigades. Pickett, with his fresh division of Virginians, was in the van, Garnett's and Kemper's brigades in front and Armistead's in the rear. To the right of Pickett's advanced line marched Wilcox's brigade of Hill's corps; and on Pickett's left was Heth's division of Hill's corps, under command of General Pettigrew. The latter was somewhat in the rear of Armistead.

The hostile force extended for almost a mile, and numbered some sixteen thousand men. From their starting point to Hancock's breastworks was a full mile. The assailants were obliged to descend one hill, cross a valley, and ascend another hill in order to reach the goal for which they were striving. It seemed like sheer madness, and so it proved to be. A hundred cannon are trained upon the valley through which these men must pass, and many thousand muskets may fling

death and destruction upon them before they shall have a chance to strike a blow. But if they feel dismayed they show it not. On they come. The batteries behind them are strangely silent as these brave men sweep across the lowlands in grand and grim array; but Lee's batteries have grown dumb only for lack of powder and ball. True, a few of his guns keep up a random fire, but the issue of the day hangs solely upon the valor and endurance of the picked army now marching in regular order across the plain below.

On they come! and when within short rifle range Hunt opens upon them with all his energy. The guns which Lee thought to be toothless and exhausted are charged with grape and canister, and play awful havoc in the hostile ranks. While Hazard opens on their front McGilvery and the batteries on Round Top play on the flank. But the bloody gaps are quickly closed up, and on they come!

But the terrible enfilading fire from our left gradually drives the rebel columns toward the north. Doubleday, with his division of the First, is supporting Gibbon, and as Pickett's right comes opposite to Gibbon's left, Doubleday detaches Stannard's brigade of Vermonters and hurls them forward to strike Pickett on the right flank. The Green Mountain boys rush down and take possession of a little grove in front, from which they pour volley after volley upon the exposed flank of the enemy. At the same time a portion of the main body reach a point within pistol shot of Gibbon's division, which is partially sheltered behind a stone wall. Gibbon and his officers move coolly up and down their lines directing and encouraging the men. "Hold your fire, boys!" says the brave Gibbon. "They are not near enough yet. Wait until you can count the buttons on their coats!"

The supreme moment has come. A sudden sheet of flame runs along the stone wall, and the first line disappears like a wreath of mist. But the second line springs forward, delivers a withering volley, and comes on with a wild cheer. Stannard's muskets tear the life out of the doomed battalions, while the cannon on Round Top and Cemetery Ridge blow them to atoms. Some of Pickett's men, seeing the utter hopelessness of their brave endeavor, throw down their arms and give up the struggle; but the main line rushes on with terrible earnestness. One battery, that of Woodruff, is so placed that it enfilades the Virginians with canister at short range, and even these dare-devils recoil before it.

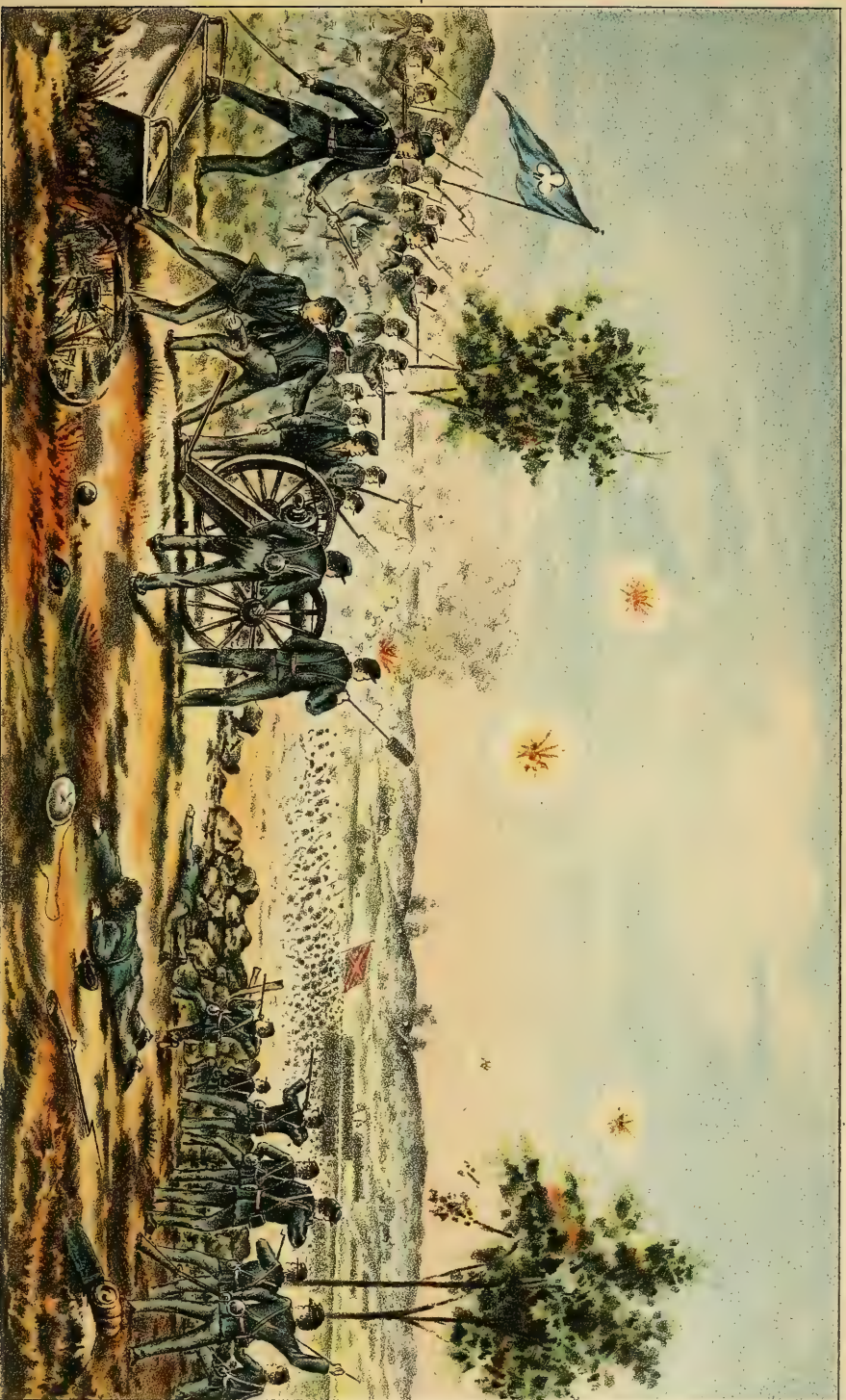
AT THE "BLOODY ANGLE."

Still carried toward their own left by the terrible fire on their right, Pickett's brave men at last confront the redoubtable brigade of General

Owen, now under command of General Alexander Webb. There are three battle scarred regiments of veterans in this brigade—the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania—"Paddy Owen's Regulars"—the Seventy-first Pennsylvania—Colonel Baker's old "California regiment," now under Colonel R. Penn Smith—and the Seventy-second Pennsylvania, under Colonel Baxter. Upon General Webb and his noble brigade now devolved a stern and desperate duty. Pickett's men had reached the Emmitsburg road and had scaled the fence. Up to this point their form and alignment had been well maintained, but as they crossed the pike they lost their regular formation and came on in a tumultuous mob, shouting like demons and pouring in a rapid fire from their muskets. The Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first regiments were posted on the hillside, about a quarter of a mile from the pike, and were protected by a low stonewall and a light breastwork. As the enemy come on, with demoniac shouts, the artillery in the rear play upon them with a storm of deadly missiles, and the rifles of the Seventy-second, posted on the crest, add their bullets to those of the regiments in front. But the advancing host comes boldly on! Their ranks are torn and decimated by the withering fire, but they laugh at the whistling bullets and sneer in the face of the White Terror stalking in their midst. A fiery leaden sleet beats upon them from the stone wall, from the crest above, and from the batteries on all sides, but they heed it not. On they come! The regiments in front, appalled by such a reckless disregard of life, fall back upon the Seventy-second, and in an instant the Starry Cross waves above the stone wall. The retreating regiments rally and recover, and the crest is held. But again it is hand to hand—man to man—each for himself—and so these brave men fight it out. Regimental organization is to a great extent lost, but individual courage remains, and every man on both sides makes for himself an imperishable record in the history of heroic achievements.

Pickett's supports have failed him. Pettigrew has been destroyed, and Wilcox has failed to come up. Hancock, notwithstanding his terrible wound, is still directing the movements of his men and their supporters, revealing all the qualities of a great field commander. Reinforcements are hurried to the support of Webb, and two of Stannard's Vermont regiments again assail Pickett's beleaguered right. The valorous Virginians have done all that men could do, and the handful now remaining give up the unequal struggle. They fling down their arms and hold up their hands in token of submission. Some seek safety in flight.

Meantime, Wilcox, advancing tardily and alone, has been set upon



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Pickett's Charge at the Bloody Angle.

and almost destroyed, his attack proving a complete failure. The remnants of Pickett's and Wilcox's forces fly swiftly back to the woods whence they came, and the Union guns cut them to pieces as they go. Pettigrew has shared the same fate, and the whole assault has utterly failed. The Union victory is complete.

In front of Hancock's lines the field is cumbered with bodies of the slain, and the hillside is piled with mangled corpses. At the "bloody angle," where the rival forces contested the possession of the stone wall, the dead lay in heaps, the blue intermingled with the gray. It was an awful tribute to the valor of the American Soldier.

One of the closing scenes of this memorable conflict was the brilliant charge of Crawford, with his Pennsylvania Reserves, upon a portion of Longstreet's corps which was posted in the wheat field opposite Little Round Top. The reserves had made many a brilliant charge before that evening, but this one was full of the dash of victory, and was one of the most effective ever made by this dashing organization.

During the day there were a number of severe cavalry engagements on the flanks of the army. Kilpatrick, on the left, had held the enemy well in hand, and prevented Hood and McLaws from executing their threatened attack on our left flank, which movement, had it been skillfully and vigorously executed, might have wrought ruin to our army. The value of the service rendered by our cavalry on the last day of the battle has never been appreciated, being overshadowed by the more important operations of the main army.

The Union loss during the three days at Gettysburg was 23,180, including killed, wounded and missing; while Lee's losses footed up over 40,000, or nearly one-half of his whole army.

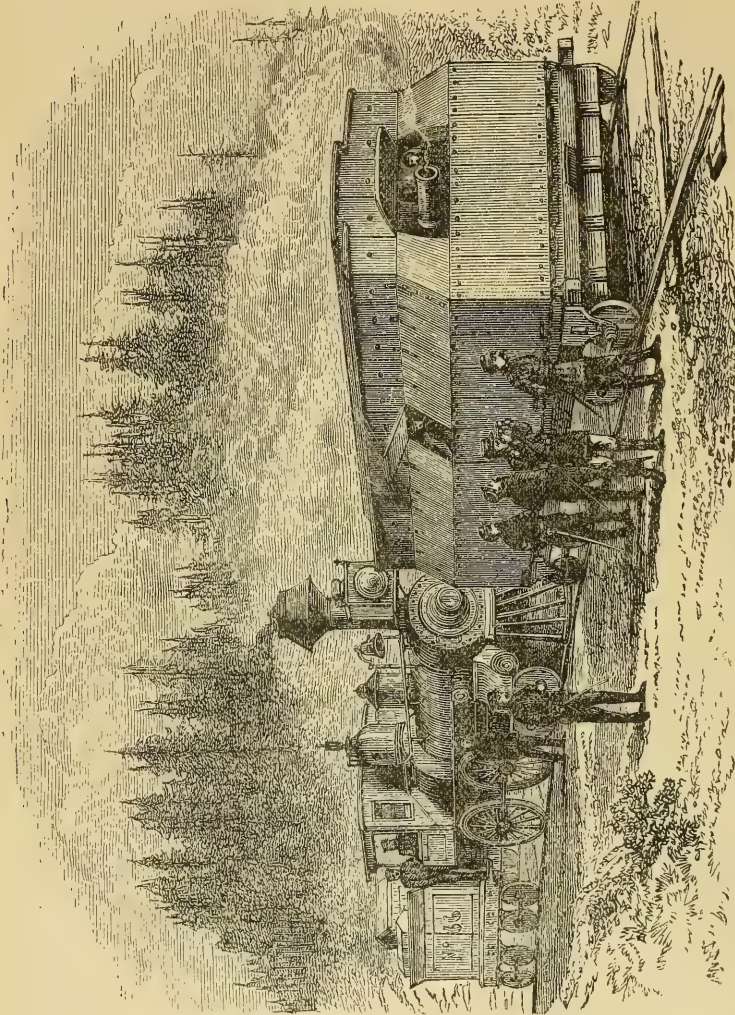
CAPTURED BY A "LOUISIANA TIGER."



WHEN Robinson's division of the First Corps was driven back through Gettysburg on that fatal July 1st, some of the soldiers on the extreme right were cut off from the main body and forced to beat a personal retreat through the town, which by that time was filled with confederate troops. Among this number of unfortunates was Lieutenant S. G. Boone, of Company B, Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, who, after fighting bravely all the morning, was at last gathered in by the enemy.

Lieutenant Boone has kindly favored us with a very interesting account of his capture, which we give here in his own words:

I reached Gettysburg in safety, but in my attempt to get to high ground—Cemetery Hill—where, judging by the nature of the situation I knew a stand would be made, I kept too much to my left. I got well into town, but was checked for a few moments in the yard of



A RAILROAD BATTERY.

what appeared to be a church, fronting on a street running east and west, the enemy's infantry having possession of Baltimore street, the next one on my left. Hoke's and Hay's rebel brigades, it appears, were in excess of what was necessary to confront our army; and coming in on the right flank of the Eleventh corps, they entered the

east side of the town, with little opposition, evidently with the purpose of cutting off our retreat. In this they are partially successful. I was not aware of the presence of the enemy in this locality, and came near running straight into their hands. Standing against the fence and against the building above mentioned, and lying around on the grass, were numbers of small arms—evidence that many of our troops had taken shelter in the building. A few like myself were watching an opportunity to cross the street. I had not long to wait. A brave fellow who had reached the open gate ahead of me suddenly darted across the street amid a perfect shower of bullets from Baltimore street.

This was my opportunity, and before they could re-charge their pieces I followed, and also crossed in safety. I soon reached high ground in the southern suburbs of the town, from where I could see a short distance ahead of me, our retreating troops cutting across in a diagonal direction from Washington street on my right, to the junction of the Emmitsburg road and Baltimore street on the left, moving toward Cemetery Hill. As the troops were not interfered with, I concluded that I had got far beyond range of the force which had checked me before, and considered it safe to make a fresh effort to join our troops. But my powers of endurance were now nearly exhausted. After crossing one fence of an intervening lane, I attempted to cross the other, but my strength failed me and I fell back into the lane.

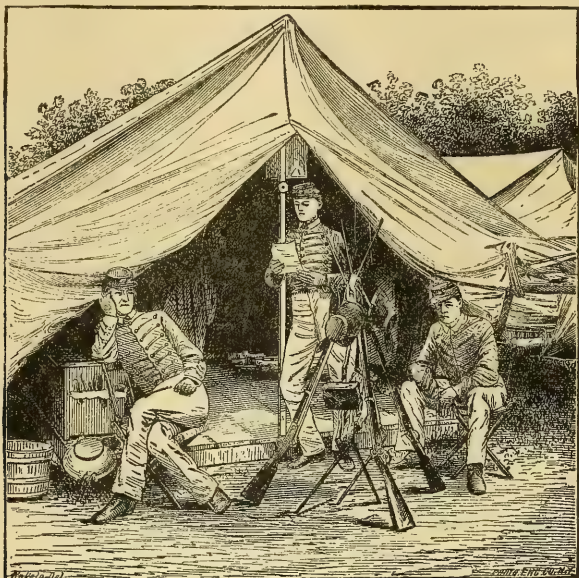
A breathing spell of a few moments revived me enough to gather myself up and continue my retreat. I ran down the lane, which ended against a board fence. One of the boards had been removed, and I crept through this opening, ran down through the garden of a house fronting on Baltimore street and passed along the side or private alley with the intention of joining my comrades, whom I could have reached in from two to three minutes later.

IN THE TIGER'S CLAWS.

But fate decreed otherwise. An ominous silence seemed to pervade this locality. There was no firing, and our troops were permitted to come into the street unopposed; but neither friend nor foe could be seen on the street between my position and the point where our retreating troops were coming into Baltimore street. I cautiously approached the street line with the intention of looking to my left to see if the way was clear before venturing out, and the instant I put my head beyond the building line, I came face to face with one of the most desperate soldiers in the confederate army, a "Louisiana Tiger,"—one of those dare-devil confederates who charged up Cemetery Hill

the next day (July 2) and engaged in a hand to hand conflict among our batteries. He had been creeping along close to the houses to get a good shot at the fleeing Yankees.

For an instant we both stood transfixed. Neither of us knew which was the victor and which was the vanquished; but it required only about three seconds to decide that question, as he was evidently prepared to fire when we met, having his musket full cocked and at a "ready." I had no side arms except my sword, and this was in the scabbard at the time. Terror was depicted on his countenance, but he was quick to notice that I was unprepared to defend myself; he



BEFORE SEEING ACTIVE SERVICE.

jumped away far enough to bring his piece to bear on me, and quick as a flash leveled it at my breast, very excitedly ordered me to "surrender!"


CHOOSING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

Soldiers, you remember how, at the commencement of hostilities in 1861, many of us were armed to the teeth. Our belts were stuck full of huge bowie knives, daggers, revolvers, etc., and we, as many expressed it, resembled "walking arsenals," or "banditti chiefs;" how in our patriotic outbursts we solemnly declared that we would "fight until the last armed foe expired," and never surrender under any

circumstances, but prefer death in the field rather than capture. Oh, we were brave! But we said all this at home. Well, I was one of these. By and by we faced the stern realities of war. We met a foe worthy of our steel, and thousands upon thousands of us submitted to the inevitable.

When a death-dealing musket in the hands of your most deadly enemy, with finger on trigger, is suddenly and unexpectedly pointed directly at you, with the black muzzle only about four feet from your breast, just a little beyond your reach, and ready to belch forth fire and lead enough to send you into eternity the next instant, and you are ordered, in a determined manner, to surrender, you don't say: "Hold on there, I said so and so before I left home!" You suddenly forget that you ever were brave. I am now speaking from experience. It is hard to acknowledge defeat, but the above case was mine exactly. Had we met on equal footing, both prepared or both unprepared, even in my exhausted condition, I should certainly have contested for the mastery. As it was, the chances were all against me. My life was in his hands, but I asked no mercy of him. It was impossible to retreat, and I had the choice of being shot down or being captured, and I chose the latter, as any one else would have done under the circumstances.

GENERAL THOMAS W. SWEENEY AT SHILOH.

ONSPICIOUS among the heroes of Shiloh's bitterly contested field was Brigadier-general Thomas W. Sweeney, whose coolness, bravery and marvellous escapes were the talk of the whole army. This gallant officer, who had lost one arm in Mexico, received a minié bullet in the remaining arm, and another in his foot, while his horse fell, pierced by no less than seven bullets. Almost fainting from loss of blood, he was lifted upon another horse, and remained in the field all day. During the progress of the battle, General Sweeney was at one time unable to determine whether a battery, whose men were dressed in blue, were Union or confederate. Leaving his command, he rode at an easy gallop straight at the battery in question, and when within a hundred yards he saw that it was manned by confederates. Wheeling his horse a half-circle, Sweeney rode back at the same easy pace. Not a single shot was fired at him during this performance, so much was the respect of the confederates excited by the daring act.

TWO MARVELLOUS STORIES.

PPRIVATE in General Sigel's command, tells the following tale which is "important, if true," viz: "I was loading and firing during the engagement at Carthage, while lying flat upon my face, in order to avoid the bullets of the enemy which were flying about like 'cisco' bugs in full bloom. While in this position, a shot from one of the rebels' six-pounders struck the ground right beside me, ploughed through underneath me, came out of the other side and went on as lively as ever. It didn't inconvenience me in the least, except that the raising of the ground flopped me over on my back before I had time to wink twice. I wasn't scared at all—certainly not; hadn't time to be."

This story seems like a fairy tale, but the next one is vouched for: A captain of artillery asserts that one of his men had both legs cut off by a round shot from the enemy; but that he raised himself up on the stumps, rammed the charge home in his gun, withdrew the ramrod, and then fell back dead.

THRILLING ADVENTURE OF A SPY.

IT was a dark night. Not a star on the glimmer. The spy had collected his quatum of intelligence, and was on the move for the Northern lines. He was approaching the banks of a stream whose waters had to be crossed, and had then some miles to traverse before he could reach the pickets of the Union troops. A feeling of uneasiness began to creep over him; he was on the outskirts of a wood fringing the dark waters at his feet, whose presence could scarcely be detected but for their sullen murmurs as they rushed through the gloom. The wind sighed in gentle accordance. He walked forty or fifty yards along the bank. He then crept on all-fours along the ground and groped with his hands. He paused—he groped again—his breath thickened, perspiration oozed from every pore, and he was prostrated with horror! He had missed his landmark, and knew not where he was. Below or above, beneath the shelter of the bank, lay the skiff he had hidden ten days before when he commenced his operations among the followers of Jeff. Davis.

As he stood gasping for breath, with all the unmistakable proofs of his calling about him, the sudden cry of a bird or plunging of a fish would act like magnetism on his frame, not wont to shudder at a shadow. No matter how pressing the danger may be, if a man sees

an opportunity for escape, he breathes with freedom. But let him be surrounded by darkness, impenetrable at two yards' distance, within rifle's length of concealed foes, for what knowledge he has to the contrary; knowing, too, with painful accuracy, the detection of his presence would reward him with a sudden and violent death, and if he breathes no faster, and feels his limbs as free and his spirits as light as when taking a favorite promenade, he is more fitted for a hero than most.

In the agony of that moment—in the sudden and utter helplessness



BUSH-WHACKERS.

he felt to discover his true bearings—he was about to let himself gently into the stream, and breast its current, for life and death. There was no alternative. The Northern pickets must be reached in safety before the morning broke, or he would swing between heaven and earth from some green limb of the black forest in which he stood.

At that moment the low, sullen bay of a bloodhound struck his ear. The sound was reviving—the fearful stillness broken. The uncertain dread flew before the certain danger. He was standing to his middle in the shallow bed of the river, just beneath the jutting banks. After a pause of a few seconds he began to creep mechanically and stealthily down the stream, followed, as he knew from the rustling of the grass and frequent breaking of twigs, by the insatiable brute; although by

certain uneasy howls he felt assured the beast was at fault. Something struck against the spy's breast. He could not prevent a slight cry from escaping him, as, stretching out his hand, he grasped the gunwale of a boat moored beneath the bank. Between surprise and joy he felt half choked. In an instant he had scrambled on board and begun to search for the painter in the bow, in order to cast her from her fastenings.

Suddenly a bright ray of moonlight—the first gleam of hope in that black night—fell directly on the spot, revealing the silvery stream, his



"THE TENACIOUS WRETCH GAVE A WILD, CONVULSIVE LEAP."


own skiff (hidden ten days before), lighting the deep shadows of the verging wood, and on the log half buried in the bank, and from which he had that instant cast the line that had bound him to it, the supple form of the crouching bloodhound, his red eyes gleaming in the moonlight, jaws distended, and poising for the spring. With one dart the light skiff was yards out in the stream, and the savage after it. With an oar the spy aimed a blow at his head, which, however, he eluded with ease. In the effort thus made, the boat careened over towards

his antagonist, who made a desperate effort to get his forepaws over the side, at the same time seizing the gunwale with his teeth.

Now or never was the time to get rid of the accursed brute. The spy drew his revolver, and placed the muzzle between the beast's eyes, but hesitated to fire; for that one report might bring on him a volley from the shore. Meantime the strength of the dog careened the frail craft so much that the water rushed over the side, threatened to swamp her. He changed his tactics, threw his revolver into the bottom of the skiff, and grasping his "bowie," keen as a Malay creese, and glittering as he released it from the sheath, like a moonbeam on the stream. In an instant he had severed the sinewy throat of the hound, cutting through the brawn and muscles to the nape of the neck. The tenacious wretch gave a wild, convulsive leap half out of the water, then sank, and was gone.

Five minutes' pulling landed the spy on the other side of the river, and in an hour after, without further accident, he was among friends, encompassed by the Northern lines.

HOW JIM LOST HIS SWEETHEART.

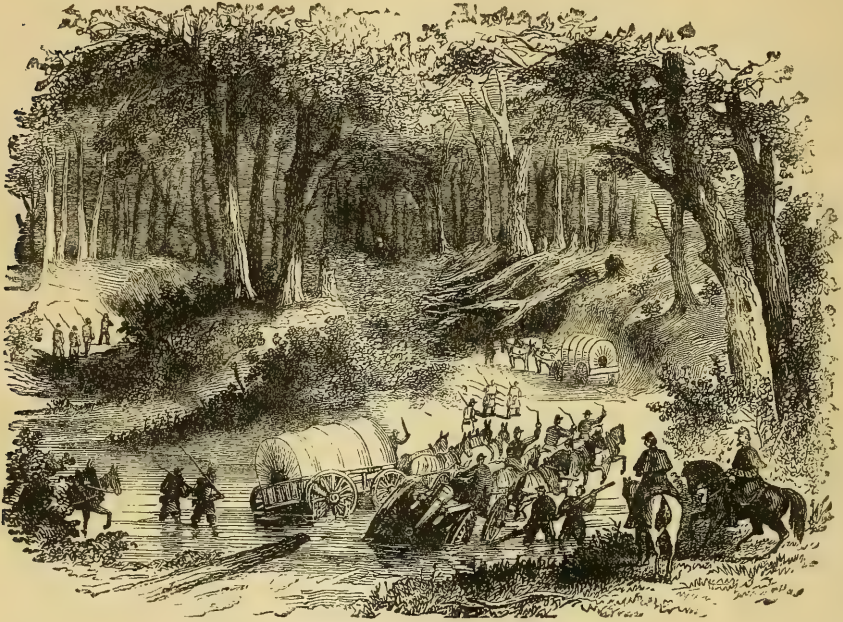
O sir!" said the old Major, with considerable emphasis. "When a soldier tells you that he was never scared in battle, you make up your mind that he is either taking liberties with the truth or else he was never under fire. It's all right after you receive a volley or two, and find that you aren't dead; you recover a little of your courage, and then when you get well warmed up you stop thinking about the bullets. But when they first begin to come at you, or when you see a battery coming up into position to drop shells all over you—that's the time you wish you was safe at home. With some good and brave men the temptation to skedaddle at such a time was almost irresistible.

"Why, I know a first class officer, who is and always was a brave man, who yielded to this temptation and broke for the rear the first time his regiment came into action. He came near being court-martialed for it too, but after making a public apology to his regiment he was allowed to retain his rank and position, and thereafter he could always be found in the front when there was any fighting to be done. He came through the war all right, and now he is one of the 'boss' G. A. R. men of the old Keystone State.

"But Jim Bennett, of our regiment, was not so lucky. His cowardice cost him the hand of one of the loveliest young ladies you ever

saw. It happened in this way: Jim, you know, was a mighty good-looking young fellow along about 1861, and he was engaged to the belle of his neighborhood. Well, war's wild alarms were sounded, and Jim just let them sound until about July, 1864, when he finally enlisted, and was assigned to our regiment.

"The first real fighting Jim saw was at Cedar Creek, under Sheridan; but I am afraid he didn't really see much of that, for shortly after the battle opened Jim disappeared and wasn't to be seen for three days.



FORDING A VIRGINIA CREEK.

When he did turn up he was a sight. He was covered with mud, and slime and ooze, and looked as if he had lived in a swamp all his life. The battle was all over, and everything squared around. I asked Jim where he had been, and he looked mighty sheepish when he replied, 'Well, Captain, I'll tell you. I got all broke up somehow when that fuss started, and I got back and crawled into a hollow log down by the stream and lay there just as quiet as I knew how. I never did like the idea of getting killed anyway, and I just made up my mind that I would rather be a live coward than a dead hero.'

"Of course the story leaked out, and it got to Jim's girl's ears before he reached home. She was quite indignant.

"'What would have become of our beloved country if all the soldiers had acted like you did?' she demanded.

“ ‘Couldn’t,’ said Jim. ‘Weren’t logs enough.’ ”

“ But she broke the engagement anyhow, and married a soldier who had lost one arm and gained a great appetite for whiskey. Poor girl, she was sorry afterwards. ”

“ But the best joke on Jim occurred the other day. Jim is a great G. A. R. boy, and likes to wear a bronze button. Nothing pleases him so much as to have a friend salute him and call him ‘comrade.’ The other day a man caught on to the button, and asked Jim what Post he belonged to. ”

“ ‘Post 42,’ said Jim. ”

“ ‘Hold on, Jim,’ said Jack Bates, who was with him, ‘You don’t mean Post 42—you mean Log 42.’ ”

“ Funny they can’t let that old story die out on Jim. ”

A PROPHEPIC PRESENTIMENT.



WHILE Col. Osterhaus was gallantly attacking the centre of the enemy on the second day of the battle of Pea Ridge, Ark., a sergeant of the Twelfth Missouri requested the captain of his company to send his wife’s portrait, which he had taken from his bosom, to her address in St. Louis, with his dying declaration that he thought of her in his last moment.

“ What is that for? ” asked the captain. “ You are not wounded, are you? ”

“ No, ” answered the sergeant; “ but I know I shall be killed to-day. I have been in battle before, but I never felt as I do now. A moment ago I became convinced my time had come, but how, I cannot tell. Will you gratify my request? Remember, I speak to you as a dying man. ”

“ Certainly, my brave fellow; but you will live to a good old age with your wife. Do not grow melancholy over a fancy or a dream. ”

“ You will see, ” was the response.

The picture changed hands. The sergeant stepped forward to the front of the column, and the captain perceived him no more.

At the camp-fire that evening the officer inquired for the sergeant. He was not present. He had been killed three hours before by a grape-shot from one of the enemy’s batteries.

NAVAL BATTLE AT MEMPHIS.



RIOR to June 6, 1862, Commodore Montgomery, commanding the rebel fleet at Memphis, boldly announced that when the proper time came he would simply annihilate the Yankee flotilla which menaced that city, and work up the shattered remains of their destroyed vessels into toothpicks and other mementos of a glorious Southern victory.

Before noon on the day above named, the gallant Commodore was fleeing in great haste through the swamps on the Arkansas side of the river, his flagship run ashore, her consorts destroyed, and the city of Memphis left entirely to the tender mercies of the foe he had so easily thrashed—verbally, and at a safe distance.

Viewed from "Yankee" standpoint, the fight was a glorious one. Out of eight hostile vessels, seven were captured, sunk or destroyed; while only one of our vessels was much damaged, and only two persons were injured, and these but slightly.

ADVANCING TO THE ATTACK.

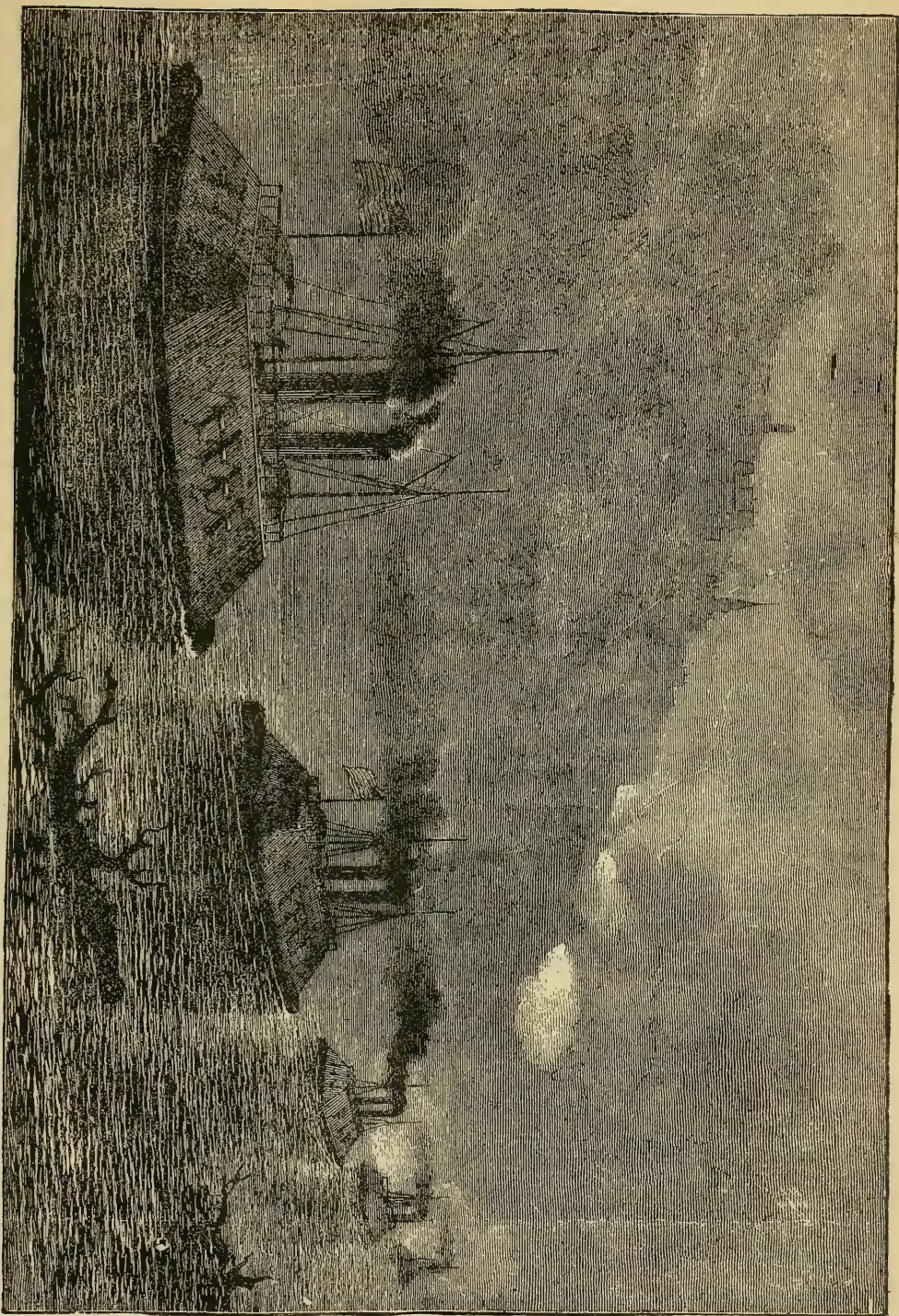
We had seven vessels, of which five were gunboats—the Benton (flagship), Cairo, Louisville, Carondelet and St. Louis—and two rams—the Queen of the West and the Monarch. This flotilla left its moorings, about four miles above Memphis, at half past four in the morning and steamed leisurely toward the city. The morning was bright and beautiful, and in due time the city lay before the "invaders," reposing gracefully upon the bluff above the broad Father of Waters.

The stream was clear of all craft—not even a skiff or a canoe to be seen. The officers began to think that the Quixotic Montgomery had departed without an invitation; the sailors, feeling sure of their supremacy, were very fearful lest there should be no fight after all, and they prayed, in their peculiar and forcible nautical style, that the rebel vessels should show themselves and take another good thrashing such as they got a month before at Fort Pillow.

The sailors' prayers were answered.

When the gunboats were abreast the upper part of the city the boats of the enemy were discovered in a slight bend of the river a mile or

EARLY MORNING ADVANCE ON MEMPHIS.



more below. The sailors gave a grateful shout and our vessels kept steadily on. The enemy started forward to meet them.

At this juncture Commodore Davis concluded that he didn't want to fight before breakfast, so he ordered the five vessels under his command to retire up the river; and the enemy, perceiving his movement, evidently believed that our forces were anxious to avoid a conflict, and became emboldened accordingly.

As our vessels slowly withdrew the enemy followed; and shortly the flagship *Little Rebel* fired a shot at the *Cairo*, which was in the van, but without effect; and then a second and a third, at short intervals and with equally bad aim. This insolence was intolerable, and Commodore Davis ordered an advance.

Our fleet again moved forward, with the *Benton* (flagship, Captain Phelps) and the *Louisville* (Captain Dove) leading, followed by the *Cairo* (Captain Bryant) the *Carondelet* (Captain Walke) and the *St. Louis* (Captain McGunnigle) in the rear.

In addition to the flagship *Little Rebel* the hostile fleet was made up of the gunboats *Bragg*, *Jeff Thompson*, *Lovell*, *Sumter* and *Van Dorn*, and the rams *Beauregard* and *Price*.

The *Cairo* opened up with three shots in rapid succession, directed at the rebel flagship, but the aim was inaccurate and no damage was done. The *Carondelet* and *Louisville* then joined in, and were answered by a deep bass roar from the *Bragg*, *Price*, *Lovell* and *Thompson* on the other side. In less than five minutes both fleets were engaged in a most lively action, and every vessel was pouring out an iron hail from each port-hole. The river and sky trembled and shook beneath the awful roar, and dense smoke enveloped the scene.

Occasionally a stiff breeze lifted the curtain of black vapor so that the combatants could be distinguished, but after the first few minutes of the engagement the boats were frequently obscured from each other as well as from the anxious observers on the shore.

At the expiration of twenty-five minutes the fleets were still half a mile apart and firing heavily. A number of shots had taken effect on the enemy's boats, but ours were still untouched.

BATTLE OF THE RAMS.

Just at this time the two Union rams, *Monarch* and *Queen of the West*, in charge of Colonel Ellet, appeared around a bend of the river and rapidly bore down toward the scene of combat. The enemy, perceiving these two new foes, and evidently respecting their prowess, prepared to retreat, and none too soon, for in a few moments the rams were on hand and ready for action.

Throwing up an angry swell from her bow, the Queen of the West darted straight at the rebel ram Beauregard, which fired at her plucky opponent four times, but without effect, although the distance was only a few hundred yards. Seeing that the ram was coming boldly on and that a collision was inevitable, the rebel pilot endeavored to elude his agile adversary, and by adroit steering he managed to do



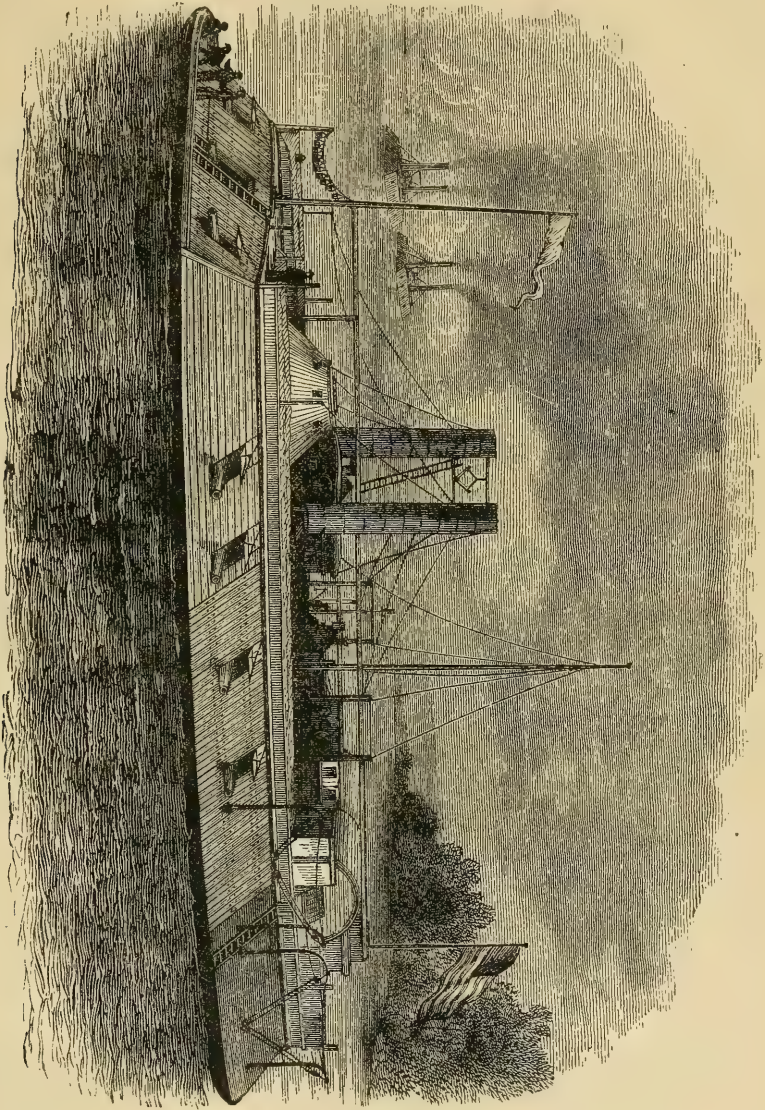
COMMODORE A. H. FOOTE.

so. The Queen of the West passed harmlessly by the Beauregard as she swung out of harm's way; but the Queen was not to be denied and without a moment's delay she dashed at the Price, striking her heavily on the wheel-house before she could make a move, and tearing away a large portion of her side.

By this time the Beauregard had swung around and made a vicious plunge toward her late adversary, the Queen of the West, which now

lay between her and the damaged Price ; but the wily ram reversed her engines, receded a few yards and the collision was averted. The Price, being in a sinking condition, was run over to the Arkansas shore and beached, her officers and crew escaping through the swamps.

FLAG-SHIP BENTON.



The Beauregard's next attack on the Queen was more successful, and the latter received a heavy blow on the side that made her timbers crack and caused a considerable leakage. This all happened at a point

where the water was deep and for a moment it looked as though the ram would go to the bottom, when the Monarch came to the rescue of her consort and dealt a death blow to the Beauregard by giving her a hard punch in the bow that speedily sent her to the bottom of the river. She went down in seventy-five feet of water, with a white flag flying from her masthead. The Monarch now returned to the Queen and towed her to a place of safety in shallow water.

GALLANTRY AND HUMANITY OF THE UNION TARS.

Meantime the gunboats on both sides had maintained a continual fusillade, and now came up nearer together and redoubled their cannonading, until there was one continuous, loud, deafening roar. The Benton coming within range of the Lovell, Captain Phelps turned loose one of his fifty-pound rifled Parrotts, and the conical shell went whizzing over the water and struck the Lovell just above the water-line, tearing out a fearful hole, through which the water poured in torrents. Her crew immediately prepared to abandon the vessel, whereupon the Benton sent out her cutter to pick up and save such of the enemy as might be recovered from the wreck. The doomed vessel, in all her gorgeous holiday attire, sunk in fourteen fathoms of water, having previously run up the white flag, and her officers and crew were left struggling in the water. The Union cutter picked up about a dozen of them, but the remainder strove to escape by swimming ashore. Some succeeded, but many perished in the attempt or were carried down in the wreck.

The herculean efforts of these brave and loyal seamen to preserve the lives of those who had been but a few moments before their avowed and bitter enemies, was one of the most touching and beautiful spectacles ever witnessed in warfare. The wondrous magnanimity of the brave crew of the Benton must have had an effect upon the crowds of spectators who witnessed the fight from the bluffs above. It proved conclusively that the charges of inhumanity and blood-thirstiness which the confederates brought against the loyal people of the North were utterly false and groundless.

UTTER DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL FLOTILLA.

The flagship Little Rebel had been hit several times and was leaking badly. Commodore Montgomery evidently forgot about his intention to die in the defense of Memphis, and did not even desire to remain long enough to carry out his threat of blowing the Union fleet clear out of water; anyhow, he ran his flagship over to the Arkansas shore with a good deal more haste than dignity, ran her aground, deserted

her, and took to the woods without even waiting to set fire to the disabled hulk. It is said that the Commodore was the first man ashore, and that he, the truculent boaster and presumptuous braggart, made tracks through the swamp at a rate that would have beaten Maud S. in her palmiest days. The Carondelet, which was in hot pursuit of the flying Little Rebel, threw a few shells after the fugitives, but it is not known that any of them were injured thereby.



REAR-ADMIRAL D. G. FARRAGUT.

Probably Commodore Montgomery thought that the South could ill-afford to be deprived of his magnificent services; and that, although he was ready and willing to die for her upon the slightest provocation, he would serve his country better by preserving his life for future sacrifices. It is a line of argument that most braggarts use.

The Jeff. Thompson was also disabled by the solid shot from Union


cannon, and was beached and deserted on the Arkansas shore about a mile below the city. The Sumter shared an exactly similar fate; also the Bragg; so that the Arkansas woods and swamps must have presented a most animated appearance that afternoon. The Van Dorn fled down the river, pursued by the Cairo and Carondelet, whose officers hoped to cripple or capture this last one of the enemy's boats; but they failed to hit her or to overhaul her, so she soon passed out of sight and the two Union gunboats returned to the scene of their victory.

Shortly after the Jeff. Thompson had been beached on the Arkansas shore, it was discovered that she had been set on fire by a shell; but the flames were extinguished—so it was thought—by a detachment of Union sailors in gigs. But later on, after the battle was over, it was perceived that she was on fire again. It is not known how the new conflagration was started, but it is likely that some of her crew returned to her and applied the torch. After burning nearly to the water's edge, the flames reached the magazine, when a tremendous explosion rent the air, an immense flame shot up into the radiant morning sky, while hundreds of sharp detonations were heard half a mile overhead. The vessel's shells, thrown skyward with lighted fuses, burst with a peculiar crackling sound, resembling the explosion of a pack of fire crackers on a colossal scale.

Looking over the spot where the Jeff. Thompson lay, nothing could be seen but a few charred fragments floating idly on the water. She had been literally blown to atoms, a worthy fate for a rebel vessel, and typical of the destruction of the confederacy.

The battle lasted just one hour, and was one of the most startling, dramatic and memorable engagements of the whole war.

A WEIRD STORY OF ANTIETAM.

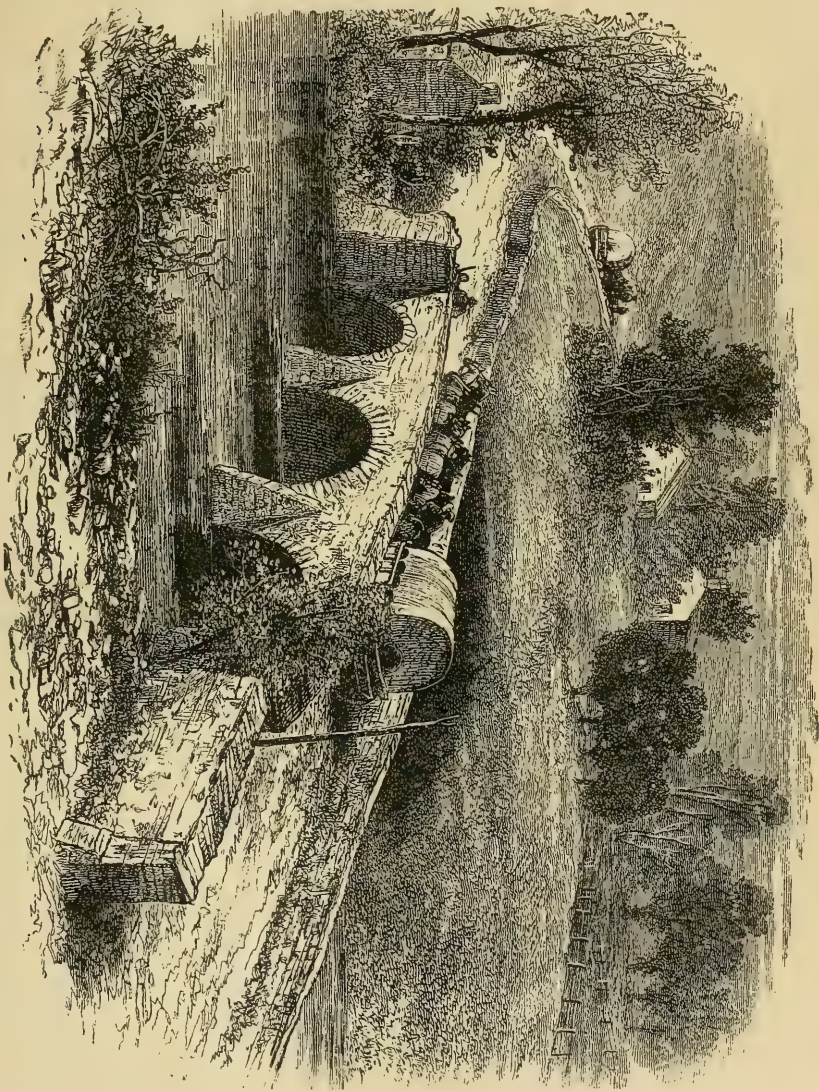
NE evening, early in the autumn of 1889, a bevy of bright-faced ladies were gathered in a well-lighted hall in central Illinois. From the cheery tones, and the frequent laughter indulged in by the company, it was evident that the "Women's Relief Corps" of —— were having a most satisfactory session. But among the number was one whose quiet features showed a trace of sadness. She seemed to be absorbed in thought, and joined not in the merriment that held full sway around the cheerful circle.

"Why, Kate," said one of her companions, "what on earth ails you to-night? You are as glum and solemn as though you hadn't a friend nor an aspiration left in the world. What are you moping about, anyway?"

A sad smile crossed her pale features as Kate replied :

"I was thinking, my dear—only thinking; and my thoughts wander far from here, and far back to the days when there was little merriment in Northern homes. Don't you know that this is the 17th of

THE CELEBRATED STONE BRIDGE OVER ANTIETAM CREEK.



September—the anniversary of the great battle of Antietam? Well, on this day, of all in the year, my heart grows heavy with painful recollections. It is the anniversary of the saddest day of my life, and of the most wonderful experience I have ever had."

"What was it, Kate? tell us all about it," exclaimed her younger companion, while all the rest joined in the request.

Thus urged, the sad-faced, grayhaired woman told her tale.

"In 1862, I was living, as you know, in my childhood's home among the hills of dear old Pennsylvania. My father was a prosperous farmer, but had taken up his sword at his country's call, and commanded a company in the famous Pennsylvania Reserves. His second lieutenant was a son of our nearest neighbor—a young man of great promise, one of nature's noblemen. Frank—that was his name—had been my playmate from childhood, and the day he marched away he told me of his love and we plighted our affections ere he left my side.

"Well, kind Providence spared the lives of our dear ones through many a bloody battle, and as my mother and I retired to rest each night, we fervently thanked God for his goodness. At last came the awful struggle along Antietam creek. For days we had been oppressed by an awful dread, as we had heard that a great battle was impending. That night, that awful Wednesday night, how well do I remember it! my mother and I remained long in earnest conversation. Each knew the load that lay upon the other's heart, and tried to cheer each other with hopeful words that really added to our apprehensions. At length we parted, and I fell asleep upon a pillow wet with tears.

"At two o'clock I awoke with a sudden start. The room seemed dimly lighted, and soon I could discern the form of my beloved standing by my bedside, pale as death, his uniform rent and stained with mud and gore. I leaped to my feet and exclaimed:

"Oh, Frank! What is the matter?"

He answered:

"I am dead. Go and tell my mother; then hurry to the field. I was mortally wounded, and knew you would grieve less if you should find my body. So I crawled up under an old oak tree on the hill to die. There you will find me. Make haste and reach the field before to-morrow night, for your father is desperately wounded, and if you would see him again in life, go at once. Farewell, my darling!"

"Then all was dark. I fell to the floor in a swoon.

"In the early morning we started for the battle-ground. Under the old oak tree we found the body of my love, his white face turned to heaven, his uniform rent and stained as it had been in my vision.

"At the hospital we found my father, wounded unto death, and at sunset he expired in my mother's arms."

A solemn hush had fallen over the whole assembly, but ere they left the hall, each sister silently embraced the memory-haunted woman and mingled with her scalding tears a flood of honest sympathy.

A SCOUT'S FIRST ADVENTURE.

DOWN in the bleak mountain country of East Tennessee; the evening was growing late, and the camp-fire was smouldering lower and lower, but we still sat round it, for the spell of the scout's gift of story-telling we were none of us willing to dissolve. Captain Charlie Leighton had been a lieutenant in a Michigan battery at the commencement of the war, but a natural love of excitement and restlessness of soul had early prompted him to seek employment as a scout, in which he soon rose to unusual eminence. He is a man of much refinement, well educated, and of a "quick inventive brain." The tale I am about to relate is my best recollection of it as it fell from his lips, and if there is aught of elegance in its diction, as here represented, it is all his own. He had been delighting us with incidents of the war, most of which were derived from his own experience, when I expressed a desire to know something of his first attempt at scouting. He willingly assented and commenced his yarn; and I thought that I had never seen a handsomer man than Charlie Leighton the scout, as he carelessly lounged there, with the ruddy gleams of the dying camp-fire occasionally flickering over his strongly marked, intelligent face, and his curling black hair waving fitfully in the night wind, which now came down from the mountain fresher and chillier.

THE SCOUT'S NARRATIVE.

It happened in Western Virginia. I had been personally acquainted with our commander, General R., before the war commenced, and having intimated, a short time previous to the date of my story, that I desired to try my luck in the scouting service—of which a vast deal was required to counteract the guerrillas with which the Blue Ridge fairly teemed at that time—one night, late in the fall of the year, I was delighted to receive orders to report at his head-quarters. The general was a man of few words, and my instructions were brief.

"Listen," said he. "My only reliable scout, Mackworth, was killed last night at the lower ford; and General F., the rebel commander, has his head-quarters at the Sedley Mansion on the Romney road."

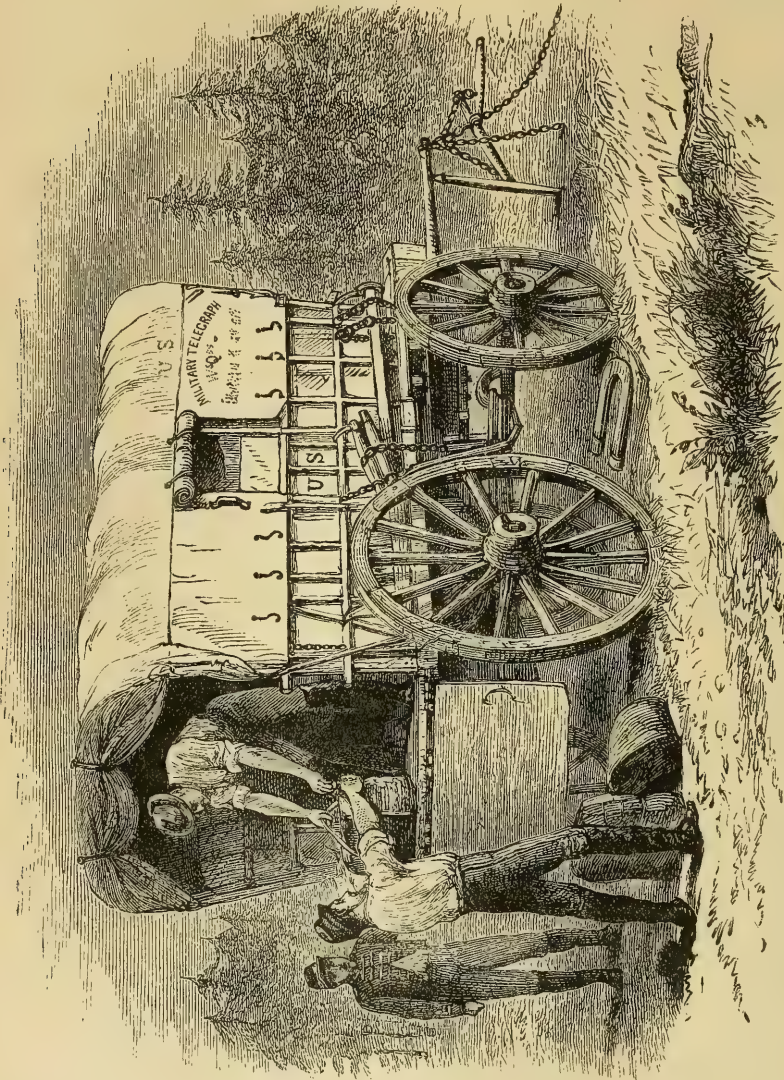
"Very well," said I, beginning to feel a little queer.

"I want you to go to the Sedley Mansion," was the cool rejoinder.

"To go there! Why, it's in the heart of the enemy's position!" was my amazed ejaculation.

"Just the reason I want it done," resumed the general. "Listen: I attack to-morrow at day-break. F. knows it, or half suspects it, and

will mass either on the centre or the left wing. I must know *which*. The task is thick with danger—regular ‘life and death.’ Two miles from here, midway to the enemy’s outposts, and six paces beyond the



UNITED STATES MILITARY TELEGRAPH WAGON.

second mile-stone, are two rockets propped on the inside of a hollow stump. Mackworth placed them there yesterday. You are to slip to F.'s head-quarters to-night, learn what I want, and hurry back to the hollow stump. If he masses on the centre, set off one rocket; if on the

left, set off both. This duty, I repeat, abounds with danger. You must start immediately, and alone. Will you go?"

Everything considered, I think I voted in the affirmative quite readily, but it required a slight struggle. Nevertheless, consent I did, and immediately left the tent to make ready.

It was near ten o'clock when, having received a few additional words of advice from the chief, I set forth on my perilous ride. The country was quite familiar to me, so I had little fear of losing my way, which was no inconsiderable advantage, I can tell you. Riding slowly at first, as soon as I had passed our last outpost, I put spurs to my horse (a glorious gray thorough-bred which the general had lent me for the occasion) and fled down the mountain at a breakneck pace. It was a cool, misty, uncertain night—almost frosty, and the country was wild and desolate. Mountains and ravine were the ruling features, with now and then that diversification of the broomy, irregular plateau, with which our mountain scenery is occasionally softened. I continued my rapid pace with but little caution until I arrived at the further extremity of one of these plateaux. Here I brought up sharply beside a block of granite, which I recognized as the second mile-stone. Dis-mounting, I proceeded to the hollow stump which the general had intimated, and finding the rockets there, examined them well to make sure of their efficiency—remounted, and was away again. But now I exercised much more caution in my movements. I rode more slowly, kept my horse on the turf at the edge of the road, in order to deaden the hoof-beats, and also shortened the chain of my sabre, binding the scabbard with my knee to prevent its jingling. Still I was not satisfied, but tore my handkerchief in two, and made fast to either heel the rowel of my spurs, which otherwise had a little tinkle of their own. Then I kept wide awake, with my eyes everywhere at once, in the hope catching a glimpse of some clue or landmark—the glimmer of a camp-fire—a tent-top in the moonlight, which now began to shine faintly—or to hear the snort of a steed, the signal of a picket—anything to guide me or to give warning of the lurking foe. But no: if there had been any camp-fires they were dead; if there had been any tents they were struck. Not a sign—not a sound. All quiet as the tomb.

The great mountains rose around me in their mantles of pine and hoods of mist, cheerless and repelling, as if their solitude had never been broken. The moon was driving through a weird and ragged sky, with something desolate and solemn in her haggard face that seemed like an omen of ill. And in spite of my efforts to be cheerful, I felt the iron loneliness and sense of danger creep through my flesh and touch the bones.

None but those who have actually experienced it can properly conceive of the apprehensions which throng the breast of him, howsoever brave, who knows himself to be alone in the midst of enemies who are *invisible*. The lion hunter of Abyssinia is encompassed with peril when he makes a pillow of his gun in the desert; and our own pioneer slumbers but lightly in his new cabin when he knows that the savage, whose monomania is vengeance, is prowling the forest that skirts his clearing. But the lion is not always hungry; and even the Indian may be conciliated. The hunter confronts his terrible antagonist with something deadlier than ferocity. The hand that levels and the eye that directs the rifled tube are nerved and fired by "the mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark," which, in this case, is indeed a "tower of strength." And the settler, with promises and alcohol, may have won the savage to himself. But to the solitary scout, at midnight, every turn of the road may conceal a finger on a hair trigger; every stump or bush may hold a foe in waiting. If he rides through a forest, it is only in the deepest shadow that he dares ride upright; and should he cross an open glade, where the starlight or moonshine drops freely, he crouches low on the saddle and hurries across, for every second he feels he may be a target. His senses are painfully alive, his faculties strained to their utmost tension.

By the way of a little episode, I knew a very successful scout, who met his death, however, on the Peninsula, who would always require a long sleep immediately after an expedition of peril, if it had lasted but a few hours, and had apparently called forth no more muscular exertion than was necessary to sit in the saddle. But, strange as it may seem, he would complain of overpowering fatigue, and immediately drop into the most profound slumber. And I have been informed that this is very frequently the case. I can only attribute it to the fact that, owing to the extreme and almost abnormal vivacity—I think of no better word—of the faculties and senses, a man on these momentous occasions lives *twice or thrice as fast* as ordinarily; and the usual nerve-play and wakefulness of a day and night may thus be concentrated in the brief period of a few hours.

But to resume: I felt to the full this apprehension, this anxiety, this exhaustion, but the knowledge of my position and the issues at stake kept my blood flowing. I had come to the termination of the last plateau or plain, when the road led me down the side of a ravine, with a prospect ahead of nothing but darkness. Here, too, I was compelled to make more noise, as there was no sod for my horse to tread on, and the road was flinty and rough in the extreme. But I kept on as cautiously as possible, when suddenly, just at the bottom of the ravine,

where the road began to ascend the opposite declivity, I came to a dead halt, confronted by a group of several horsemen, so suddenly that they seemed to have sprung from the earth like phantoms.

"Why do you return so slowly?" said one of them, impatiently. "What have you seen? Did you meet Colonel Craig?"

For a moment—a brief one—I gave myself up for lost; but, with the rapid reflection and keen invention which a desperate strait will sometimes superinduce, I grasped the language of the speaker, and formed my plan accordingly.



FORT SUMTER BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT.

"Why do you return so slowly?" I had been sent somewhere, then.

"What have you seen?" I had been sent as a spy, then.

"Did you meet Colonel Craig?"

Oho! I thought, *I will be Colonel Craig*. No, I won't; I will be Colonel Craig's orderly. So I spoke out boldly—

"Colonel Craig met your messenger, who had seen nothing, and advised him to scout down the edge of the creek for half a mile. But he dispatched me, his orderly, to say that the enemy appears to be retreating in heavy masses. I am also to convey this intelligence to General F."

The troopers had started at the tones of a strange voice, but seemed to listen with interest and without suspicion.

"Did the Colonel think the movement a real retreat, or only a feint?" asked the leader.

"He was uncertain," I replied, beginning to feel secure and roguish at the same time; "but he bade me to say that he would ascertain; and in an hour or two, if you should see one rocket up to the north there, you might conclude that the Yankees were retreating; if you should see two, then you might guess that they were not retreating but stationary, with likelihood of remaining inert for another day."

"Good!" cried the rebel. "Do you know the way to the general's quarters?"

"I think I can find it," said I; "although I am not familiar with this side of the mountain."

"It's a mile this side of the Sedley Mansion," said the trooper. "You will find some pickets at the head of the road. You must there leave your horse, and climb the steep, when you will see a farm-house, and fifteen minutes' walk toward it will bring you to the general's tent. I will go with you to the top of the road." And setting off at a gallop, the speaker left me to follow, which I hesitated not to do. Now, owing to their mistake, the countersign had not been thought of; but the next picket would not be likely to swallow the same dose of silence, and it was a lucky thing that the trooper led the way, for he would reach them first, and I would have a chance to catch the password from his lips. But he passed the picket so quickly, and dropped the precious syllables so indistinctly, that I only caught the first of them—"Tally"—while the remainder might as well have been Greek. *Tally, tally, tally* what? Great heaven! thought I, what can it be? *Tally, tally*—here I am almost up to the pickets—what can it be? *Tallyho*? No, that's English. *Talleyrand*? No, that's French. God help me! *Tally, tally*—

"TALLAHASSEE!" I yelled with the inspiration of despair, as I dashed through the picket, and their levelled carbines sank toothless before that wonderful spell—the countersign.

Blessing my stars, and without further mishap, I reached the place indicated by the trooper, which was high up on the side of the mountain—so high that clouds were forming in the deep valley below. Making my bridle fast, I clambered with some difficulty the still ascending slope on my left. Extraordinary caution was required. I almost crept towards the farm-house, and soon perceived the tent of the rebel chief. A solitary guard was pacing between it and me—probably a hundred yards from the tent. Perceiving that boldness was my only plan, I sauntered up to him with as free-and-easy an air as I could muster.

"Who goes there?"

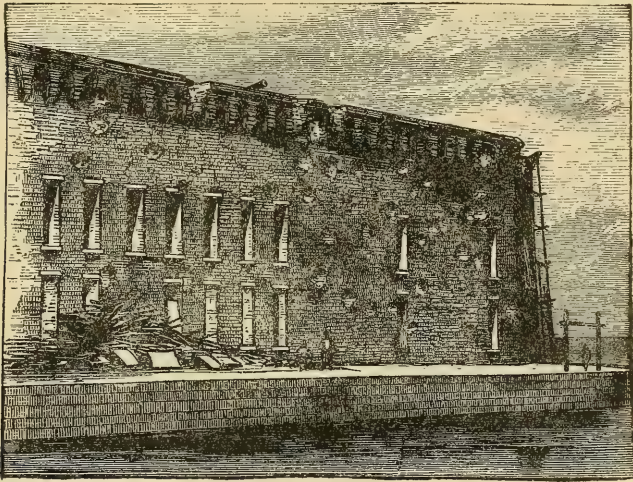
"A friend."

"Advance and give the countersign."

I advanced as near as was safe, and whispered "Tallahassee," with some fears as to the result.

"It's a lie!" said the sentry, bringing his piece to the shoulder in the twinkling of an eye. "That answers the pickets, but not me." Click, click, went the rising hammer of the musket.

I am a dead man, thought I to myself; I am a dead man unless the cap fails. Wonderful, marvellous to relate, the cap *did* fail. The hammer dropped with a dull, harmless thud on the nipple. With the



FORT SUMTER AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

rapidity of thought and the stealth of a panther I glided forward and clutched his windpipe, forcing him to his knees, while the gun slipped to the ground. There was a fierce but silent struggle. The fellow could not speak, for my hand on his throat; but he was a powerful man, with a bowie-knife in his belt, if he could only get at it. But I got it first, hesitated a moment, and then drove it in his midriff to the hilt; and just at that instant his grinders closed on my arm and bit to the bone. Restraining a cry with the utmost difficulty, I got in another blow, this time home, and the jaws of the rebel flew apart with a start, for my blade had pressed the spring of the casket. Breathless from the struggle, I lay still to collect my thoughts, and listened to know if the inmates of the tent had been disturbed. But no; a light was shining through the canvas, and I could hear the low murmur of

voices from within, which I had before noticed, and which seemed to be those of a number of men in earnest consultation. I looked at the corpse of the rebel remorsefully. The slouched hat had fallen off in the scuffle, and the pale face of the dead man was upturned to the scant moonlight. It was a young, noble, and exceedingly handsome face, and I noticed that the hands and feet were small and beautifully shaped; while everything about the body denoted it to have been the mansion of a gallant, gentle soul.

Was it a fair fight? did I attack him justly? thought I; and in the sudden contrition of my heart, I almost knelt to the ground. But the sense of my great peril recurred to me, stifling everything else, however worthy. I took off the dead man's overcoat and put it on, threw my cap away and replaced it with the fallen sombrero, and then dragged the corpse behind an outhouse of the farm that stood close by. Returning, I picked up the gun, and began to saunter up and down in a very commendable way indeed; but a sharp observer might have noticed a furtiveness and anxiety in the frequent glances I threw at the tent, which would not have augured well for my safety. I drew nearer and nearer to the tent at every turn, until I could almost distinguish the voices within; and presently after taking a most minute survey of the premises, I crept up to the tent, crouched down to the bottom of the trench, and listened with all my might. I could also see under the canvas. There were half a dozen rebel chieftains within, and a map was spread on a table in the centre of the apartment. At length the consultation was at an end, and the company rose to depart. I ran back to my place, and resumed the watchful saunter of the guard with as indifferent an air as possible, drawing the hat well over my eyes.

The generals came outside of the tent and looked about a little before they disappeared. Two of them came close to me and passed almost within a yard of the sentry's body. But they passed on, and I drew a deep breath of relief. A light still glimmered through the tent, but presently that, too, vanished, and all was still. But occasionally I would hear the voice of a fellow sentry, or perhaps the rattle of a halter in some distant manger.

I looked at my watch. It was two o'clock—would be five before I could fire the signal, and the attack was to be at daybreak.

THE SCOUT'S ESCAPE.

Cautiously as before, I started on my return, reaching my horse without accident. Here I abandoned the gun and overcoat, remounted and started down the mountain. "Tallahassee" let me through the

first picket again, but something was wrong when I cantered down the ravine to the troopers to whom I had been so confidentially dispatched by Colonel Craig. Probably the genuine messenger, or perhaps the gallant Colonel himself had paid them a visit during my absence. At any rate, I saw that something unpleasant was up, but resolved to make the best of it.

"Tallahassee!" I cried, as I began to descend the ravine.

"Halt, or you're a dead man!" roared the leading trooper. "He's a Yank!" "Cut him down!" chimed in the others.

"Tallahassee! Tallahassee!" I yelled. And committing my soul to God, I plunged down the gulley with sabre and revolver in either hand.



"I FLED ONWARD."


Click—bang! something grazed my cheek like a hot iron. Click—bang again! something whistled by my ear with an ugly intonation. And then I was in their midst, shooting, stabbing, slashing and swearing like a fiend. The rim of my hat flapped over my face from a sabre cut, and I felt blood trickling down my neck. But I burst away from them, up the banks of the ravine, and along the bare plateau, all the time yelling "Tallahassee! Tallahassee!" without knowing why. I could hear the alarm spread back over the mountain by halloos and drums, and presently the clatter of pursuing steeds. But I fled onward like a whirlwind, almost fainting from excitement and loss of blood, until I reeled off at the hollow stump.

Fiz, fiz! one, two! and my heart leaped with exultation as the rushing rockets followed each other in quick succession to the zenith, and burst on the gloom in glittering showers. Emptying the remaining tubes of my pistol at the last pursuer, now but fifty yards off, I was in

the saddle and away again without waiting to see the result of my aim. It was a ride for life for a few moments; but I pressed as noble a steed as ever spurned the footstool, and as we neared the Union lines the pursuit dropped off. When I attained the summit of the first ridge of our position, and saw the day break faintly and rosily beyond the pine-tops and along the crags, the air fluttered violently in my face, the solid earth quivered beneath my feet, as a hundred cannon opened simultaneously above, below, and around me. Serried columns of men were swinging irresistibly down the mountain toward the opposite slope; flying field-pieces were dashing off into position; long lines of cavalry were haunting the gullies, or hovering like vultures on the steep; and the blare of bugles rose above the roar of the artillery with a wild, victorious peal. The two rockets had been answered, and the veterans of the Union were bearing down upon the enemy's weakened centre like an avalanche of fire.

"So that is all," said the scout, rising and yawning. "The battle had begun in earnest. And maybe I didn't dine with General R. when it was over and the victory gained. Let's go to bed."

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

HE authorities at Washington became alarmed about General Sheridan early in October 1864, when he was pushing Early so hard and fast that he had got beyond telegraphic communication. President Lincoln said he was afraid Sheridan would make the same error that Cass did in the Indian wars—that he would pursue the enemy so hotly and closely that in a little while he would pass him and find *himself* pursued. Summoned to Washington for personal consultation, Sheridan left his army under command of General Wright, of the Sixth corps.

On the night of October 18, while Sheridan was nearing Winchester on his return to the army, Early and Longstreet were stealthily moving upon the exposed left flank of the Union army, which lay along the Shenandoah River. On the opposite side of the river the mountain rose abruptly, and there was no expectations of a confederate attack from that direction. Wright was apprehensive about his right flank, and had disposed the bulk of his cavalry so as to protect it. General Gordon, commanding a corps under Early, had noted this fact during the day, and an early morning attack upon the unprotected left was determined upon.

Long before midnight the rebel columns were moving. So careful

and minute were their arrangements for silence that the canteens were taken away from the men lest they should rattle against the cartridge-boxes or bayonet-sheaths, and thus alarm the Union pickets. The rebels stole around the mountain and down to the river bank in single file, for the roadway was nothing more than a bridle path. All through the hours of darkness the silent figures moved stealthily upon the unconscious foe. One entire brigade of rebel cavalry formed the advance guard.



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE CROOK.

By dawn of day General Gordon had completed his arrangements for the assault, while the Union army was in total ignorance of his presence. The Union army—officers and men—rested in the deep slumber of absolute security. A weak picket-line existed, to be sure, but it was advanced such a short distance that the rebel column crept around unnoticed within six hundred yards of the main Union line. Some of the pickets did report hearing a sound as of marching troops, but the report failed to arouse much apprehension and no attempt at reconnoitring was made.

At daybreak a heavy fog hung over the valley and through the chilly mists came bursting the wild charging yells of the rebel infantry. Crook's corps, the Eighth, was first struck, and the extremity of his line, taken thus by flank and rear, was doubled up in confusion precisely in the same way that Crook had doubled up Early a few weeks previous at Fisher's Hill. The movements of the enemy were quick, orderly and overpowering; they were into our trenches before all of Crook's boys could get their muskets loaded. Our troops, thus rudely awakened, were dazed and dilatory. In twenty minutes the struggle was over, to all intents and purposes. The rebels knew their ground perfectly, were well instructed by their officers and handled with rare skill. The Eighth corps was soon put to flight; the Nineteenth corps (Emory) next gave way; and then the Sixth, after a sharp struggle, was forced to join in the general retreat. The Union officers tried to steady and rally their men, but with little avail. The tide of runaways swept down the pike toward Winchester. Two dozen pieces of artillery were lost, the camps were abandoned, and the whole army which, but a day before, was flushed with the prestige of unbroken success, was in inglorious retreat. General Wright, who had escaped capture only by a hair, tried to rally the fugitives at a point some four miles down the valley, and was progressing nobly with the work when Sheridan himself came upon the scene.

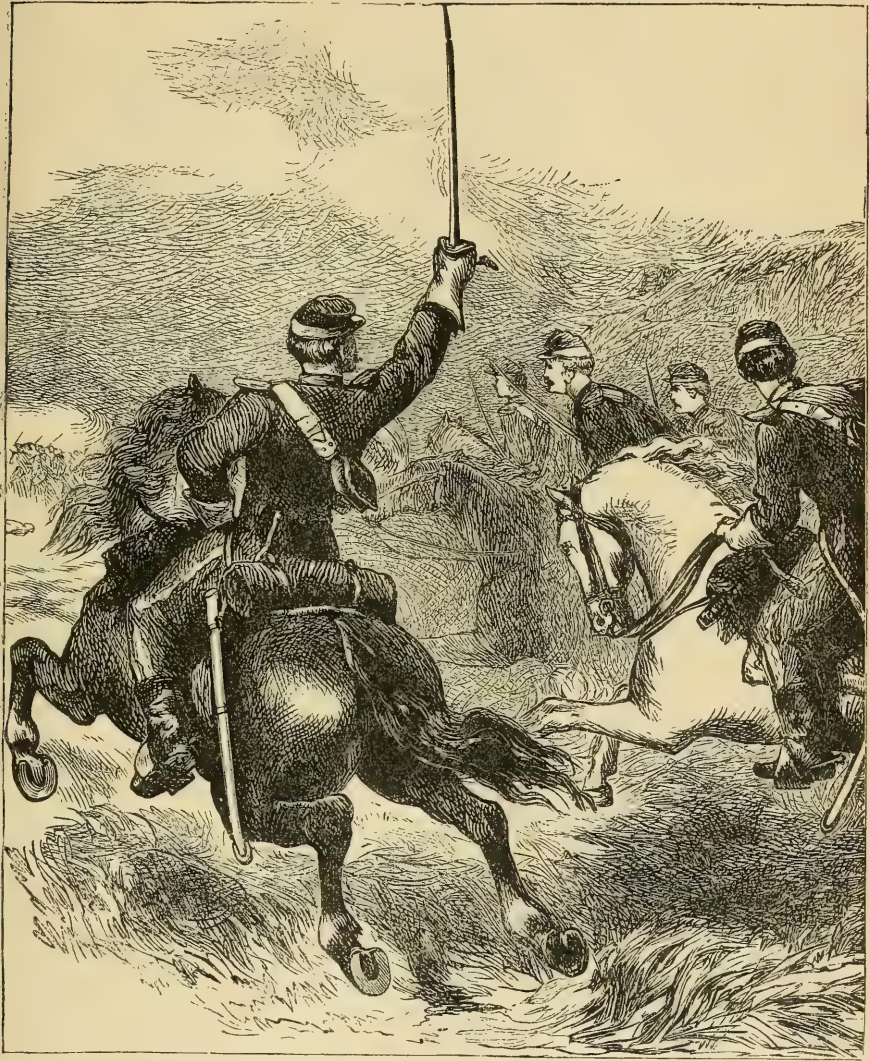
Sheridan had arrived at Winchester the night before. Early in the morning his quick ear had heard the sound of cannon from the direction in which his army lay, but it gave him no alarm at the time. After an early breakfast he trotted leisurely toward his camps, but when a mile from town he encountered the first of the fugitives from the lost field. Giving orders that the retreating trains be parked right there, Sheridan, attended by a few troopers, struck into a swinging gallop that carried him rapidly to the front. The little general was a fury on horseback, and as he dashed up the pike his confident bearing and cheerful smile brought back the spirits of the fleeing army. As he passed along, like a streak of light, the stragglers grew thicker; but he reproached none. Swinging his hat with a cheery smile for all, he shouted:

"Face the other way, boys! We are going back to our camps! We are going to lick them out of their boots!"

The effect was electrical. The fugitives halted by squads, by companies, by regiments. The panic was stayed. The men broke into an exultant cheer; even the wounded raised their hoarse voices to salute their dashing commander. As Sheridan passed along new formations grew up behind him, and soon the flying mob resolved itself into

somewhat regular battalions, all now pressing back down the road over which they had fled.

A new line was established and a fresh attack was momentarily



SHERIDAN AT CEDAR CREEK.

expected. Sheridan rode up and down the new lines, rectifying and solidifying the formation, and everywhere was greeted with swelling cheers.

"Boys, this should never have happened if I had been here," he

exclaimed as he rode along the lines. "I tell you it never should have happened. But we are going back to our camps. We are going to get a twist on them; we'll get the tightest twist on them that you ever saw. We'll have all those camps and cannon back again before dark."

Thus he cheered and animated his men, who had full faith in the promised "twist." His commands were victory, his presence was inspiration.



SPECIMENS OF EARLY'S ARMY AFTER THE "TWIST."

The Nineteenth corps was ahead, with the Sixth not far behind. Sheridan himself dashed off to Wright and implored him to hurry his men up to the support of Emory.

At three o'clock the victorious enemy fell upon the Nineteenth, but this time the "surprise" was on the other side. The troops which had yielded at the first touch in the gray dawn, had now become an active and aggressive force, and the rebels were repulsed. This good news reached Sheridan. "Thank God for that," he responded cheerfully. "Now tell Emory if they attack him again to go right after them and follow them up. We'll get a twist on them in a few minutes!"

The men heard their commander, and believed him. The demoralization of defeat had vanished. The *morale* of Sheridan's army was restored.

At four o'clock the orders went forth : " The whole line will advance. The Nineteenth corps will move in connection with the Sixth. The right of the Nineteenth will swing toward the left."

For a time the enemy made a strong resistance. The rebels lay behind stone walls and impromptu breastworks of rails. The enemy's left overlapped Sheridan's right, and in an evil moment the confederate commander attempted to swing in on our right flank. This was just what Sheridan wanted. As the rebel line bent in towards our right, Sheridan threw General McMillan's brigade straight into the angle. The boys in blue broke through the hostile ranks, and cut off the flanking party. Then Custer's troopers came swooping down upon it, and broke it into fragments. The dismayed confederates fled or surrendered, according to their individual agility.

The main Union line simultaneously charged all along the front, crowding the rebels back into the creek. The great difficulties of crossing added to their panic, and as the steady Union lines came sweeping up the rout was made complete.

Clambering up the opposite bank, the now thoroughly whipped rebels continued their headlong flight, and as the shades of evening fell the hosts of Custer and Deven, sabers in hand, flung themselves upon either flank of the disordered mob. Nearly all the rebel transportation was captured, and our camps and artillery were regained. As far as Fisher's Hill the roads were jammed with all the *impedimenta* of a routed army, and prisoners were sent back so fast that the provost marshal could hardly provide for them.

The defeat was utter and decisive. It was the end of Early's army, and the end of campaigning in the Shenandoah valley.

In this great rally the Eighth Vermont regiment, of the second brigade, first division, Nineteenth Corps, covered itself with glory, and sustained a percentage of loss rarely if ever equalled in warfare. This regiment held the right of Sheridan's new line, and the little General was right there, too. Out of 164 men who went into action, only 54 escaped ; for 110 were killed and wounded. Out of sixteen commissioned officers thirteen were killed ; three color-bearers were killed and a fourth was mortally wounded. After the engagement General Sheridan wrote a letter of thanks to the gallant Eighth, complimenting them upon their bravery, which was so conspicuous even upon this field of unexampled heroism. The Green Mountain State is justly proud of her gallant Eighth regiment.

THE SCOUT'S REVENGE.

RIGHT had settled down upon the army of the Potomac, and except in the tent of a general, quiet reigned in the camp. The river rolled placidly along, as though no hostile forces lined its banks, and Washington looked peaceful, as if no devil were trying to pluck some stars from the flag which floated over the Capitol. But the measured tramp of the sentinel, and the quick low-toned challenge to the straggler hurrying to quarters, told the story of the struggle that was going on.

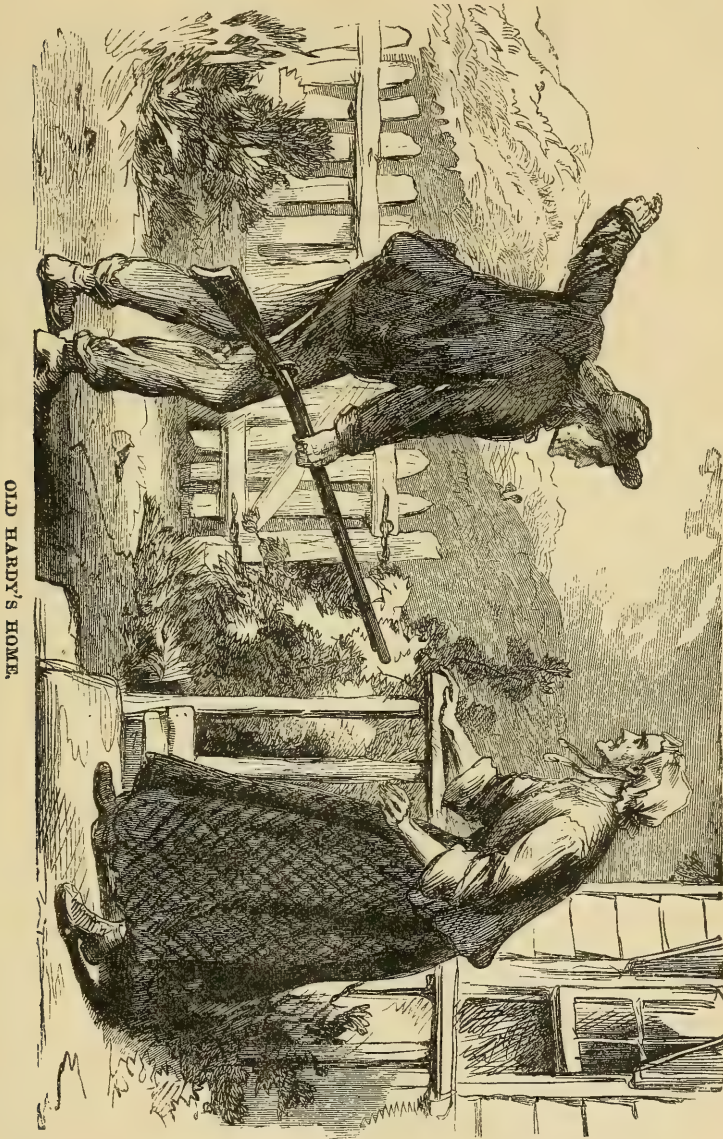
In the tent of the general, grouped around a small table on which were spread maps of the country, sat several officers, eagerly discussing a point upon which opinions differed. It was an informal council of war, and the officer in command, while he listened carefully, refrained from giving his judgment in the matter—flattering first this one with symptoms of agreement with him, or complimenting that one on the clearness of his views, while he drew from some of the more bashful of the party what they thought.

To none was he more polite than to a young man of fine address, whose shoulder-straps claimed for him the rank of colonel. No greater contrast could be found than between the faces of the general and his subordinate. Both had keen eyes, and would be called handsome men anywhere; but the features of the elder wore an open, manly look, while those of the younger bore a sinister cast, that did much to destroy his otherwise good looks. The colonel was evidently ill at ease, and though he returned the polite attentions of the general as a gentleman would, he did not venture to meet the steady gaze of the commander.

Just at the moment the discussion was at the hottest, the sentry announced a messenger. "Show him in," said the general, and the man entered with a respectful salute. "We will resume this to-morrow, gentlemen," he said, bowing to the party, who, taking the hint, immediately dispersed to their several quarters. "Well, Hardy, what success?" said the general, turning to the scout who stood leaning on his rifle. He was well worth studying—a tall, lean man, with stooping shoulders, a face thin and sallow, with rambling legs, but his eyes glistened as if on fire. His body, ungainly as it was, gave promise of great strength, and the long sweep of his arm, joined to the grasp of his immense hand as he caressingly held his weapon to his breast, would have warned his foes that it was unsafe to try conclusions with him at too close quarters. On every line of his countenance, marked as it was with inexpressible sadness, were written honesty and firmness, so that you felt that what he said could be trusted.

"A leetle, gineral," he said, looking cautiously about. "Be we alone?" he added, in an undertone.

The general stepped to the door of the tent, but nothing could be



seen except the sentry pacing his usual beat. The scout, however, was not satisfied, and walking briskly out he approached the rear of the tent, when a hasty footstep was heard retreating. He listened

carefully, at the same time keeping his trusty rifle ready for use, but the footsteps died away in the distance, and he returned to the tent.

"Some drunken soldier, Hardy," said the general, a little annoyed at the occurrence. "It shall be looked to to-morrow."

"Maybe so," said the scout, leaning on his rifle, and refusing to be seated. "Yit his pace war mighty stiddy for a man in liquor."

"Well, he is gone now, so let us to business," said the general, a little testily.

"Watch D'Arblay, general," said the scout. "He's in high favor where I've been to-day, and that ain't no great praise for a Union man."

"Did you reach the village, then?" asked the general, his eyes fixed upon Hardy's face.

"I was there afore twelve o'clock, and by luck fell in with an Alabamy regiment. So, as I was real Virginny," and a mocking smile lit up the sallow face, "I mixed in with the boys."

"You are venturesome, Hardy," said the other. "If they catch you they will show no mercy. Already your name is known the country round, and a reward offered for you."

"They can't hurt me no worse than they hev, gineral. I went by the homestead to-day, and the ashes are there yet. The fire that burned the old place went into my heart, and I ain't afraid of being ketched till my work's done."

"Do they know how strong we are in this place?" asked the general.

"To a man, gineral. And they're a chuckling mightily over it. 'Tain't no secret at all, and they don't make no bones of saying they hev good friends in your camp. Did I tell you to watch D'Arblay, gineral?" and the scout fingered the lock of his rifle, looking out upon the white city which lay before him.

Suddenly he started and threw himself in the shadow of the curtain which hung at the door of the tent. A moment he stood so, and then, swiftly bringing his rifle to his shoulder, a quick report was heard, and Hardy turned to the tent.

The startled sentry hastened to inquire the cause, but the imperturbable old man carelessly explained that he had only fired off his load, and, as his eccentricity was well known, that ended it. But he bent low and whispered to the general, "Keep watch on D'Arblay—a close watch, gineral," and gave vent to a chuckle that shook his body till his bones rattled.

An hour later and the little camp that lay as an out-post of the great army was stirring with new life. No rapid beat to arms roused the sleeping soldiers, but swift messengers moved among the white

tents, and at their summons the men shook slumber from their eyelids, and eagerly took their positions in the ranks.

A secret expedition, and at night—of all things the greatest delight of a true soldier—so much was clear; but in what direction, or against what force, none knew; yet the ignorance did not check the undisguised pleasure of the men, as they promptly obeyed the “fall in” of the orderly. It was enough that they were in the enemy’s country, on soil once sacred, but now desecrated by the footsteps of rebellion, and so the blow was effectual, they cared not where it fell.

With the officers it might be a little different, and some hastening to the general’s tent for instructions were met by an aid who gave hasty information for the marshaling of the forces. No one was trusted with the secret of the movement, and they who persistently sought the commanding officer found at the entrance of his tent only an old man, leaning on his rifle. Those who had been at the council readily connected the singular individual with the present movement; while they who for the first time looked upon his tall form, apparently bent with age and infirmity, did not dream that this was the scout whose deeds were the theme of conversation about the camp-fires, and whose escapes puzzled at once both friend and foe.

Hardy stood watching the gathering of the men with a grim smile playing about his lips. To the numerous inquiries that poured in upon him he gave no answer save that he knew nothing, and the questioner returned no wiser than he came. At last everything was ready, and the order given to march. Stealthily creeping out among the shadows of the night went a little band of fifteen hundred men, not one of whom knew whither he was bound.

Just as the last company left the camp, the general came to the door of his tent, and stretched out his hand to the scout. Hardy took it like a man who felt himself the peer of an emperor.

“I have run a great risk, Hardy,” he said. “If you have deceived me”—he stopped, for even the starlight could not hide the pained expression that stole across the scout’s face—“or if you have deceived yourself, the consequences may be terrible no less to these brave fellows than to me.”

“I hev told you the truth, gineral,” he said proudly. “We hev fifteen hundred men, and they ain’t less than four thousand. It mought be a hard fight, but we kin git the best of ’em for all that. But ef you’ve any misgivings, gineral, ’tain’t too late yit. It’s easy callin’ of ’em back again, though the boys looked mighty well pleased at the chance for a brush with the critters.”

At this moment there was a halt in the expedition, having reached

a fork in the road. The general hastily wrung the scout's hand, and as he said hurriedly, "No, no, I trusted you, and will not repent," Hardy returned the pressure till the more delicate hand of the officer felt as if it were in a vice, and immediately pressed forward to the van of the detachment. When he reached it, the road became clear, and at the command "forward!" the troops marched on.

How fared it with the rebels during these stirring matters among their enemies? Peacefully slumbering among the hills, and dreaming of anything but an attack from a foe they knew to be so inferior in numbers. They were a motley lot. For the most part composed of that class known as "poor whites" in the South, strangely clad and but half disciplined, they would have dispersed from their own internal discord, had not their officers restrained them. But the officers were vastly superior to the men. Deserters from the Federal army, in which they had found both education and subsistence, they turned their talents against their country, and gave a life to the rebellion it could not have had otherwise.

On this evening, while the men sat smoking about their fires, alternately asserting the superiority of their own States and cursing the cowardly Yankees, as they called all Federal soldiers, in not very choice language, a knot of officers were gathered in consultation.

"Has anything been heard from D'Arblay, to-day?" asked one with a colonel's strap upon his shoulders.

"Nothing," said a captain to whom the question was addressed. "Our messenger brought a note from him yesterday that a council of war would be held to-night. We shall have word from him to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, I saw it," said the colonel. "I hope they will resolve to fight. I'm getting tired of this inaction. Who is this Hardy he cautions us about?"

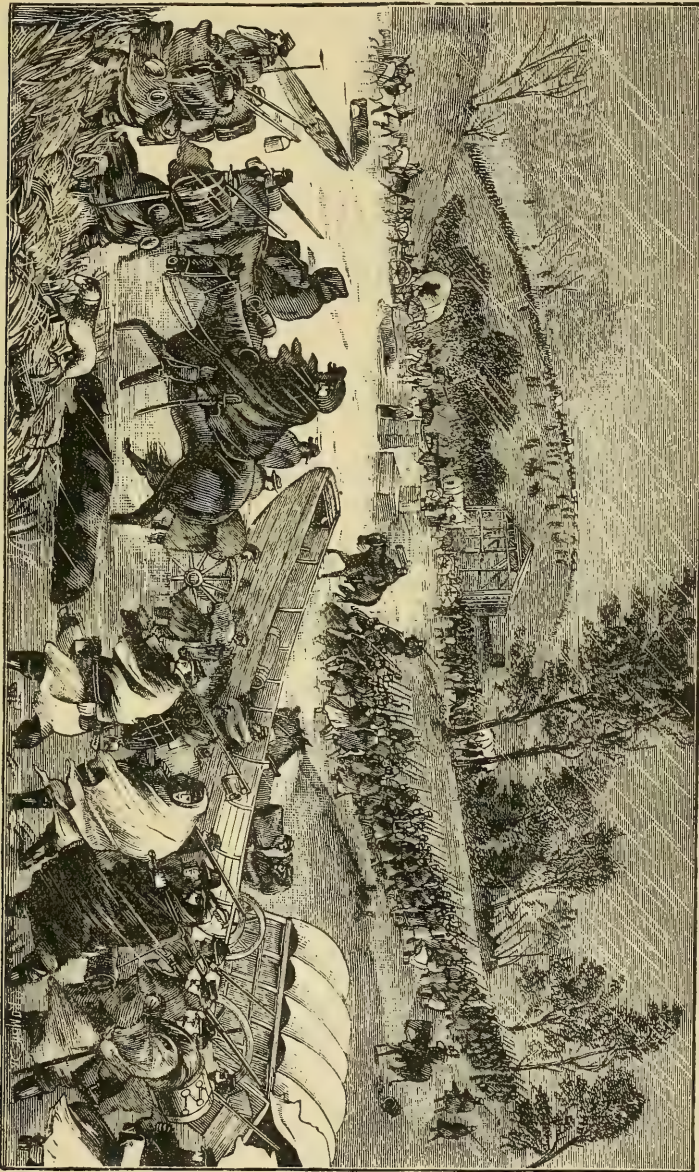
"One of the enemy's scouts," said the captain. "They tell marvelous tales of him, and even our tents ring with his exploits. This very spot was his farm, and yonder chimney stack the remains of his house. The man was a Tory, and barely escaped with his life."

The colonel was thoughtful a moment. "Was this the man whose family?—Well, never mind, such things must be in war. Keep a lookout for him, and if caught, give him short shrift—he may be dangerous." Just then the tattoo was beat, and with a courteous good-night the officers separated.

"I wish we could get along without such fellows as D'Arblay," said one young officer to another, as they strolled along the camp. "I don't mind killing the Yankees, but I like a little fair play about it. This game of his can't last very long and he'll be coming amongst us."

"Don't be too nice," said the other. "By and by you'll be abusing Burton for this Hardy business. I hear he and his Arkansas men did that nice little job."

BURNSIDE'S FAMOUS MUD MARCH.



"For God's sake, don't talk so," said the other, shuddering. "I have not heard all, but 'twas a brutal thing."

"You'll want a dictionary to give an adjective strong enough when you do hear it all. They say the old man refused to haul down his flag and shot one of our men, when they fired his house, and only Hardy escaped. Burton stood by and saw it done. The women, beaten back by the bayonets, did not scream but turned hopelessly inward. It is a mystery how Hardy got away, but he has not been seen since, and lives only for revenge. But, as the colonel says, such things must be in war. Good-night!" and they parted at the entrance of a tent.

While quiet reigns in the rebel camp, the little band we have seen set out under the scout's guidance is cautiously advancing. On through belts of woodland, over hills, and across some of the small streams with which the country abounds, they marched silently but surely on their prey.

The scout looked like a new man. His tall form was no longer bent; or, rather, it did not appear so, as he strode along at the head of the column. The sallow face was lit up with intelligence, and a gleam of ferocity shot from his eyes; the road was as familiar to him as the beaten paths about his lost homestead, but he trusted nothing to chance. Not a sound escaped his practised ear, nor an unusual appearance the keen scrutiny of his eye, and more than once he called a halt while he reconnoitred in the darkness.

At last they reached the foot of a hill, when Hardy whispered to the colonel in command, and, while the troops rested on their arms, he went forward alone.

Creeping up the ascent, keeping in the shadow of the trees, lest even the feeble starlight should reveal his presence, he reached the summit and flung himself upon the grass. Beneath him lay the white tents of the enemy, clustering around the ruins of his homestead. A quick glance showed him that no reinforcements had, as yet, reached them, and, with almost as much pleasure, he saw their number was not diminished. If any change there had been, an increase of the foe would have better suited his humor. Not a man less; for the vengeance that fired his heart burned to strike a blow never to be forgotten.

The outlying pickets passed close to the spot where he lay concealed, and as a surprise was intended, he bent his mind to the task of disposing of them. Lazily walking to and fro, peering now and then out into the night, the rebel sentry thought of his southern home, heedless of the danger which crouched at his very feet. With such men as Hardy action follows thought as the thunder belches from the storm-cloud right over head, when the swift lightning cleaves its way to

earth ; so quickly does the one follow the other, that they seem simultaneous.

The sentry came forward, humming an air learned in the cotton fields of his own native State. A sharp noise, as of a footstep on a rotten stick, startled him ; but before he could give an alarm or call for help, the hot breath of an enemy was upon his cheek and his throat grasped by the sinewy hand of the scout ; the struggle was brief. At all times it was not easy to find Hardy's match, and now, standing in sight of his ruined home, the remembrance of his wrongs gave him the strength of a giant. There was a wild striking out of the arms, a clawing of the hands, a blackening of the face, horrible even in the starlight, until the knees gave way, and the picket fell a lifeless body upon the sword.

Not a ray of pity, not a pang of regret fell upon the heart of the scout. To him it mattered nothing that this picket had done him no harm ; no vision of a southern hearth made desolate, or of the long agony he had prepared for some aching heart because he did not come, moved him. Apart from his duty to the little band who waited his guidance, the sight of the low chimney stack, standing a solitary guardian over the ashes of his home, not only strengthened his arm, but repelled all sympathy with the enemy as a weakness to be swiftly trodden under foot. To him they were all alike. Did not the flames of his house light up a strange banner, and did not that same banner wave above the encampment so quiet below ? All alike, all alike to the man—no, not all ; one stood out among the throng. When Burton meets this victim of his in the coming struggle, it were well he were shriven before the fight, for Hardy has a special vow of vengeance against him, and will execute it at any risk.

The scout carefully drew the body of the poor wretch out of the path, and seizing his musket, while he put his trusty rifle in a safe place, boldly took up the dead man's beat. Time was flying fast ; the morning would soon break, and he must needs hurry his movements ; so, taking as near as possible the gait of the picket he had slain, he walked toward his comrade. The darkness of the night favored his disguise, and the other met him without suspicion. Hardy clutched at him with his left hand, while he made a swift movement with his right. There was a gurgling in the throat, a tide of warm blood gushed out, and formed a pool at his feet, and the second picket had started on his last journey.

So far, the way was clear. What obstruction might be upon the hillside he did not know nor care ; once get the men upon the summit unobserved, and all was safe. Turning hastily, stopping only to pick

up his rifle and listen, lest the struggles in which he had been engaged should have disturbed the quiet of the camp, he passed with quick steps down the slope, and put himself by the colonel's side at the head of the detachment.

The men lost all sense of weariness as they advanced up the hill. But for the order of perfect silence, they would have given cheer upon cheer, so eager were they for the fray; as it was, they pushed on vigorously, dragging the mountain howitzers which accompanied their march as easily as though they were some child's toys they handled, and very soon reached the top of the ascent. Here resting for a moment, to gather breath, and find proper positions for their "bull-dogs," as they called the howitzers, the little band nerved themselves for the work before them.

The gray dawn was already breaking in the east, paling the stars nearest the horizon, as Hardy pointed out to the colonel the arrangements of the enemy.

"You kin take 'em front, kurnel, and your chance is mighty good; but I s'pose you'll make it surer by flanking the devils," hinting rather than advising the movement.

"See," he continued, pointing with his long, bony fingers, "there's the boys from South Car'lina right opposite: the Arkansaw men lie by yon chimney stack. Ef I mought, I'd ask a favor before the fighting begins," said the scout, hesitatingly.

"Speak it freely, Hardy," said the colonel kindly, with an anxious look the while at the brightening east.

"'Taint a long one," said Hardy, who had caught the movement of the colonel's eye, "and the boys 'll be better for getting their wind. You know, mebbe, I had a home about here?"

The colonel nodded assent. Something in the scout's face made words needless.

"This was my farm, and that chimney yonder all that's left of the old house. Don't be afraid, kurnel. I ain't a going to tell a long story. Not that it's going to be forgotten, but I shan't talk about it. I'm satisfied if we only clean out that hornets' nest down thar, and I thought, seeing as I know the old place so well, I could pilot a couple of hundred so as to take 'em behind."

"You shall have them, Hardy," said the colonel, sending an aid at once with orders for detailing the necessary number.

The scout looked on with eager eyes. "And now, kurnel," he said, baring his head, and pushing back the thin hair which straggled over his forehead, stretching out his hand, at the same time, to the officer, "I mought as well say, 'good-by.' My work's most done, and ef I

don't come out of this skrimmage, tell the ginerall how glad I am he trusted me this once. You're goin' to flax 'em out, kurnel, and the quicker the better, for mornin's comin' on," and he wrung his hand with a will.

Hardy led his two hundred men quickly away along the top of the hill, till he reached a deep gorge, now dry, but in the rainy season the bed of a hillside stream, which foamed and fretted in its course as though no stop could be put to its ravages. In this they turned, and, trusting to the morning gloom, made their way to the back of the camp.

The main body felt their way down the hillside. It was not exactly the place for company movements, and a drill-sergeant would hardly have approved the irregularity of their march; but the men grasped their pieces in fighting humor, and welcomed the coming struggle as eagerly as does the maiden her first ball.

About half the distance towards the camp had been passed over when a sentry discovered the advancing ranks, and, firing his piece to give the alarm, fled hastily to the camp. There was no time to lose; silence was no longer observed. The commands of the officers rang out on the morning air, and, at the word, the men rushed upon the enemy. Down the hill, along the open space, where the rebel soldiery were wont to drill, they broke over the slight intrenchment with a yell of delight, and a fierce hand-to-hand encounter began.

Struggling among the white tents the rebel soldiery rushed to their arms, half-clad, while a few hundred gathered to the right of the camp, only to be dispersed by shells from the howitzers, which fell among their ranks. There was nothing for it but a retreat, and the beaten and scattered forces huddled together in the rear of the camp, where a new danger met them.

Hardy and his men came upon the field with a ringing cheer, and dashed into the fight. The scout's duty was done, and as he neither knew nor cared anything for military movements, he fought mainly by himself. A frenzy possessed him; his eyes glared like a demon's, and his whole frame was animated with supernatural energy. Clubbing his rifle, he rushed along the narrow alleys of the camp, heedless of the knot of soldiers who slunk away at his coming, or vainly attempted to stop his progress, till he reached the encampment of the Arkansas men.

A fierce struggle was in progress, and Burton, at the head of the backwoodsmen, was making a desperate stand. A shout broke from the lips of the scout, and in a moment he was in the middle of it. His long rifle swung by his powerful arm, mowed a lane for him, and he pressed on till he stood in the presence of Burton himself.

The Arkansas leader was no coward, and the defence had been a desperate one; but he trembled when he saw Hardy facing him. He had seen him once before, when the white head and stern face was lit up by the burning dwelling. Even Burton, the gambler, the duellist, the bully, could not shut his soul up from dreams, and the face of the avenger had grown familiar even in his slumbers. Instinctively he drew his bowie-knife from its sheath, and the scout, feeling for the keen weapon he carried in his belt, dropped his rifle, and stood face to face with his great enemy.

There was no cry for quarter, and both were soon locked in fearful strife. A few rapid passes of their bright blades, and the Arkansas colonel threw up his arms with a sullen moan, and muttering a curse, fell a corpse at the feet of the scout.

When the battle was over, Hardy was found leaning against the ruined chimney, the pallor of death spread over his face, while the body of the rebel chief lay a few feet from him.

"You are not badly hurt, I hope," said the colonel, kindly; "what can I do for you?"

"Water," he gasped; and on taking some from a canteen, he revived a little. "My work's done, kurnel," he said, faintly, "and it's about time. There ain't no use in a dead stick, and the green branches are all gone. Ef you will, kurnel, tell the ginerel I died under the old chimney, and that I sent the Arkansas chief to say I was comin'."

A grim smile passed over his face, which faded as his listeners stood by.

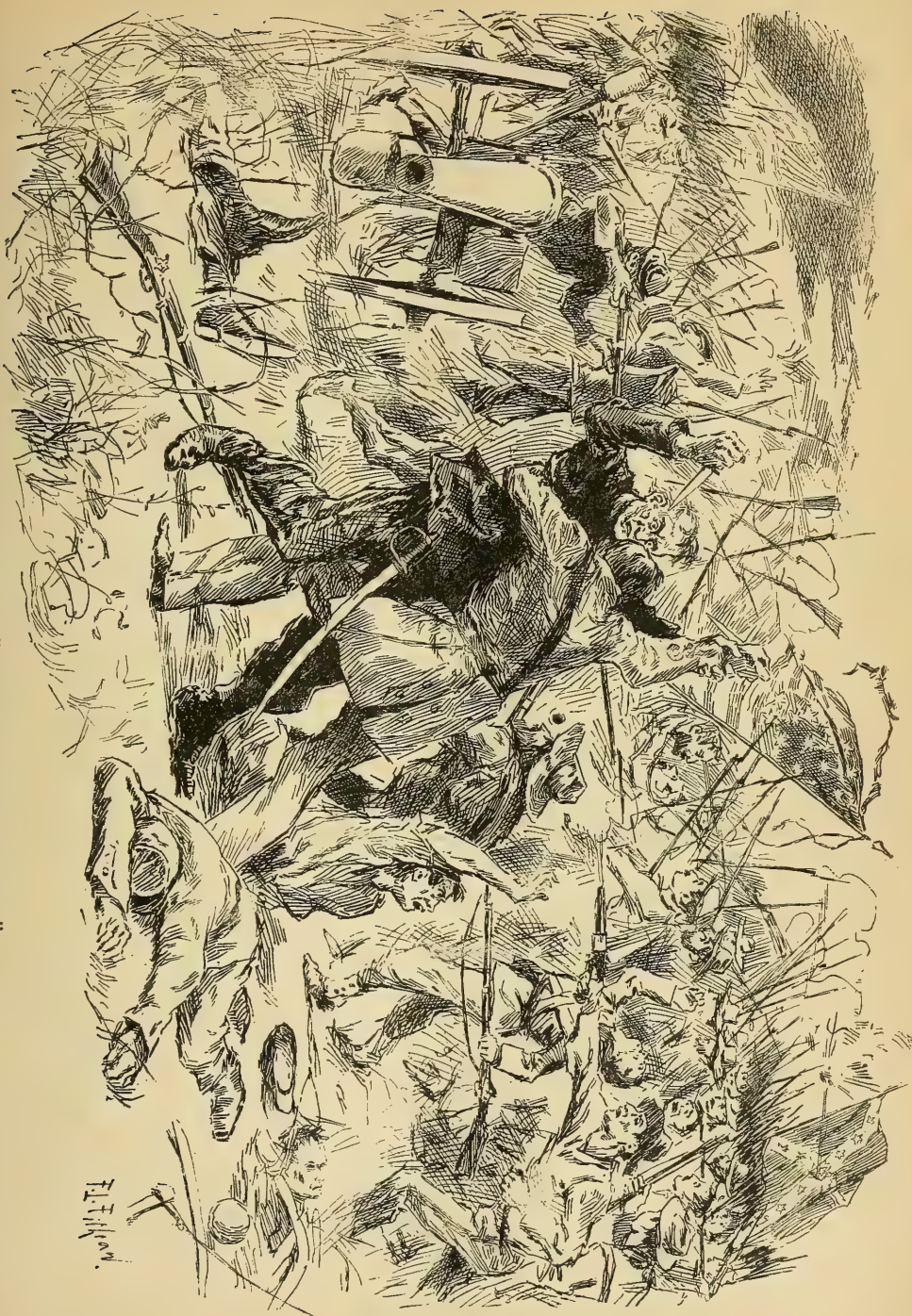
"Take some more water, Hardy," said one, but he did not answer. The colonel took his hand, but no pressure came from the sinewy fingers. A slight shiver passed through his frame, and the scout was dead.

The victory was complete. A short time was spent burying the slain and, laden with spoils, the conquerors returned to their camp. When they reached it, they learned that D'Arblay had been shot by the accidental discharge of a musket the night before. Only the general knew the truth.

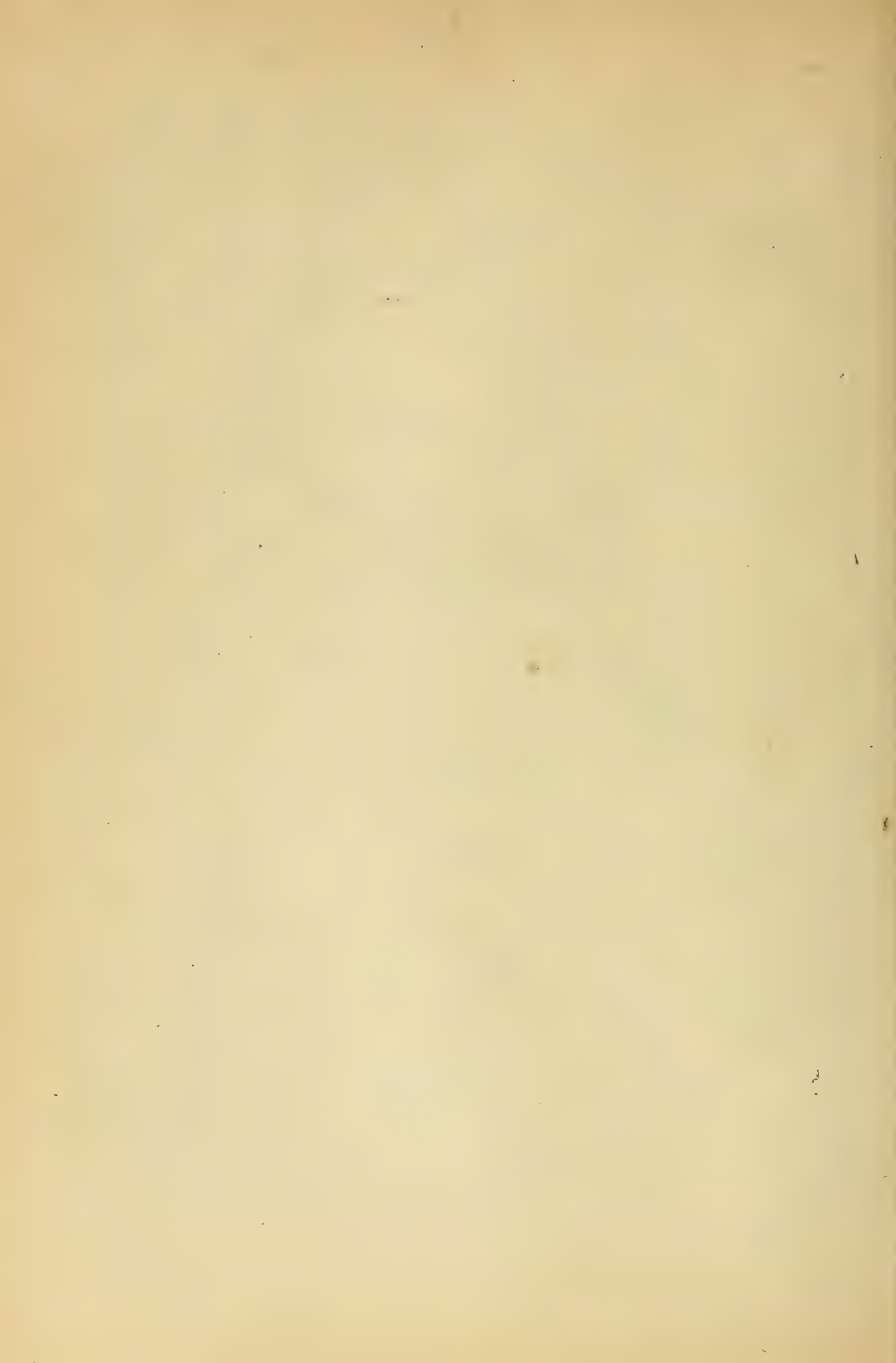
The despatches that found their way to the papers were very brief. There had been a night reconnoissance, and a rebel camp broken up, with great loss to the enemy. Hardy's name was not mentioned; but few who were in the expedition will forget the tall form or underestimate the services of the scout.

The services rendered to the Federal government by the loyal mountaineers will never be properly appreciated by the country at large. They were often the very "eyes of the army."


THE SCOUT'S REVENGE—"LOOKED IN FEARFUL STRIFE."



W. H. M.




A MINNESOTIAN'S DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

WO Minnesota boys once took it into their heads to forage a little for amusement as well as eatables. Striking out from their encampment into the forest, they followed a narrow road some distance, until, turning a bend, five Secession pickets appeared not fifty yards distant. The parties discovered each other simultaneously, and at once levelled their rifles and fired. Two of the confederates fell dead, and one of the Minnesotians, the other also falling, however, but with the design of trapping the other three, who at once came up, as they said, to "examine the d——d Yankees."

Drawing his revolver, the Minnesotian found he had but two barrels loaded and with these he shot two of the pickets. Springing to his feet, he snatched his sabre bayonet from his rifle, and lunged at the survivor, who proved to be a stalwart lieutenant, armed only with a heavy sword. The superior skill of the Southron was taxed to the utmost in parrying the vigorous thrusts and lunges of the brawny lumberman, and for several minutes the contest waged in silence, broken only by the rustle of the long grass by the roadside, and the clash of their weapons. Feigning fatigue, the Minnesotian fell back a few steps, and as his adversary closed upon him with a cat-like spring, he let his sabre come down on the head of Secesh, and the game was up. Collecting the arms of the secessionists, he returned to the camp, where he obtained assistance and buried the bodies of his companion and their foes in one grave.

BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

T was the day of Cedar Mountain. Crawford had such scanty numbers that the cavalry was formed as a first line of battle, supporting the advanced batteries. The audacity of the movement seemed to puzzle the enemy; for, instead of pushing us hard and driving back our feeble force, the whole morning was spent in slowly feeling their way into position, only now and then pitching a few harmless shells in our direction. Besides, they had about as good ground to fight on where they were as they could find further on; and they were probably ignorant what forces we might have upon their flanks. From sunrise until half past three in the afternoon we stood there wearily, only moving by squadrons to water and detaching

carbineers as skirmishers. Across the fields, which rose in graceful undulations, we could faintly discern the columns of rebel cavalry and infantry moving from wood to wood, in the direction of our left.

At three o'clock we had gathered some oats and wheat harvested in the adjoining field, and were feeding them to our horses in addition to the corn blades among which we stood, when the rebel batteries were moved by hand over the brow of the hill in front, and opened upon us with great rapidity of fire and accuracy of aim. Our skirmishers in the meantime were sharply engaged with theirs; and, notwithstanding their disadvantage in being mounted and having merely the short carbine, did considerable execution, losing only one horse. They kept their enemy nervously making little rushes forward as they fired, and falling back to load, so that the rebels began to fire wilder and wilder. At last there was an advance in force, and they opened with grape upon this scattered line. Our men came back like a whirlwind, completely obscured by dust, and fell into their places in the ranks. Now the battery which our regiment was supporting began to show its brilliant qualities. I think that it was L battery, First New York Artillery, but am not positive. Its sections, one above the other, either concentrated their fire or distributed it as circumstances required; and from the first shot to the last almost every missile did its duty. An officer of ours, who was out with skirmishers on our right, was so placed that he could see the effects of the fire on a brigade which was lying behind a hill waiting to charge upon the battery. For a few seconds they lay under the fire. Those few seconds cost them thirty men; and as they sprang up to run away they were swept even more fearfully. The force broke, and was not, I believe, re-formed during the engagement.

While the battery was doing its work we were doing ours—the unpleasantest duty that can be imposed. We had to sit in our saddles, motionless and helpless, exposed to a tremendous fire, and unable to return a shot. Out of the woods in our front the sharpshooters of the rebel brigade had been sent to “*disperse that cavalry.*” Fortunately for us our lieutenant-colonel was an old soldier, and had chosen our place as none but an old soldier would. The corn-field was, as I have said, full of little undulations. Just in front of us was a hollow, and beyond it a rising ground. If we had been in the hollow, though covered from the sharpshooters, we should have been raked by the artillery; and the hilltop was of course bad. So we stood to the rear of the hollow, on the rise of the hill; so that those in front, unconscious of this wide depression, must have thought us so much nearer to them and have regulated their aim accordingly. This I imagine

to have been the case, for a perfect storm of bullets swept across the brow of the hill, and struck up the dust at our horses' feet. Simultaneously balls come whirring through the air just above our heads,

A CAVALRY RECONNOISSANCE BY NIGHT.



causing a shock to the nerves similar to that occasioned by a covey of quail starting from beneath our feet, and causing a good many of the men to dodge and twist a little in their saddles. I was remark-

ing this fact indignantly to the major, when, "Nonsense!" was his reply. "Why, I dodge myself!" of which he immediately gave an illustration. I looked around, and there were General Banks and his staff also bending gracefully to and fro. I therefore concluded that the fire was regarded as hot and heavy.

"Steady in the first squadron! Steady, there, I say! What are you about?" sang out the major's clear, stern voice.

As he moved to check an apparent confusion, a man made his way out of the ranks—a little pale, perhaps, but otherwise as usual.

"What are you doing leaving the ranks, sir?"

"The man saluted him quietly, and answered "Hit, sir." He had a pretty sharp clip from a rifle-ball.

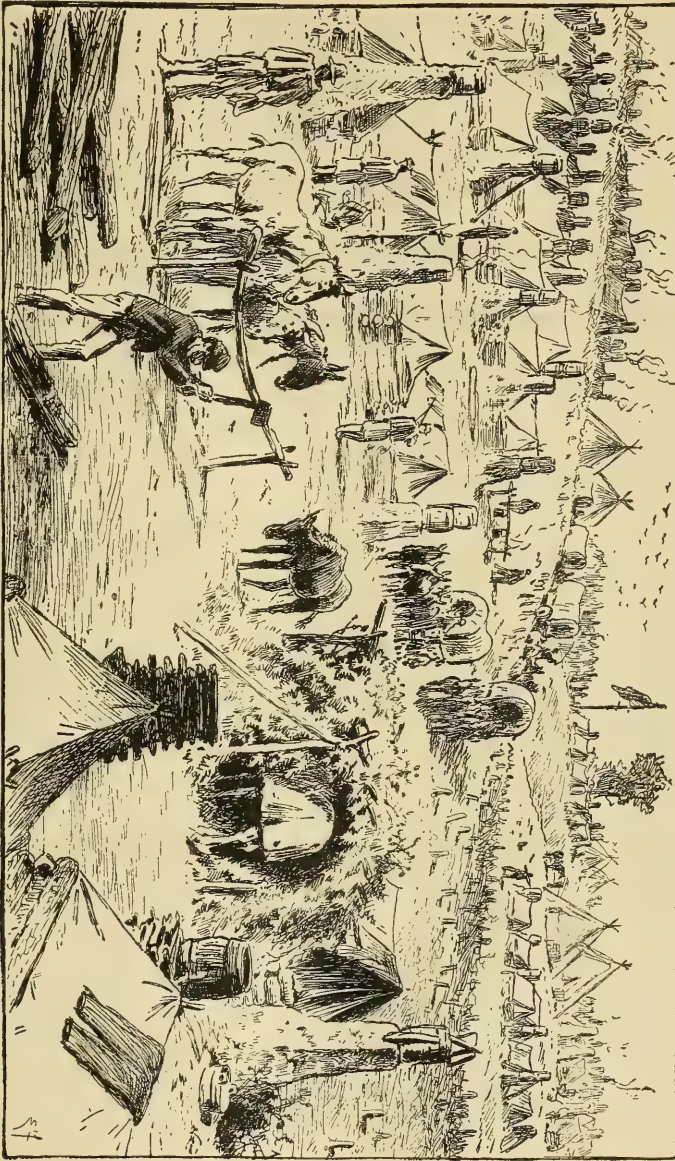
"Go to the rear and get dressed," said the major.

The line was dressed again without need of commands and there we stood again as calmly as ever under fire. But now the men began to suffer, and the horses especially had been struck several times. The battery had dismounted a gun which had been run up to the sharpshooters, to open on us with canister, but the rifle-balls and the shell were becoming more and more accurate in their aim. Bayard turned and spoke to Banks. We heard the major-general answer, "They stand it like veterans. I shall myself show these their new position when I move them." Presently the order came, "Platoons, right about wheel!" and at a walk, without breaking a rank, we steadily moved back, crossing the exposed hill-top and descending on the other side, where we again formed. But now our whole first line was falling back upon Banks' corps, which had been formed as it had come up behind us; and the enemy had succeeded in planting a battery upon Cedar Mountain, which completely enfiladed our position. Over the brow of the hill and from the left flank, the shriek of the shell thrilled our ears, and all along the line they burst with a sound that, once heard, can never be forgotten.

The battery—one piece dismounted and half the horses killed—limbered up and moved off. Taking down the fence in our rear and that into the road at our right, the regiment again made an about, and retired a second time in line. That was the most trying time of all that day. The enemy's range was perfect, and with every discharge each man wondered how he had escaped. The apprehension of immediate death was strong in every soul, and yet the line moved over that uneven ground better than it could have done on drill. Not an attempt was made to break ranks or to straggle, even when comrades went down on either hand! Oh! how proud we were of the men, and how cheerfully and confidently all the officers ever after gave their orders, certain that they would be obeyed!

As the chaplain, who had occasionally been riding along the ranks, endeavoring to cheer the men, while his services were not yet required

WINTER QUARTERS.



in the hospital, turned from helping to clear away the fence, a man from the left came by, leading two or three horses.

"Where are you going from the field?"

"It's the lieutenant, sir. A shell has struck him, and the boys are carrying him, while I take the horses."

"Who? Not Albert?" ejaculated the chaplain anxiously.

"Yes, sir. Here he comes."

And there lay the poor boy, almost a child in look, and a sort of pet among officers and men, pale and stunned, in the arms of some of his platoon, his right leg nearly severed from his body. The crushed and torn muscles showed among them the broken bone, and the blood dropped slowly to the ground, mingling with the dust. To get him into an ambulance and drive back to the hospital seemed fearfully long for all; and I think that the men felt every jolt almost as sharply as did he. Behind a wood was spread out the ghastly apparatus of military surgery, and the poor boy was removed as quickly as circumstances would permit to the neighborhood of the table. As he lay in the chaplain's arms he seemed to recognize the voice that spoke to him, and with the gaspings of a dying man he whispered—

"Oh, chaplain, if I could only pray!"

"Shall I pray for you?"

"Yes."

And the chaplain put up those exquisite petitions in the Episcopal service for the visitation of the sick.

Albert's lips moved as if he were following the words of the petition to the very end. Then he was lifted on the table, the sponge of chloroform applied, and the ghastly work of amputation performed. He never recovered from the shock. His mind wandered again to the action, and he uttered words of command to his men. At last, with a feeble motion of the hand, he made an effort to ejaculate "Star-spangled banner!" These were his last words. The shells of the enemy came plunging through the wood, and struck against the fence behind which our hospital was established. Albert was placed in an ambulance beside Ballard, who had been hit almost at the same moment, and the whole establishment moved back to a house in the rear. Scarcely had he been removed from the vehicle when he quietly breathed his last. He lies buried in Culpepper, in the southwest corner of our military graveyard, while his cousin Howard sleeps at Harrisburg, awaiting the same general resurrection.



A STRANGE SIGHT IN BATTLE.

AT the battle of Stone River, Tennessee, while the men were lying behind a crest waiting, a brace of frantic wild turkeys, so paralyzed with fright that they were incapable of flying, ran between the lines and endeavored to hide among the men. But the frenzy among the turkeys was not so touching as the exquisite fright of the birds and rabbits. When the roar of battle rushed through the cedar thickets, flocks of little birds fluttered and circled above the field in a state of utter bewilderment, and scores of rabbits fled for protection to the men lying down in the line on the left, nestling under their coats and creeping under their legs in a state of utter distraction. They hopped over the field like toads, and as perfectly tamed by fright as household pets. Many officers witnessed it, remarking it as one of the most curious spectacles ever seen upon a battle-field.

DRAWING RATIONS.

SOME episodes in the life of a soldier are provocative of laughter, and serve to disperse, in considerable measure, the *ennui* of camp life. A farmer, who did not reside so far from a camp of the "boys" as he wished he did, was accustomed to find every morning that several rows of potatoes had disappeared from the field. He bore it some time, but when the last half of his field of fine "kidneys" began to disappear, he began to think that sort of thing had gone far enough, and determined to stop it. Accordingly he made a visit to camp early next morning, and amused himself by going round to see whether the soldiers were provided with good and wholesome provisions. He had not proceeded far when he found a "boy" just serving up a fine dish of "kidneys," which looked marvelously like those that the good wife brought to his own table. Halting, the following colloquy ensued:—

"Have fine potatoes here, I see."

"Splendid!" was the reply.

"Where do you get them?"

"Draw them."

"Does government furnish potatoes in your rations?"

"Nary potato."

"I thought you said you drew them."

"Did! we just do that thing!"

"But how, if they are not included in your rations?"

"Easiest thing in the world! Won't you take some with us?" said the soldier, as he seated himself at the table opposite the smoking vegetables.

"Thank you. But will you oblige me by telling how you draw your potatoes, as they are not found by the commissary?"

"Nothing easier. *Draw'em by the tops, mostly!* Sometimes by a hoe, if one is left in the field."

"Hum! Yes! I understand! Well, see here, if you won't draw any more of mine, I will bring you a basket every morning and draw them myself."

"Bully for you, old fellow!" was the cry, and three cheers and a tiger were given for the farmer. The covenant was entered into, and no one but the owner drew potatoes from that field afterward.

A GOOD SCHEME THAT DIDN'T WORK.

UPON one occasion, when Rosecrans had "shut down" upon passes for officers' and soldiers' wives, a member of the former class telegraphed from Louisville to General Garfield, chief of staff, that her husband, an artillery officer, was very sick—perhaps dying—and that she must see him, and requested the general to authorize the issuing to her of a pass to Murfreesborough. The general's heart was touched; but knowing nothing of the matter, he referred it to Colonel Barnett, Chief of Artillery. The colonel, too, sympathized with the distressed wife, and kindly sent an orderly out to the husband's battery to inquire into his condition, that the devoted wife might be advised thereof. Speedily the husband himself came in, with astonishment depicted in his face. Something is the matter, somewhere or somehow, he doesn't exactly know what.

"How do you do?" asked the artillery chief.

"First-rate, sir."

"Where have you been of late?"

"At my battery—on duty."

"Have you not been sick lately?"

"No, indeed! Never had better health in my life."

"Quite sure of it, are you?"

"Of course I am."

"You have been on duty all the time? Haven't you been absent from your command at all?"

"Not a day."

"Perfectly well now—no consumption, liver-complaint, fever, spleen or Tennessee quickstep? eh?"

"Certainly not. Why do you ask?"

In reply to this query the telegram of his anxious wife was handed to him. He read it, looked down and pondered for a moment in silent wonder at the ingenuity of woman, then called for a bottle of wine, and a general "smile" circulated among the bystanders. The loving wife was informed by telegraph that her husband was in no danger—in fact, was doing remarkably well. Thus she

was circumvented for a time. Yet to "vindicate the truth of history," we must add that she gained her point in some other way—what Yankee wife will not?—and made her visit successfully.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN M. PALMER.

A SPEEDY RESURRECTION.

EARLY one morning in 1862, while at Farmington, near Corinth, Mississippi, as General Palmer was riding along his lines to inspect some breast-works that had been thrown up during the previous night, he came suddenly upon some of the boys of Company I, Twenty-seventh Illinois Volunteers, who had just shot a two hundred pound hog, and were engaged in the interesting process of skinning it. The soldiers were startled; their chief looked astonished and sorrowful.

"Ah! a body—a corpse. Some poor fellow gone to his last home. Well, he must be buried with military honors. Sergeant, call the officer of the guard."

The officer was speedily at hand, and received orders to have a grave

dug and the body buried forthwith. The grave was soon prepared, and then the company were mustered. Pall-bearers placed the body of the dead upon the stretcher. The order was given to march, and, with reversed arms and funeral tread, the solemn procession of sixty men followed the body to the grave. Not a word passed nor a muscle



A PROMPT RESURRECTION.

of the face stirred while the last rites of sepulture were being performed. The ceremony over, the general and his staff waved their *adieux*, and were soon lost in the distance.

The philosophy of the soldier is usually equal to the emergency. He had read and pondered. He now painfully realizes that flesh is as grass, and that life is but a shadow. But he thinks of the resurrection, and his gloom passes away. So with the philosophic boys of Company I, Twenty-seventh Illinois. Ere their general was fairly seated at his own breakfast-table, there was a raising of the dead and savory pork-steaks were frying in many a camp-pan.

HEROISM IN THE HOSPITAL.



HE surgeon said, "He can hardly live."

He laid the hand down softly, and left *this* patient, to pass through the ward.

It seemed to say that all that earth could do had been done, to save the life of the gallant young soldier. I followed the surgeon a few steps on the routine of duty. We stopped, and looked each other in the face. He knew I wanted to know the whole truth.

"Must the boy die?"

"There is a shadow of a chance. I will come again after midnight."

I went back, with a heavy heart, to the cot we had left, and, knowing something of hospitals and dying men, I sat down to wait and see what new symptoms would occur, with the full directions of the surgeon in any event.

The opiate, or whatever it may have been, which I had last administered, could not take effect at once; and somewhat worn out with the day's labors, I sat down to think. To sleep was out of the question; for I had become so deeply interested in this young man it seemed to me I could not give him up.

It was nearly midnight. The gas had been turned off just enough to leave the light needed, and twilight was grateful to the sick room; for in this vast chamber there were more than two hundred sick men. Now and then came a suppressed moan from one couch, or a low plaint of hopeless pain—while at intervals thrilled from the high ceiling the shrill scream of agony. But all the while the full harvest-moon was pouring in all the lustrous sympathy and effulgence it could give, as it streamed over the marble pile called the Patent Office, the unfinished north wing of which had been dedicated to this house of suffering.

Almost noiselessly, the doors of this ward opened every few moments, for the gentle tread of the night nurses, who came, in their sleepless vigils, to see if in these hours they could render some service still to the stricken, the fallen, and yet not comfortless.

Leaving my young friend for a few moments, I walked through the north aisle; and it seemed to me—so perfect was the *régime* of the hospital, so grand was its architectural proportions—more like walking through some European cathedral by moonlight, than through a place for sick soldiers. The silence greater than speech, the suffering unexpressed, the heroism which did not utter one complaint, the completeness of the whole system of care and curative process, made one of those sights and scenes which I would not tear away from my

memory if I could ; for they have mingled themselves with associations that will link each month and year of time to come with all the months and years gone before them.

I felt a strange interest in this young man whom I had left in what I supposed was his last quiet slumber ; and yet I knew he would wake once more before he died. I approached his cot again. He was still sleeping, and so tranquilly I felt a little alarmed lest he might never wake till I had touched his pulse and found it still softly beating.

I let him sleep, and I thought I would sit by his side till the surgeon came.

I took a long, free breath, for I supposed it was all hopelessly over. Then I thought of his strange history :—I knew it well.

He was born not far from Trenton Falls—the youngest son among several brothers, of one of the brave tillers of that hard soil. He had seen his family grow up nobly and sturdily, under the discipline of good religion and good government, and with a determination to defend both. When the country's troubles began, his first impulse thus found expression to his brothers ; “Let *me* go ; for you are all married ; and if I fall, no matter.”

He went. He had followed the standard of the Republic into every battle-field where the struggle carried him, till, worn out, but not wounded, he was borne to this hospital in Washington, a sick boy. He seemed to have a charmed life, for on several occasions his comrades had been shot dead or wounded on either side ; and when his last cartridge had done execution, he carried off two of his wounded companions from the field, bearing them and their muskets to the rear—if there were a rear to the flight from the Bull Run of July, '61—and nourished and watched and stood by these comrades till they died, and then got the help of a farmer to carry them with his cart, a whole day afterward, to be buried in a place which he chose.

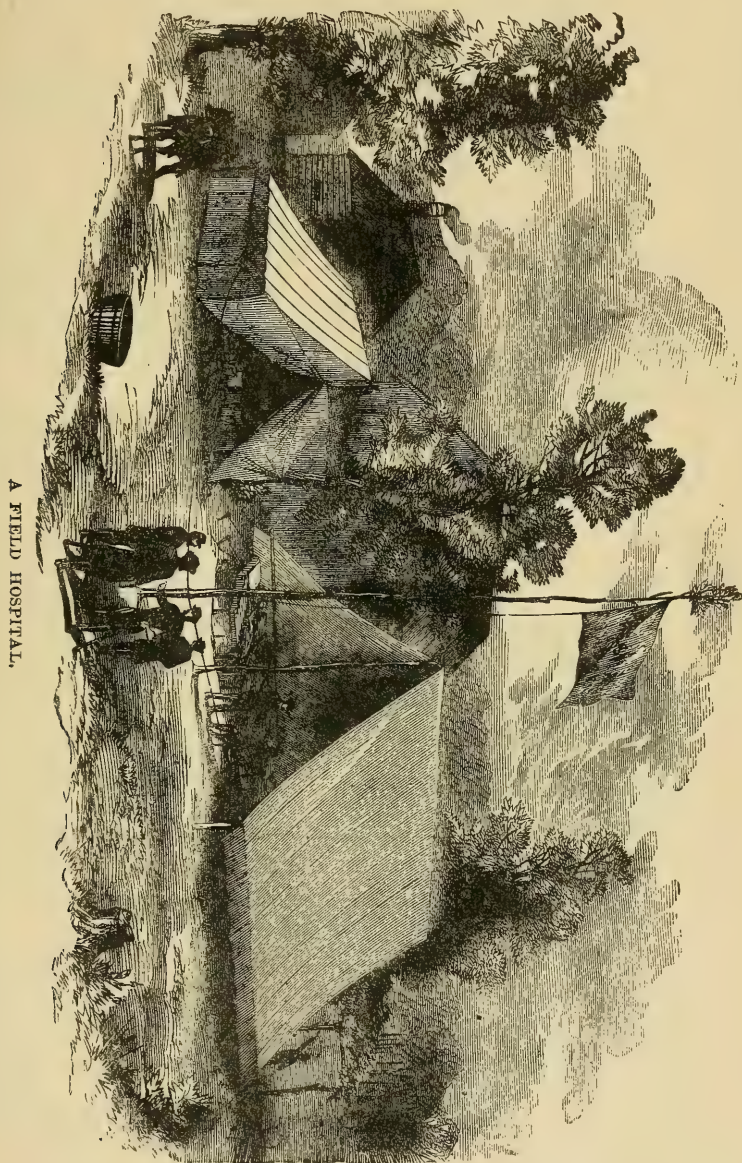
The boy's example had inspired that farmer with such benevolence—if he were not inspired by patriotism already—that he made honored graves for them ; and the writer of this work *knows* where their ashes rest.

When this was all over, the boy came back, as a kind of rear-guard of one, in the flight of the army of the Potomac, and, having reached the city of Washington and reported himself to his commander, fell senseless on Pennsylvania Avenue. He was taken to a neighboring house and well cared for ; and I saw him in the hospital of which I have spoken.

But this was only his life as a soldier. There was another deeper life than that. The great loadstone that had led him away was the

magnet of his nation. Another loadstone held his heart at home, it was the magnet of Love.

His wild and wayward history—wild only with adventure and way-



ward only with romance, he seemed to me, as I looked upon his face so calm, and chiselled into sculptured beauty—I thought, either he looked like an Apollo with his unstrung bow, or a nautilus, cast on

the turbulent ocean, to be wafted to some unknown clime, or sink forever on the floor of the deep sea, to find a coral sepulchre.

His dark eyelashes—bent up in such clear relief against their white ground—slowly and calmly began to *move*.

I sprang to my feet; for it seemed to me there was a chance yet.

The surgeon was long in coming; and yet I knew he would come. He *did*. His sharp and experienced eye, as he approached the cot, opened with surprise. Touching my shoulder, he said, with surprise—

“He is still alive.”

In an instant, taking the hand of the dying or dead boy—I scarcely knew which—a faint smile passed over the surgeon’s face.

“I am not sure but that he may come up yet. If he revives, there is one chance left for him, if it be but one in a thousand. But I will work for that chance, and see what it will come to. ‘Here Art triumphs, if it triumphs at all.’”

The pulse seemed to be coming as he took the hand.

“It acts strangely; but I have seen two or three cases very much like it. Mind you, I do not think we can do much with this case; but you stay and watch, and I will come back in half an hour.”

So, while he went through some other wards, I watched the patient. The last glimmer of life, which had given some light as this scene was being enacted, faded into what seemed to me the calmest repose of death.

But then, I thought, it is a strange sight, a heart filled with the earnest passions of youth, in the first hopes of life budding into their fruition beneath his own primeval forest-shades, where if there be an element that ever sanctified an early life it would have built a sanctuary—for the love he must have borne to the fair being for whom he had treasured up his boyhood’s jewels, for whom he gave up everything of the earth earthy, to rescue a Republic, and then go back after this episode of suffering to inaugurate the life of a citizen farmer on the bleak hills of New York—if all this could not sustain him, what could?

In former visits to him he had made me his confidant in regard to these matters. He seemed to be haunted with the idea that he would, after all, return to Utica, and once more see those he loved; and yet he also seemed to me like one whose days were numbered, and the surgeon had told me, after repeated counsels with his professional brethren, that it was next to impossible to save his life, and that I must not expect it.

All the while I clung to the belief that some vitality of faith, or love, or hope, or patriotism, or divine aid, would still send that boy back to the banks of the Mohawk.

I saw another nervous twitch around the temples. I felt his pulse. It was an indication of hope, or sudden death.

The surgeon came by again.

"That boy has wonderful vitality," he said, as he looked at his face. Whether it was purely my fancy, my hope, or a fact, I did not know, but twilight seemed to pass over his face.

"Yes, yes—I—I—wait—a moment. Oh, I shall not die!"



MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

He opened his eyes calmly, and then a glow which I shall never forget suffused his cheek, and, lifting his emaciated hands for the first time in several weeks—feebly, it is true, but they seemed to me strong—he exclaimed, in a natural voice, "How floats the old flag now, boys?"

The transition from death to life seemed like enchantment. I could scarcely believe my senses. And yet I knew that if he ever rallied this would be the way.

I now feared that his excitement would carry him beyond his strength. I could not keep him from talking. I was bending over him to see if he would remember me. Looking me steadily in the eyes, his brows knit with perplexity for a few seconds, when with a smile of delight and surprise he said, "Yes! yes! it is you Mr. L——. I am glad you stayed with me. I have been dreaming about you while I've been asleep; and I must have been asleep a great while. How long?"

I told him enough to let him understand how ill he had been, how long, and how weak he still was. He did not realize it. His eyes wandered down to his thin hands, white as alabaster, and through which the pale-blue thread-like veins wandered.

"Oh! is it I?—so lean? I was not so when I fell sick." And large tears rolled down his cheeks.

I implored him to be quiet and rest, and I promised him he should get better every day, and be able to go home in a short time. But he grew impatient the more I tried to soothe and restrain him.

He looked at me beseechingly, and asked, "Won't you let me talk a little? I *must* know something more, or it seems to me I shall go crazy. Please put your ear down to me; I won't speak loud—I won't get excited."

I did. "Have you got any letters for me?"

"Yes, but they are at my office. You shall have them to-morrow. They are all well at home."

"And Bella?"

"Yes."

"Oh, God be praised!"

After a few moments of repose, he again opened his eyes wide.

"I have been gone so long from the army! It seemed as though I never could get back when I got home. I got away; and I wandered, and wandered—Oh! how tired I was! Where is McDowell?—Is General Scott dead? They said so. Did they carry off old Abe? How did he get back? Did the rebels get into Washington that night? How long have I been sick? What place is this?—Oh, my head! my head!"

I was frightened. He had risen from the deep ocean into the sunlight for a brief hour, and now he seemed to be going down to come up no more. The tender chord of memory had given away. In a little while the surgeon came by, and I told him what had happened.

"I was afraid of that. But I think we can manage it. If he wakes again within two hours, give him this powder on his tongue, and a sip of the liquid. If he does not, wake him gently."

And so that anxious night wore away. In the morning he woke bright and clear; and from that hour he began to get well. But for whole days his life was pulsating in its gossamer tenement, fluttering over the misty barriers of the spirit-world.

Bella's letters, received during his extreme illness, could now be read. They were among the noblest ever written by woman, and would have inspired a spirit of patriotism even in a wooden block.



REPORTING TO THE SURGEON.

"Our heart-prayers for you," they said, "have been answered by our Father. We now wait only for your return. When we parted it was not with repining; you had gone to the altar of your country in solemn and complete dedication. I too was prepared for the sacrifice. I expected it, although I knew how crushingly the blow would fall. But if you had not loved your country better than Bella, it would have broken her heart. I hope now in a few weeks you will be again by my side. When your health is once more restored, I will promise in advance, as you desire, not to try to keep you from rejoining your regiment; and if the stars have written that Walter shall not be my husband, God has decreed that I shall die a widow never married."

And he did return to the Mohawk Valley. He married Bella. He returned to the war; and on the eve of the great day of Antietam he heard that his son was born, and the hero-father died by the side of Hooker, one of the bravest on that bloody field.

ZAGONYI'S FAMOUS CAVALRY CHARGE.

BY A MEMBER OF THE BODY GUARD.



HE charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, during the Crimean war, had its parallel in the early days of the Rebellion. The brilliant charge of Major Zagonyi at Springfield, Mo., on October 25, 1861, was even more bold and wonderful than the charge of the Light Brigade, for it was the first experience of the Body Guard under fire, while the British troops at Balaklava were the flower of the English army, trained and tried in former battles. All things considered, it may be regarded as an achievement of daring that had no parallel during the whole struggle.

The Guard was organized by Charles Zagonyi, a Hungarian refugee, but long a resident of this country. In his boyhood, Zagonyi had plunged into the passionate but unavailing struggle which Hungary made for her liberty. He at once attracted the attention of General Bem, and was by him placed in command of a picked company of cavalry. In one of the desperate engagements of the war Zagonyi led a charge upon a large artillery force. More than half of his men were slain. He was wounded and taken prisoner. Two years passed before he could exchange an Austrian dungeon for American exile.

General Fremont welcomed Zagonyi cordially, and authorized him to recruit a company of horse to act as his body-guard. Zagonyi was most scrupulous in his selection; but so ardent was the desire to serve under the eye and near the person of the general, that in five days after the lists were opened two full companies were enlisted. Soon after a whole company, composed of the very flower of the youth of Kentucky, tendered its services, and requested to be added to the Guard. Zagonyi was still overwhelmed with applications, and he obtained permission to recruit a fourth company.

The fourth company, however, did not go with us into the field. The men were clad in blue jackets, trousers, and caps. They were armed with light German sabres, the best that at that time could be procured, and revolvers; besides which, the first company carried carbines. They were mounted upon bay horses, carefully selected from the government stables. Zagonyi had but little time to instruct his recruits, but in less than a month from the commencement of the enlistments, the Body-Guard was a well disciplined and most efficient body of cavalry. The officers were all American except three—one Hollander, and two Hungarians, Zagonyi and Lieutenant Mathenyi, who came to the United States during his boyhood.

The personal appearance of the Guard was neatness personified, and they nearly all affected the military mustache, with the rest of the face clean-shaven. The people of St. Louis, where they were equipped and drilled, made all manner of fun of the youthful troopers, calling them "the kid-glove brigade," and other sarcastic names. How well they deserved these sneering appellations was clearly shown on October 25th.

Zagonyi left camp at 8 o'clock on the evening of October 24, 1861, with about a hundred and sixty men, the remainder of the Guard being left at headquarters under the command of a non-commissioned officer.

Major Frank J. White was already on his way to Springfield with his squadron. This young officer, hardly twenty-one years old, had won great reputation for energy and zeal while a captain of infantry in a New York regiment stationed at Fort Monroe. He there saw much hazardous scouting service, and had been in a number of engagements. In the West he held a position upon General Fremont's staff, with the rank of major. While at Jefferson City, by permission of the general, he had organized a battalion to act as scouts and rangers, composed of two companies of the Third Illinois Cavalry, under Captains Fairbanks and Kehoe, and a company of Irish dragoons, under Captain Naughton, which had been recruited for Mulligan's brigade, but had not joined Mulligan in time to be at Lexington.

Major White went to Georgetown in advance of the whole army, and from there marched sixty-five miles in one night, to Lexington, surprised the garrison, liberated a number of Federal officers, who were there wounded and prisoners, and captured the steamers which Price had taken from Mulligan. From Lexington White came by way of Warrensburg to Warsaw. During this long and hazardous expedition the Prairie Scouts had been without tents, and depended for food upon the supplies they could take from the enemy.

Major White did not remain at Warsaw to recruit his health, seriously impaired by hardship and exposure. He asked for further service, and was directed to report himself to General Sigel, by whom he was ordered to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Springfield.

ZAGONYI JOINS WHITE.

After a rapid night-march, Zagonyi overtook White, and assumed command of the whole force. White was quite ill, and, unable to stay in his saddle, was obliged to follow in a carriage. In the morning, yielding to the request of Zagonyi, he remained at a farm-house where

the troop had halted for refreshment, it being arranged that he should rest an hour or two, come on in his carriage with a small escort, and overtake Zagonyi before he reached Springfield. The Prairie Scouts numbered one hundred and thirty, so that Zagonyi's whole force was nearly three hundred strong.

The day was fine, the roads good, and the little column pushed on merrily, hoping to surprise the enemy. When within two hours' march of the town, they met a loyal farmer of the neighborhood, who told Zagonyi that a large body of rebels arrived at Springfield the day before, on their way to reinforce Price, and that the enemy was now two thousand strong.

Zagonyi would have been justified if he had turned back. But the Guard had been made the subject of much malicious remark, and had brought ridicule upon the general. Should they retire now, a storm of abuse would burst upon them. Zagonyi, therefore, took no counsel of prudence. He could not hope to defeat and capture the foe, but he might surprise them, dash into their camp, destroy their train, and, as he expressed it, "disturb their sleep," obtaining a victory which, for its moral effect, would be worth the sacrifice it cost. His daring resolve found unanimous and ardent assent among his zealous followers.

The Union farmer offered to guide Zagonyi by a circuitous route to the rear of the rebel position, and under his guidance he left the main road about five miles from Springfield.

CAPTURE OF MAJOR WHITE.

After an hour of repose, White set out in pursuit of his men, driving his horses at a gallop. He knew nothing of the change in Zagonyi's plans, and supposed the attack was to be made upon the front of the town. He therefore continued upon the main road, expecting every minute to overtake the column. As he drew near the village, and heard and saw nothing of Zagonyi, he supposed the enemy had left the place and the Federals had taken it without opposition. The approach to Springfield from the north is through a forest, and the village cannot be seen until the outskirts are reached. A sudden turn in a road brought White into the very midst of a strong rebel guard. They surrounded him, seized his horses, and in an instant he and his companion were prisoners.

When they learned his rank, they danced around him like a pack of savages, shouting and holding their cocked pieces at his heart. The leader of the party had, a few days before, lost a brother in a skirmish with Wyman's force, and with loud oaths he swore that the Federal major should die in expiation of his brother's death. He was

about to carry his inhuman threat into execution, when Major White boldly faced him, "If my men were here, I'd give you all the revenge you want." At this moment a young rebel officer, Captain Wroton by name—of whom more hereafter—pressed through the throng, and placing himself in front of White, declared that he would protect the prisoner with his own life. The firm bearing of Wroton saved the Major's life, but his captors robbed him and hurried him to their camp, where he remained during the fight, exposed to the hottest of the fire, an excited but helpless spectator of the stirring events which followed. He promised his generous protector that he would not attempt to escape, *unless his men should try to rescue him*; but Captain Wroton remained by his side guarding him.

ZAGONYI REACHES THE ENEMY'S REAR.

Making a detour of twelve miles, Zagonyi approached the position of the enemy. They were encamped half a mile west of Springfield, upon a hill which sloped to the east. Along the northern side of their camp was a broad and well traveled road; along the southern side, a narrow lane ran down to a brook at the foot of the hill; the space between, about three hundred yards broad, was the field of battle. Along the west side of the field, separating it from the county fair ground, was another lane, connecting the main road and the first mentioned lane. The side of the hill was clear, but its summit which was broad and flat, was covered with a rank growth of small timber, so dense as to be impervious to horse.

The foe were advised of the intended attack. When Major White was brought into their camp, they were preparing to defend their position. As appears from the confessions of prisoners, they had twenty-two hundred men, of whom four hundred were cavalry, the rest being infantry, armed with shot-guns, American rifles, and revolvers.

Twelve hundred of their foot were posted along the edge of the wood upon the crest of the hill. The cavalry was stationed upon the extreme left, on top of a spur of the hill and in front of a patch of timber. Sharpshooters were concealed behind the trees close to the fence alongside the lane, and a small number in some underbrush near the foot of the hill. Another detachment guarded their train, holding possession of the county fair ground, which was surrounded by a high board fence.

This position was unassailable by cavalry from the road, the only point of attack being down the lane on the right; and the enemy was so disposed as to command this approach perfectly. The lane was a

blind one, being closed, after passing the brook, by fences and ploughed land; it was in fact a *cul de sac*. If the infantry should stand, nothing could save the rash assailants. There are horsemen sufficient to sweep the little band before them, as helplessly as the withered forest leaves in the grasp of the autumn winds; there are deadly marksmen lying behind the trees upon the heights, and lurking in the long grass upon the lowlands; while a long line of foot stand upon the summit of the slope, who, only stepping a few paces back into the forest, may defy the boldest riders. Yet down this narrow lane, leading into the very jaws of death, came the three hundred.

On the prairie, at the edge of the woodland in which he knew his wily foe lay hidden, Zagonyi halted his command. He spurred along the line. With eager glance he scanned each horse and rider.

To his officers he gave the simple order, "Follow me! do as I do!" and then, drawing up in front of his men, with a voice tremulous and shrill with emotion, he spoke:

"Fellow soldiers, comrades, brothers! This is your first battle. For our three hundred, the enemy have two thousand. If any of you are sick, or tired by the long march, or if any think the number is too great, now is the time to turn back."

He paused; no one was sick or tired.

"We must not retreat. Our honor, the honor of our general and our country, tell us to go on. I will lead you. We have been called holiday soldiers for the pavements of St. Louis; to-day we will show that we are soldiers for the battle. Your watchword shall be, '*The Union and Fremont!*' Draw sabre! By the right flank—quick trot—march!"

Bright swords flashed in the sunshine, a passionate shout burst from every lip, and with one accord, the trot passing into a gallop, the compact column swept on in its deadly purpose.

Most of them were boys. A few weeks before they had left their homes. Those who were cool enough to note it say that ruddy cheeks grew pale, and fiery eyes were dimmed with tears. Who shall tell what thoughts—what visions of peaceful cottages nestling among the groves of Kentucky, or shining upon the banks of the Ohio and Illinois—what sad recollections of tearful farewells, of tender, loving faces, filled their minds during those fearful moments of suspense?

RUNNING THE TERRIBLE GAUNTLET.

No word was spoken. With lips compressed, firmly clenching their sword-hilts, with quick tramp of hoofs and clang of steel, honor leading and glory awaiting them, the young soldiers flew forward, each

brave rider and each straining steed members of one huge creature, enormous, terrible, irresistible.

“ ’Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array.”

They pass the fair ground. They are at the corner of the lane where the wood begins. It runs close to the fence on their left for a hundred yards, and beyond it they see white tents gleaming. They are half-way past the forest, when, sharp and loud, a volley of musketry bursts upon the head of the column; horses stagger, riders reel and fall, but the troop presses forward undismayed. The farther corner of the wood is reached, and Zagonyi beholds the terrible array. Amazed, he involuntarily checks his horse. The rebels are not surprised.

There to the left they stand, crowning the height, foot and horse ready to engulf him if he shall be rash enough to go on. The road he is following declines rapidly. There is but one thing to do—run the gauntlet, gain the cover of the hill, and charge upon the steep. These thoughts pass quicker than they can be told. He waves his sabre over his head, and shouting, “Forward! follow me! quick trot! gallop!” he dashes headlong down the stony road. The first company and most of the second follow.

From the left a thousand muzzles belch forth a hissing flood of bullets; the poor fellows clutch wildly in the air, and fall from their saddles, and maddened horses throw themselves against the fences. Their speed is not for an instant checked; farther down the hill they fly, like wasps driven by the leaden storm. Sharp volleys pour out from the underbrush at the left, clearing wide gaps through their ranks. They leap the brook, take down the fence, and draw up under the shelter of the hill. Zagonyi looks around him, and to his horror sees that only a fourth of his men are with him. He cries, “They do not come—we are lost!” and frantically waves his sabre.

He had not long to wait. The delay of the rest of the Guard was not from hesitation. When Captain Foley reached the lower corner of the wood and saw the enemy’s line, he thought a flank attack might be advantageously made. He ordered some of his men to dismount and take down the fence. This was done under a severe fire. Several men fell, and he found the wood so dense that it could not be penetrated.

Looking down the hill, he saw the flash of Zagonyi’s sabre, and at once gave the order “Forward!” At the same time Lieutenant Kennedy, a stalwart Kentuckian, shouted, “Come on, boys! remember old Kentucky!” and the third company of the Guard—fire on every side

of them, from behind trees, from under the fences—with thundering cheers and long strides poured down the slope and rushed to the side of Zagonyi. They have seventy dead and wounded men, and the carcasses of horses are strewn along the lane. Kennedy is wounded in the arm and lies upon the stones, his faithful charger standing motionless beside him. Lieutenant Goff received a wound in the thigh; he kept his seat, and cried out, "The devils have hit me, but I will give it to them yet!"

The remnant of the Guard are now in the field under the hill, and from the shape of the ground the Rebel fire sweeps with the roar of a whirlwind over their heads. Here we will leave them for a moment, and trace the fortunes of

MAJOR WHITE'S "PRAIRIE SCOUTS."

When Foley brought his troop to a halt, Captain Fairbanks, at the head of the first company of Scouts, was at the point where the first volley of musketry had been received. The narrow lane was crowded by a dense mass of struggling horses, and filled with the tumult of battle. Captain Fairbanks says, and he is corroborated by several of his men who were near, that at this moment an officer of the Guard rode up to him and said, "They are flying, take your men down that lane and cut off their retreat"—pointing to the lane on the left. Captain Fairbanks was not able to identify the person who gave this order. It certainly did not come from Zagonyi, who was several hundred yards further on. Captain Fairbanks executed the order, followed by the second company of Prairie Scouts, under Captain Kehoe. When this movement was made, Captain Naughton, with the Third Irish Dragoons, had not reached the corner of the lane.

He came up at a gallop, and was about to follow Fairbanks, when he saw a Guardsman who pointed in the direction in which Zagonyi had gone. He took this for an order, and obeyed it. When he reached the gap in the fence made by Foley, not seeing anything of the Guard, he supposed they had passed through at that place, and gallantly attempted to follow. Thirteen men fell in a few minutes. Naughton was shot in the arm and dismounted. Lieutenant Connolly spurred into the underbush, and received two balls through the lungs and one in the left shoulder. The Dragoons, at the outset more than fifty strong, were broken and dispirited by the loss of their officers, and retired. A sergeant rallied a few, and brought them up to the gap again, but they were again driven back.

Five of the boldest passed down the hill, joined Zagonyi, and were conspicuous by their valor during the rest of the day. Fairbanks

and Kehoe, having gained the rear and left of the enemy's position, made two or three assaults upon detached parties of the foe, but did not join in the main attack.

CHARGE OF THE BODY GUARD.

I now return to the Guard. It is forming under the shelter of the hill. In front, with gentle inclination, rises a grassy slope, broken by occasional tree stumps. A line of fire upon the summit marks the position of the rebel infantry, and nearer, and on the top of a lower eminence to the right, stands their horse. Up to this time no Guardsman has struck a blow, but blue coats and bay horses lie thick along the bloody lane. Their time has come. Lieutenant Mathenyi, with thirty men, is ordered to attack the cavalry.

With sabres flashing over their heads, the little band of heroes spring towards their tremendous foe. Right upon the centre they charge. The dense mass opens, the blue coats force their way in, and the whole rebel squadron scatters in disgraceful flight through the corn-fields in the rear. The bays follow them, sabering the fugitives. Days after, the enemy's horses lay thick among the uncut corn.

Zagonyi holds his main body until Mathenyi disappears in the cloud of rebel cavalry; then his voice rises through the air:

"In open order—charge!"

The line opens out to give play to their sword-arms. Steeds respond to the ardor of their riders, and, quick as thought, with thrilling cheers the noble hearts rush into the leaden torrent which pours down the incline. With unabated fire the gallant fellows press through. Their fierce outset is not even checked. The foe do not wait for them—they waver, break and fly. The Guardsmen spur into the midst of the rout, and their fast-falling swords work a terrible revenge. Some of the boldest of the Southrons retreat into the woods, and continue a murderous fire from behind trees and thickets.

Seven Guard horses fall upon a space not more than twenty feet square. As his steed sinks under him, one of the officers is caught around the shoulders by a grapevine, and hangs dangling in the air until he is cut down by his friends.

The rebel foot are flying in furious haste from the field. Some take refuge in the fair ground, some hurry into the corn-field, but the greater part run along the edge of the wood, swarm over the fence into the road, and hasten to the village. The Guardsmen follow. Zagonyi leads them. Over the loudest roar of battle rings his clarion voice:

"Come on, Old Kentucky! I'm with you!"

And the flash of his sword-blade tells his men where to go. As he approaches a barn, a man steps from behind the door and lowers his rifle; but, before it has reached the level, Zagonyi's sabre-point descends upon his head, and his life blood leaps to the very top of the huge barn-door.

The conflict now rages through the village—in the public square and along the streets. Up and down the Guards ride in squads of three or four, and wherever they see a group of the enemy charge upon and scatter them. It is hand to hand. Not one but has a share in the fray.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

It is evening; the foe has left the village, and the battle has ceased. The assembly is sounded, and the Guards gather in the *plaza*. Not more than eighty mounted men appear; the rest are killed, wounded or unhorsed. By nine o'clock the wounded had been carried to the hospital, and the dismounted troops were placed in charge of them—in the double capacity of nurses and guards. Zagonyi expected the foe to return every minute. It seemed like madness to try and hold the town with his small force, exhausted by the long march and desperate fight. He therefore left Springfield, and retired before morning twenty-five miles on the Bolivar road.

Captain Fairbanks did not see his commander after leaving the column in the lane at the commencement of the engagement. About dusk he repaired to the prairie, and remained there within a mile of the village until midnight, when he followed Zagonyi, rejoining him in the morning.

The loss of the enemy, as reported by some of their working party, was one hundred and sixteen killed. The number of wounded could not be ascertained. After the conflict had drifted away from the hill-side, some of the foe had returned to the field, taken away their wounded and robbed our dead.

The loss of the Guard was fifty-three out of one hundred and forty-eight actually engaged, twelve men having been left by Zagonyi in charge of his train. The Prairie Scouts reported a loss of thirty-one out of one hundred and thirty: half of these belonging to the Irish Dragoons. In a neighboring field an Irishman was found stark and stiff, still clinging to the hilt of his sword, which was thrust through the body of a rebel who lay beside him. Within a few feet a second rebel lay, shot through the head.

It was the first essay of raw troops, and yet there are few more brilliant achievements in history.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE.

Sergeant Hunter, of the Kentucky company, was one whose soldierly figure never failed to attract the eye in the ranks of the Guard. He had served in the regular cavalry, and the Body Guard had profited greatly from his skill as a drill-master. He lost three horses in the fight. As soon as one was killed, he caught another from the rebels. The third horse taken by him in this way he rode into St. Louis.

The sergeant slew five men. "I won't speak of those I shot," said he; "another may have hit them; but those I touched with my sabre I am sure of, because I *felt* them."

At the beginning of the charge he came to the extreme right, and took position next to Zagonyi, whom he followed closely through the battle. The Major seeing him, said:

"Why are you here, Sergeant Hunter? Your place is with your company on the left."

"I kind o' wanted to be in front," was the answer.

"What could I say to such a man?" exclaimed Zagonyi, speaking of the matter afterwards.

There was hardly a horse or rider among the survivors that did not bring away some mark of the fray. I saw one animal with no less than seven wounds—none of them serious. Scabbards were bent, clothes and caps pierced, pistols injured. I saw one pistol from which the sight had been cut as neatly as it could have been done by machinery. A piece of board a few inches long was cut from a fence on the field, in which there were thirty-one shot holes.

Just before the charge, Zagonyi directed one of his buglers, a Frenchman, to sound a signal. The bugler did not seem to pay any attention to the order, but darted off with Lieutenant Mathenyi. A few moments afterwards he was observed in another part of the field vigorously pursuing the flying infantry. His active form was always seen in the thickest of the fight.

When the line was formed in the *plaza*, Zagonyi noticed the bugler, and approaching him said, "In the midst of the battle you disobeyed my order. You are unworthy to be a member of the Guard. I dismiss you."

The bugler showed his bugle to the indignant commander—the mouthpiece of the instrument was shot away. He said, "Ze mouf vas shot off. I could not bugle viz mon bugle, and so I bugle viz mon pistol and sabre." It is unnecessary to add that the brave Frenchman was not dismissed.

There was at least one true soldier in the Southern ranks. A young officer, superbly mounted, charged alone upon a large body of the

Guard. He passed through the line unscathed, killing one man. He wheeled, charged back, and again broke through, killing another man.

A third time he rushed upon the Federal line, a score of sabre-points confronted him, a cloud of bullets flew around him, but he pressed on until he reached Zagonyi—he pressed his pistol so close to the major's side that he felt it, and drew convulsively back; the bullet passed through the front of Zagonyi's coat, who at the instant ran the daring rebel through the body; he fell, and the men, thinking their commander hurt, killed his assailant with half a dozen wounds.

"He was a brave man," said Zagonyi afterwards, "and I did not wish to make him a prisoner."

MAJOR WHITE RELEASES HIMSELF AND CAPTURES HIS CAPTORS.

To return to Major White. During the conflict upon the hill, he was in the forest near the front of the rebel line. Here his horse was shot under him. Captain Wroton kept careful watch over him. When the flight began he hurried White away, and, accompanied by a squad of eleven men, took him ten miles into the country. They stopped at a farm-house for the night. White discovered that their host was a Union man.

The major had agreed with Captain Wroton that he would not attempt to escape unless his own men should try to rescue him. Watching his chance, he whispered to the astonished farmer, "I am a Union officer. Send word to my men at Springfield at once."

The farmer placed his little son on his swiftest horse, and the lad rode like the wind to Springfield. The rebel guard placed one man outside, on picket, while the rest drowsily kept watch over their prisoner within the house. At three in the morning twenty-six of the Home Guard surrounded the house and captured the whole party. Major White took command at once and posted *his* guard over his late captors.

That evening, while awaiting supper, Captain Wroton had coolly remarked:

"We have a little leisure now, major, and I guess I will just amuse myself by looking over your papers," which he proceeded to do.

In the morning, while waiting for breakfast, the major quietly observed:

"Captain, we seem to have a little leisure, and I think I will amuse myself by looking over *your* papers," and so he did. Truly, a righteous retribution.

REVIEW OF THE ARMIES.

Washington, May 23-24, 1865.



THE total number of men and officers in the military service of the United States on the first day of May, 1865, was 1,000,516. The army had been rapidly recruited during the last few months of the year. The impression that a great and final victory was near at hand, and the prospect of a short and decisive campaign, with a prosperous ending, had stimulated the warlike propensities of the North so that the army was brought up to the tremendous figure above given.

Nearly a million and a half more men had previously been enrolled in the Federal service, and to these two items must be added a roll that reached at that time above 360,000—the grand army of the dead.

The official figures of the War Department show that 2,859,182 men were enrolled in the military service during the four years of the Civil War; many of these, however, were enrolled more than once, owing to re-enlistment, so that it is impossible to ascertain the exact number of individuals actually engaged in the conflict. An approximate estimate, made by the most competent judges, has fixed the most probable number at 2,300,000. Of this vast multitude nearly 360,000 died in the service, the official figures being as follows, viz.: killed in battle, 67,058; died of wounds and injuries, 43,032; died of disease and from exposure, 224,586; from causes not specially classified, 24,852; total, 359,528.

As before stated, the army numbered over a million men on the first of May following Lee's surrender, and the order had gone forth to muster out nearly the entire force. As a matter of fact this was done so expeditiously that in an incredibly short time there were but 25,000 soldiers on Uncle Sam's pay-roll. The army appropriations for the fiscal year succeeding the war were only \$33,814,461 against \$516,-240,131 for the year preceding.

But before this grand army melted away into the channels of everyday life, the laurel-crowned veterans were allowed one final triumph, one final burst of glory—a march through the streets of the national capital, in the midst of the grateful people whose nationality they had saved, following the chieftains who had led them on many a gory field.

It was a most tremendous spectacle—saddening but inspiring—thrilling and glowing. Its like was never saw before, will never be seen again and can never be forgotten. Nearly 200,000 American patriots, fresh from victorious combat, seared, scarred, and worn by the conflict—hands steeped in the blood of their fellow men, and hearts hardened to deeds of reckless slaughter—men who but a few brief days before had revelled in the roar of battle and flung themselves with smiles into the very jaws of death—these men were now returning to their homes and firesides, to their counting-rooms and offices, to their shops and fields, to take up anew the battle of life in the peaceful walks which they had left at duty's call.

No conscripts they, nor hireling crew, but true-hearted patriots who, of their own free will, had taken up arms to defend not a monarch's rights but their own.

The grand review occurred on the 23rd and 24th of May, 1865, and was participated in by some two hundred thousand men, about equally divided between Sherman's army and the Army of the Potomac. This victorious host filled spacious Pennsylvania avenue from the Capitol to Georgetown on two successive days. The army of the Potomac was reviewed on the 23rd by General Grant and President Johnson in the presence of members of Congress and the entire diplomatic corps; while on the following day the glorious army of General Sherman was the centre of attraction.

REVIEW OF MEADE'S ARMY.

The morning of May 23 broke clear and sparkling. The weather was all that a May day in Washington could afford. The trees were budding forth in verdant beauty, and the spring flowers were bursting into bloom. While all nature smiled the hearts of men seemed also to be filled with grateful thanksgiving and a buoyant sense of safety and victory. Pennsylvania avenue was lined from early morn with throngs of enthusiastic spectators, bearing garlands of beauteous flowers with which to deck the battle-scarred heroes.

The Army of the Potomac, which, for four years, had been the living bulwark of the National Capital, was given precedence and passed first in review. At its head rode the "hero of Gettysburg," General George G. Meade, attended by a brilliant staff. Sheridan's famous cavalry came next, but the doughty little commander himself was not there, having already gone to his new post of duty in the Southwest. In his absence the cavalry was commanded by General Merritt, who shared with his chief the love and confidence of the army and of the country. At the head of Merritt's line rode Custer—the ideal cavalryman—

commanding the third division. No officer in all the army commanded more respect and attention than did this dashing young general. He was superbly mounted, as usual, and had an opportunity to display his wonderful horsemanship; for his fiery steed, becoming un-



MAJOR-GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE.

(From a War-time Photograph.)

manageable through fright and mettle, bolted at a point not far from the Treasury building, and carried its rider past the reviewing stand like a flash of light. But Custer soon mastered the unruly beast, and as he returned and rode quietly by the second time, he was greeted with stormy applause and literally covered with wreaths of flowers which were heaped upon him by friends on the pavement.

Flowers everywhere. All the leading commanders were burdened with floral gifts; hundreds of subordinate officers and privates were the recipients of the same graceful courtesy.

Following the cavalry appeared the steady columns of the glorious old Ninth Corps, with Parke in command, and Burnside in loving remembrance. Tumultuous applause greeted these veterans as they passed with swinging stride. Wilcox led the First division; then came Griffin (S. G.), with the Second; and then the swarthy, soldierly, eagle-eyed Hartranft with the Third.

The Fifth corps—"the fighting Fifth from Five Forks"—came next, under General Charles Griffin, and received an ovation at every step. When the head of this warrior column reached the reviewing stand the men recognized their old commander—Warren—seated beside the general-in-chief, and what a tremendous cheering they set up! It must have warmed the heart of the gallant Warren to see that the love and confidence of his old soldiers had not decreased one particle because of his harsh treatment at the hands of Sheridan. If any doubt existed it must have been dispelled by this spontaneous outbreak. The Fifth embraced some notable commanders and many valorous regiments. Such generals as Ayres, Bartlett, Crawford, Pearson, Chamberlain and Baxter made up a galaxy of brilliant field commanders whose deeds entitled them to the generous applause that greeted them.

Upon the heels of the Fifth marched the battle-scarred old Second corps, with Humphreys—looking every inch a soldier—riding grimly at the head, a worthy successor to Hancock "the superb." As the well-known "ace of clubs," fluttering in the balmy breeze, was proudly borne down the spacious thoroughfare, a wave of hearty applause accompanied the solid columns that followed it. The brilliant young division commanders, Miles and Barlow, who had risen like rockets from the ranks of the volunteers, came in for a large share of the demonstrations of affection that were showered upon this popular command.

The order of march was as follows:—

Major-General GEORGE GORDON MEADE.

STAFF.

CAVALRY.

Major-General Wesley Merritt.

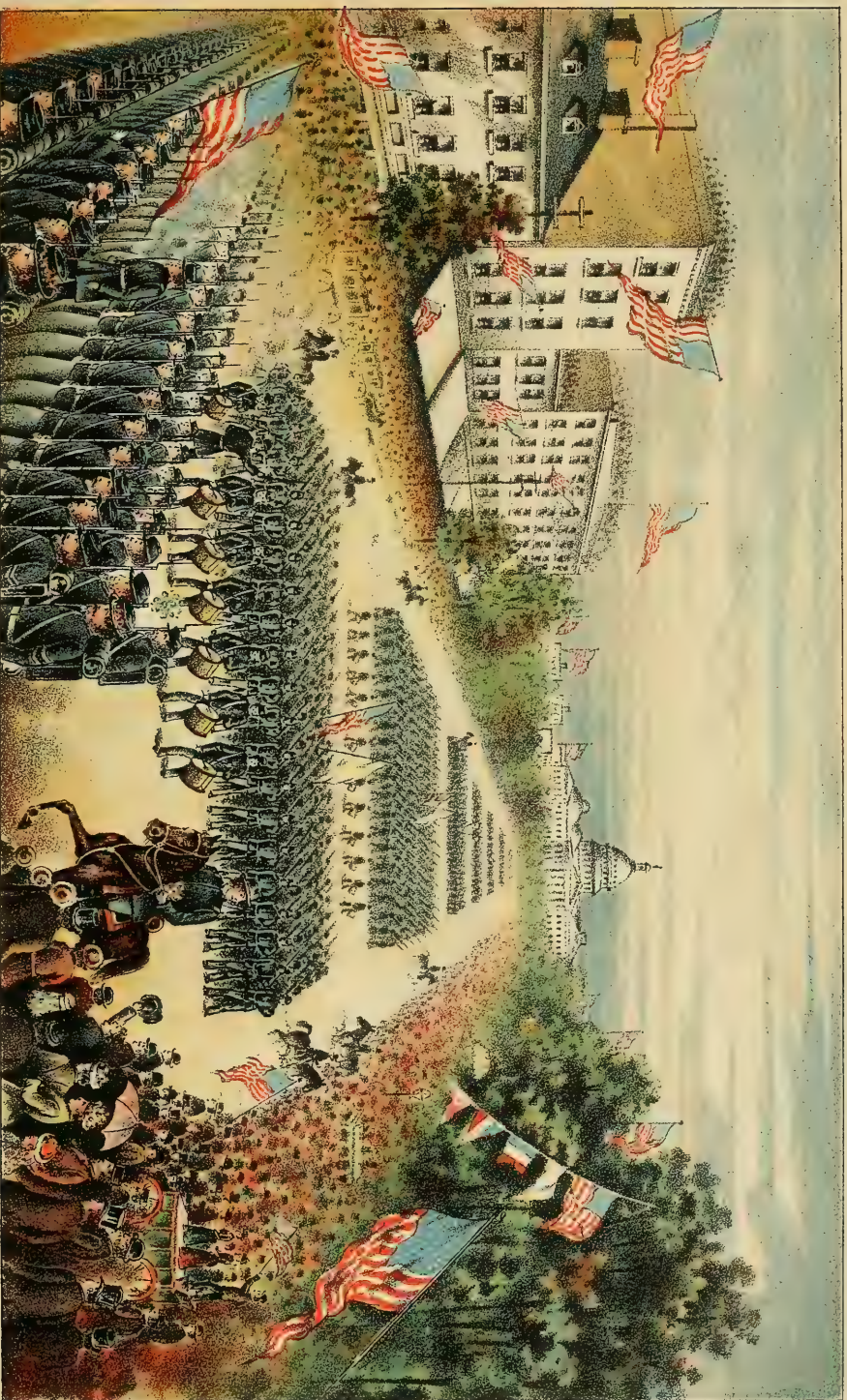
THIRD DIVISION.

Brevet Major-General George A. Custer.

1st Brigade, Colonel A. C. M. Pennington (3d New Jersey Cavalry.)

2d Brigade, Brigadier-General William Wells (1st Vermont Cavalry).

3d Brigade, Colonel H. Capehart (1st West Virginia Cavalry).



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Grand Review of the Armies—Washington,
May 23-24, 1865.

SECOND DIVISION.

Major-General George Crook.

- 1st Brigade, Brigadier-General Henry E. Davies (2d New York Cavalry).
- 2d Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General John I. Gregg (6th Penn. Cav.).
- 3d Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General C. H. Smith (1st Maine Cavalry).

FIRST DIVISION.

Brigadier-General Thomas C. Deven (6th New York Cavalry).

- 1st Brigade, Colonel Peter Stagg (1st Michigan Cavalry).
- 2d Brigade, Colonel Charles L. Fitzhugh (6th New York Cavalry).
- 3d Brigade, Brigadier-General Alfred Gibbs (1st New York Dragons).

NINTH ARMY CORPS.

Major-General John G. Parke.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brevet Major-General O. B. Wilcox.

- 1st Brigade, Colonel Samuel Harriman (37th Wisconsin).
- 2d Brigade, Brevet Colonel Ralph Ely (9th Michigan).
- 3d Brigade, Colonel James Bintliff (38th Wisconsin).

SECOND DIVISION.

Brigadier-General S. G. Griffin.

- 1st Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General John I. Curtin (45th Pennsylvania).
- 2d Brigade, Colonel H. B. Titus (9th New Hampshire).

THIRD DIVISION.

Brevet Major-General John F. Hartranft.

- 1st Brigade, Colonel A. B. McCalmont (208th Pennsylvania).
- 2d Brigade, Colonel J. A. Matthews (205th Pennsylvania).
- Artillery Brigade, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. J. C. Tidball (4th N. Y. Heavy Artillery)

FIFTH ARMY CORPS.

Brevet Major-General Charles Griffin.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brevet Major-General J. J. Bartlett (27th New York).

- 1st Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General A. L. Pearson (155th Pennsylvania).
- 2d Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General E. M. Gregory (91st Pennsylvania).
- 3d Brigade, Brigadier-General J. L. Chamberlain (20th Maine).

SECOND DIVISION.

Major-General Romlyn B. Ayres.

- 1st Brigade, Brigadier-General Joseph Hayes (18th Massachusetts).
- 2d Brigade, Colonel D. L. Stanton (1st Maryland).
- 3d Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General James Gwyn (118th Pennsylvania).

THIRD DIVISION.

Major-General S. Wylie Crawford.

1st Brigade, Colonel J. A. Kellogg (6th Wisconsin).

2d Brigade, Brigadier-General Henry Baxter (2d Michigan).

3d Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General Richard Coulter (11th Pennsylvania).

SECOND ARMY CORPS.

Major-General A. A. Humphreys.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brevet Major-General Nelson A. Miles.

1st Brigade, Colonel John Fraser (140th Pennsylvania).

2d Brigade, Colonel R. Nugent (69th New York).

3d Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General C. D. MacDougall (111th New York).

4th Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General John Ramsey (8th New Jersey).

SECOND DIVISION.

Brevet Brigadier-General F. C. Barlow (61st New York).

1st Brigade, Colonel W. L. Olmstead (59th New York).

2d Brigade, Colonel J. P. McIvor (170th New York).

3d Brigade, Colonel Daniel Woodall (1st Delaware).

THIRD DIVISION.

Brevet Major-General Gershom Mott (New Jersey).

1st Brigade, Brigadier-General R. De Trobriand (55th New York).

2d Brigade, Brigadier-General Byron R. Pierce (3d Michigan).

3d Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General R. McAllister (11th New Jersey).

Artillery Brigade, Lt.-Col. J. G. Hazard (1st Rhode Island Light Artillery).

One division of the Nineteenth Corps, under Brigadier-General Dwight, formerly Colonel of the Seventieth New York, participated in the review. The Sixth corps, commanded by Major-General H. G. Wright, was at the time stationed at Danville, Va. ; but it was reviewed at a later date, June 7, and made a most creditable showing.

The officers are designated by the rank held at date of review. Many of them reached a much higher rank before leaving the service. This statement applies also to the roster of Sherman's army.

The chief reviewing stand was erected near the White House, and was occupied by a brilliant array of governors, legislators, officers and diplomats. President Johnson and his cabinet held the place of honor, together with General Grant, who viewed the parade at the President's side.

REVIEW OF SHERMAN'S ARMY.

The next day, May 24th, Generals Sherman and Logan deserted the reviewing stand and marshalled their rugged battalions for the

second day's festivities. "Old Tecumseh" himself rode at the head of his troops, and the swarthy, dashing Logan led the right wing of the army, having the day before been assigned to the command which his friends insist became his by right when McPherson fell. Howard, relieved by Logan, had just been appointed chief of the Freedmen's Bureau, and rode by the side of Sherman.

Great as was the enthusiasm evoked by Meade's army, the reception accorded Sherman and his hosts was perhaps even more hearty and tumultuous. The commander was the recipient of greater attention than had been bestowed upon any of the officers the day before, and he accepted the homage gracefully and silently, as is his wont. His chief lieutenants were well remembered, too. Between the two armies there was little reason for comparison. The army of the Potomac was not entirely composed of eastern soldiers; and Sherman's army contained the fragments of the eastern regiments which went to Tennessee with Hooker and Howard. But Sherman's command was, in the main, composed of western men, and in physique and swinging vigor they overshadowed their comrades of Meade's command. The latter, however, were adjudged a trifle more perfect in discipline and neatness. But, on the whole, the material differences were not so great as to be noticed.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN G. PARKE.

There was an element of grotesque humor in the march of Sherman's army that did not appear in the well ordered ranks of Meade. Nearly every brigade was followed by its squad of "bummers," with characteristic garb and unique accessories. Diminutive donkeys appeared, laden with odd relics of the camp and field; chickens and goats—regimental pets—passed by gravely mounted upon mules; and not a few stray pickaninnies, adopted children of the companies, showed their little black faces gleaming with delight as the "bummers" passed by. While the review on the first day was attended by a great degree of pomp and martial ceremony, that on the second day was more provocative of mirthful surprises, and therefore extremely enjoyable.

The order of review was as follows:

Major-General WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

STAFF.

ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

Major-General John A. Logan.

FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS.

Major-General William B. Hazen.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brigadier-General Charles B. Woods (76th Ohio).

1st Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General William B. Woods (76th Ohio).

2d Brigade, Colonel R. F. Catterson (97th Indiana).

3d Brigade, Colonel George A. Stone (25th Iowa).

SECOND DIVISION.

Brigadier-General J. M. Oliver (15th Michigan).

1st Brigade, Colonel Theodore Jones (30th Ohio).

2d Brigade, Colonel William S. Jones (53d Ohio).

3d Brigade, Colonel F. S. Hutchinson (15th Michigan).

FOURTH DIVISION.

Brevet Major-General John M. Corse (6th Iowa).

1st Brigade, Brigadier-General Elliott W. Rice (7th Iowa).

2d Brigade, Brigadier-General W. T. Clark.

3d Brigade, Colonel Richard Rowett (7th Illinois).

Artillery Brigade, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Ross.

SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS.

Major-General Frank P. Blair, Jr.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brigadier-General Manning F. Force (20th Ohio).

1st Brigade, Brigadier-General John W. Fuller (27th Ohio).

2d Brigade, Brigadier-General John W. Sprague (63d Ohio).

3d Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General John Tillson (10th Illinois).

THIRD DIVISION.

Brevet Major-General M. D. Leggett (78th Ohio).

1st Brigade, Brigadier-General Charles Ewing.

2d Brigade, Brigadier-General Robert K. Scott (68th Ohio).

FOURTH DIVISION.

Brevet Major-General Giles A. Smith (8th Missouri).

1st Brigade, Brigadier-General B. F. Potts (22d Ohio).

2d Brigade, Brigadier-General Carlos J. Stolbrand (2d Illinois Artillery).

3d Brigade, Brigadier-General W. W. Belknap (15th Iowa).

Artillery, Major Fred. Welker (1st Missouri Light Artillery).

ARMY OF GEORGIA.

Major-General Henry W. Slocum.

TWENTIETH ARMY CORPS.

Major-General Joseph A. Mower.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brevet Major-General A. S. Williams.

1st Brigade, Brevet Brig.-Gen. James L. Selfridge (46th Pennsylvania).

2d Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General William Hawley (3d Wisconsin).

3d Brigade, Brigadier-General J. S. Robinson (82d Ohio).

SECOND DIVISION.

Brevet Major-General John W. Geary (28th Pennsylvania).

1st Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General A. Pardee, Jr. (147th Pennsylvania).

2d Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General George W. Mindil (33d New Jersey).

3d Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General Henry A. Barnum (149th New York).

THIRD DIVISION.

Brevet Major-General W. T. Ward.

1st Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General Benjamin Harrison (70th Indiana).

2d Brigade, Brigadier-General Daniel Dustin (105th Illinois).

3d Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General William Cogswell (2d Massachusetts).

Artillery, Captain Charles E. Winegar (New York).

FOURTEENTH ARMY CORPS.

Major-General Jefferson C. Davis.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brigadier-General Charles C. Walcutt (45th Ohio).

1st Brigade, Brevet Brigadier-General H. C. Hobart (21st Wisconsin).

2d Brigade, Brigadier-General George P. Buell (58th Indiana).

3d Brigade, Colonel H. A. Hambright (79th Pennsylvania).

SECOND DIVISION.

Brevet Major-General James D. Morgan (10th Illinois).

1st Brigade, Brigadier-General William Vendever (9th Iowa).

2d Brigade, Brigadier-General John G. Mitchell (11th Ohio).

3d Brigade, Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Langley (125th Illinois).

THIRD DIVISION.

Brevet Major-General Absalom Baird.

1st Brigade, Colonel M. C. Hunter (82d Indiana).

2d Brigade, Colonel N. Gleason (87th Indiana).

3d Brigade, Brigadier-General George S. Greene (60th New York).

These were, indeed, days of joy and gladness. They were days of proud triumph for two hundred thousand brave hearts; the city was decked with all the garb of a festal holiday; but under all ran a current of sadness. Memories of comrades slain, of messmates torn and maimed, of friends gone hence through war's sad privations, crowded the mind and chilled the heart. While the air was rent with cheers for the valiant survivors, the heart instinctively turned to those who had passed away. Thoughts of Reynolds, Sedgwick, Wadsworth, McPherson and a host of other brave hearts, now cold, were not dispelled by the cheers that greeted Meade and Sherman. In this hour of holiday festivity the footsteps of the hosts kept time with the very drums and fifes that had called the troops to arms so often in the dead of night, that had spurred them on to deeds of glory at Vicksburg and Antietam, that had led them to victory at Donelson and Five Forks, that had restored their wasting valor at Chickamauga and Fredericksburg. The banners, torn and rent, the uniforms, soiled and pierced, gave evidence that this was no mere holiday parade. And so, amid all the cheering and shouting, lingered the element of sadness. And in all that display of pomp, power and victory, one face was missed—the hard and rugged, yet kindly, face of him for whose untimely loss the nation mourned, and to whom the heart of every soldier went out in love. The wise, gentle, patient, powerful Lincoln was no more. His great heart was stilled, and his sad, thoughtful face lay in the calm repose of death within the far-off western sepulchre.

The great army he had created and maintained swung round the White House amid the ringing cheers of the multitude, while a passionate but unavailing regret filled every soldier's heart, tinging all the splendor of victory with a purple hue of sadness. But who shall say that the immortal spirit of the noble martyr was not hovering about the shattered remnants of his faithful battalions, filling each heart with the sweet incense of undying patriotism?

DISBANDING THE ARMY.

Sublime as was this spectacle, it sunk into insignificance beside the grandeur of the one presented a few days later on, when this great army of a million men, strong enough to conquer a hemisphere, melted away into the mass of the people as suddenly as it had sprung into being and was seen no more. No such organization had ever been seen before, and among European statesmen the prediction was freely made that this great force of men, intoxicated with victory and led by officers who loved a conflict, would become a menace to the country ever after. These foreigners could not believe that the soldiers

would peacefully disband and go back to toil and labor at the command of the civilian rulers at Washington.

But the American people, without giving the subject one serious thought, *knew* there was no danger. And so it came to pass that this grand army, while yet the world gazed upon it with silent apprehension, disappeared like a vision, and when one looked again for it he



MAJOR-GENERAL WM. T. SHERMAN.


saw only peaceful citizens engaged in their customary occupations. The general whose martial achievements had set the world to talking, and whose deeds were discussed in every civilized tongue, was found amid his papers in his old law office precisely as if nothing had happened; the gallant colonel who had led his men to victory on many a blood-stained field was to be found at his factory, doing business just the same as though he had returned from a mere pleasure

trip; and the veterans of the rank and file could be recognized only by name as one followed his plough across the long-deserted field, and another bent over his tools in the shop, or followed his accustomed avocation in whatever channel.

At no time was there any of that reckless revolutionary spirit which generally attends the existence of a large armed force. The world looked on with wonder while our army vanished. The muster-out was ordered April 28, 1865; by August 7 of the same year, 641,000 soldiers had become private citizens; and by the 15th of November more than 800,000 had been mustered out. It had been the people's war; the people had taken it up, carried it on, and now, having finished it to their satisfaction, they quietly laid aside the weapons of warfare and took up again the instruments of peaceful industry.

This view of the subject too often escapes the notice of the rising generation; but it is important, for it proves the stability and safety of our peculiar form of government.

FUN IN A REBEL PRISON.

TRANGE as it may seem, life in rebel prison pens was not entirely without its humorous side. Lieutenant S. G. Boone, now of Reading, Pa., who spent many long months in the southern prisons, relates an incident in his experience while at Columbia, S. C., which is well worth reading:

Upon our arrival at Columbia we were encamped some distance from the city, with the Congaree river between us and Columbia. While at this camp escapes were more frequent than elsewhere, as it was only necessary to slip the guards, which could be done with considerable safety under cover of darkness. One day a couple of the southern chivalry, fully equipped for the chase, with hunters' horns, etc., and who had just recaptured and returned to camp one of our comrades who had attempted to escape, came riding by the camp with a brace of blood hounds chained together. The dogs were considered very valuable by their owners, but they strayed among our huts in camp, and—well, after a careful search by guards and officials, their dead carcasses were finally found, hastily buried in a large hole in the central part of the camp from which we dug clay to plaster our huts. The authorities could never single out the men who killed the dogs, but, as a punishment to all, it was asserted that they anchored the dead dogs in the brook outside the guard line, and above the point at which we obtained our water for cooking purposes.

AN OBLIGING BUT IMPRUDENT PORKER.

An incident occurred in this camp one day which was very amusing, particularly to those who took no active part in the affair, but were merely spectators. A large gentleman hog came marching into camp with as much *sang froid* as that species of animal generally possesses. The first intimation we had of a new arrival was the cry of "fresh fish" by one of our fellow prisoners.

Will here say parenthetically that this application was one given to all new arrivals of prisoners. As soon as the cry of "fresh fish" was raised everybody was on tip-toe, straining his neck to see who he or they might be, and the moment these unfortunates got within hailing distance they were catechised something like this:

"Hello, Cap, where were you scooped in?" "Did you hide under a bed and your feet stick out?" "How's old Abe?" "Got any coffee in your haversack?" "Got any greenbacks that you are going to throw away?" "Did the rebs march you here, or did you watch your chance and walk?" and innumerable other questions of no more importance.

The arrival above mentioned was not "fresh fish," it was fresh *pork*. Oh, how we longed for fresh pork! The animal advanced "steady by jerks," like the Irishman's toad. Occasionally he would stop short, turn half way around, look back whence he came as if he expected some friend to accompany him, but in all probability it was to assure himself that his retreat would not be cut off in case he should make up his mind to return that way. As we did not want the authorities to know what had become of this intruder, we made no attempt to out-flank him, cut off his communication to the rear, nor do anything, in fact, that would attract their attention, but we cleared the way and let him take his own course. On he came, with head and ears erect, and how he ever passed the guard without being challenged, or what his intentions, business or mission amongst us "Yanks" might be, is a mystery to the survivors of this camp to this day. He may have scented yams, a kind of sweet potato with which the rebel authorities were feeding us at the time, and which were grown to a great extent by people of that section of the country to feed their stock. Or he may have smelled sorghum, a kind of molasses of which we had such an abundance that the camp was named "Camp Sorghum." Anyhow, he came across the "dead line" and made another halt. Since he carried no flag of truce, this unwarrantable intrusion on the part of his hogship must cost him his life, and hasty preparations were made to give him a warm reception. But now arose the question, pork or no pork? for he had taken a sniff in the air and his actions seemed to show that he considered it an unhealthy locality. Up to this time we were cau-

tioning one another to "keep quiet;" "keep back;" "let him come in," etc. One fellow, shouting at the top of his voice, "get your skillets and frying pans ready," came very near causing us the loss of our pork. Finally, after taking in the situation, a dead silence reigning over the field, and considering himself safe among his friends, our abode resembling hog pens more than human habitations, he made one dive in among our huts and in an instant was hemmed in on all sides. We welcomed him—not with open arms—but with chopping blocks, poles, axes, saws, stones, knives, forks, old buckets, camp kettles; even old boots were fired at him. One old colonel who was cooking mush, without coat or hat, joined in the exciting chase, and dealt some heavy blows with the mush ladle, when the hog turned on him and the colonel showed the white feather. It was a terrific onslaught. The air was filled with flying missiles of all descriptions, and woe to him who happened to be in the path of this murderous gang; if he escaped being upset by the hog, he stood a good chance of being knocked down and trampled upon.

The hog was finally murdered, and, without the usual method of dressing, was cut and hacked to pieces. Large chunks of flesh, still quivering, and without removing hide or hair, were hastily taken to the different quarters, and the happy possessors were soon pacing in front of their huts with hands rammed in their pockets up to their elbows, with a long face wearing such an expression of innocence, purity of heart and harmlessness as is seldom seen outside of a church. But we had our fresh pork all the same.

A SOLDIER WITH IRON NERVE.

DURING the fighting at Fort Donelson, Tenn., an instance of endurance and patience occurred at the hospital on the right wing. The Union columns having been forced back, the hospital, which was a little up from the road, had come within range of the rebels' fire, and was fast becoming an unpleasant position, but no damage was done to it. Just about this time a poor fellow came sauntering leisurely along, with the lower part of his arm dangling from the part above the elbow, it having been struck by a grape-shot. Meeting the surgeon in the house, who was busily attending to other wounded, he inquired how long it would be before he could attend to him, and was told in a few minutes. "All right," said the wounded man, and then walked outside and watched the progress of the battle for a short time, and then returned and awaited the sur-

geon's opportunity to attend to him. The arm was amputated without a murmur from the unfortunate man. After the stump was bound up, the young man put his good hand into his pocket, and took out a piece of tobacco, from which he took a chew, then walking over to the fire, he leaned his well arm against the mantel-piece, and rested his head against his arm, and kept squirting tobacco-juice into the fire, whilst his eyes were cast into the flames, all with the most astonishing composure, as though he was indulging in some pleasant reverie. He remained in this position for some time, and then coolly walked off.

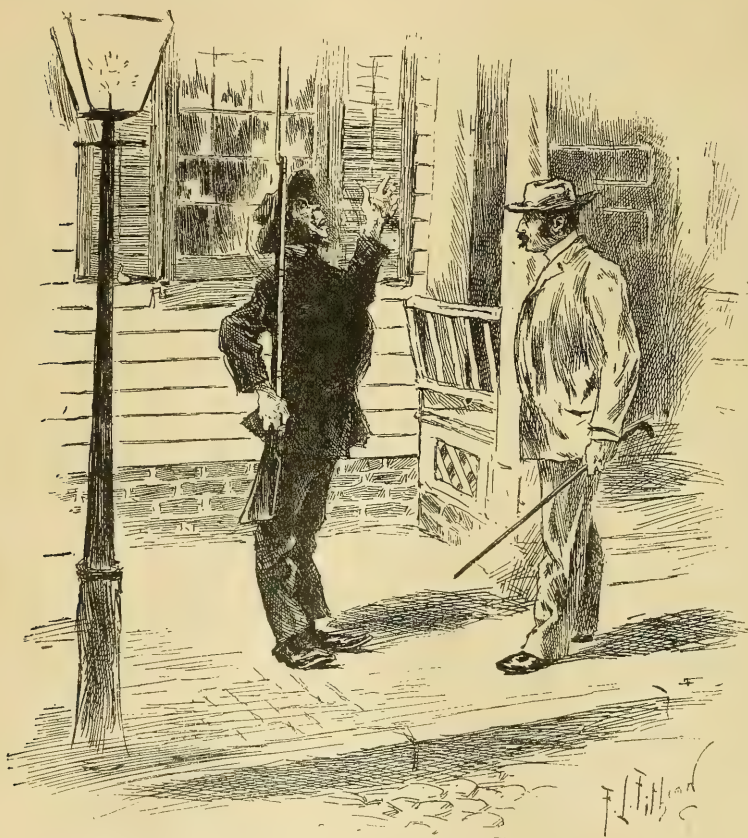
KENTUCK AGAINST KENTUCK.

IN the rebel charge upon McCook's right in the battle of Stone River, the rebel Third Kentucky was advancing full upon one of the loyal Kentucky regiments. These two regiments were brought from the same county, and consequently were old friends and neighbors, and now about to meet for the first time as enemies. As soon as they came near enough for recognition, they mutually ceased firing, and began abusing, and cursing, and swearing at each other, calling each other the most outlandish names; and all this time the battle was roaring around them without much attention from either side. It was hard to tell which regiment would come off the victor in this wordy battle. As far as I could see, both sides were terrible at swearing; but this could not always last; by mutual consent they finally ceased cursing, and grasping their muskets charged into each other with the most unearthly yell ever heard on any field of battle. Muskets were clubbed, bayonet met bayonet, and in many instances, when old feuds made the belligerents crazy with passion, the musket was thrown away, and at it they went, pummelling, pulling, and gouging in rough and tumble style, and in a manner that any looker-on would consider a free fight. The rebels were getting rather the better of the fight, when the Twenty-third Kentucky succeeded in giving a flanking fire, when they retreated with quite a number of prisoners in their possession. The rebels had got fairly under way when the Ninth Ohio came up on the double-quick, and charging on their now disordered ranks, succeeded in capturing all their prisoners, besides taking in return a great many of the rebels. As the late belligerents were conducted to the rear they appeared to have forgotten their late animosity, and were now on the best terms imaginable, laughing and chatting, and joking, and, as the rebels were well supplied with whiskey, the canteens were readily handed about from one to the other, until they all became as jolly as possible under the circumstances.

THE IRISH OF IT.



SON of the Green Isle, a member of Gillam's Middle Tennessee Regiment, while stationed at Nashville, was detailed on guard duty on a prominent street of that city. It was his first experience at guard mounting, and he strutted along his beat, apparently with a full appreciation of the dignity and importance of his position. As a citizen approached, he shouted—
“Halt! Who comes there?”



THE WIDE AWAKE SENTINEL.

“A citizen,” was the response.

“Advance, citizen, and give the countersign.”


“I haven’t the countersign; and, if I had, the demand for it at this time and place is something very strange and unusual,” rejoined the citizen.

"An' by the howly Moses, ye don't pass this way at all till ye say Bunker Hill," was Pat's reply.

The citizen, appreciating the "situation," advanced and cautiously whispered in his ear the necessary words.

"Right! Pass on." And the wide-awake sentinel resumed his beat.

A DESERTER'S TERRIBLE ORDEAL.

OR deserting his post, a private in a certain regiment was tried by a court-martial and found guilty, the punishment for which is death. His execution was deferred for some time, and he was kept in a painful state of suspense. At last the time was fixed for his execution, and five regiments were drawn up in line to witness it, while a file of twelve men were in advance to execute the sentence of death by shooting him.

The prisoner was led forward blindfolded, and the usual words of preparation and command were given in a low, measured tone, by the officer in command.

During the interval between the commands, "take aim," and "fire," and before the last word was given, a horseman rode rapidly up the road, waving in the air a paper, which was understood by all present to be a reprieve. Covered with dust and perspiration, the officer rode hurriedly up to the officer in command, and delivered to him what really proved to be a reprieve.

The shout "reprieve" fell upon the poor soldier's ear, which was already strained to the utmost in anticipation of hearing the last and final word that was to usher his soul into the presence of his Creator; it was too much for him, and he fell back upon his coffin apparently dead.

The bandage was removed from his eyes, but reason had taken its flight, and he became a hopeless maniac. He was discharged from the army, and sent home to his friends. His death had really never been intended; but it was deemed necessary for the good order and discipline of the army to make an impression upon not only himself, but the whole brigade; for that purpose the forms of the execution were regularly gone through with, in presence of five regiments, and the reprieve arrived in good time, as it was intended.

It was sought by this means to solemnly impress upon the whole assemblage of soldiers, the necessity of a strict observance of duty and obedience, under the penalty of an ignominious death.

STORY OF A LITTLE DRUMMER BOY.

JUST a few days before our regiment received orders to join General Lyon, on his march to Wilson's Creek, the drummer of our company was taken sick and conveyed to the hospital, and on the evening preceding the day that we were to march, a negro was arrested within the lines of the camp, and brought before our captain, who asked him, what business he had within the lines.

He replied: "I know a drummer that you would like to enlist in your company, and I have come to tell you of it." He was immediately requested to inform the drummer that if he would enlist for our short term of service he would be allowed extra pay, and to do this he must be on the ground early in the morning. The negro was then passed beyond the guard.

On the following morning there appeared before the captain's quarters, during the beating of the *reveille*, a good-looking, middle-aged woman, dressed in deep mourning, leading by the hand a sharp, sprightly-looking boy, apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age.

Her story was soon told. She was from East Tennessee, where her husband had been killed by the rebels, and all their property destroyed. She had come to St. Louis in search of her sister, but not finding her, and being destitute of money, she thought if she could procure a situation for her boy as a drummer for the short time that we had to remain in the service, she could find employment for herself, and perhaps find her sister by the time we were discharged.

During the rehearsal of her story the little fellow kept his eyes intently fixed upon the countenance of the captain, who was about to express a determination not to take so small a boy, when he spoke out—

"Don't be afraid, captain, I can drum."

This was spoken with so much confidence that the captain immediately observed, with a smile,

"Well, well, sergeant, bring the drum, and order our fifer to come forward."

In a few moments the drum was produced, and our fifer, a tall, round-shouldered, good-natured fellow from the Dubuque mines, who stood, when erect, something over six feet in height, soon made his appearance.

Upon being introduced to his new comrade, he stooped down, with his hands resting upon his knees, which were thrown forward into an acute angle, and after peering into the little fellow's face a moment he observed—

"My little man, can you drum?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I drummed for Captain Hill in Tennessee.

Our fifer immediately commenced straightening himself upward, until all the angles in his person had disappeared, when he placed his fife to his mouth and played the "Flowers of Edinborough," one of the most difficult things to follow with the drum that could have been selected, and nobly did the little fellow follow him, showing himself to be a master of the drum. When the music ceased, our captain turned to the mother and observed—

"Madam, I will take your boy. What is his name?"

"Edward Lee," she replied; then placing her hand upon the captain's arm, she continued, "Captain, if he is not killed—" here her maternal feelings overcame her utterances, and she bent down over her boy and kissed him upon the forehead.

As she arose, she observed: "Captain, you will bring him back with you, won't you?"

"Yes, yes," he replied, "we will be certain to bring him back with us. We shall be discharged in six weeks."

In an hour after our company led the Iowa First out of camp, our drum and fife playing "The girl I left behind me." Eddie, as we called him, soon became a great favorite with all the men in the company. When any of the boys had returned from a horticultural excursion, Eddie's share of the peaches and melons was the first apportioned out. During our heavy and fatiguing march from Rolla to Springfield, it was often amusing to see our long-legged fifer wading through the mud with our little drummer mounted upon his back—and always in that position when fording streams.

During the fight at Wilson's Creek, I was stationed with a part of our company on the right of Totten's battery, while the balance of our company, with a part of the Illinois regiment, was ordered down into a deep ravine upon our left, in which it was known a portion of the enemy was concealed, with whom they were soon engaged. The contest in the ravine continuing some time, Totten suddenly wheeled his battery upon the enemy in that quarter, when they soon retreated to the high ground behind their lines.

In less than twenty minutes after Totten had driven the enemy from the ravine the word passed from man to man throughout the army, "Lyon is killed," and soon after, hostilities having ceased upon both sides, the order came for our main force to fall back upon Springfield, while a part of the Iowa First and two companies of the Missouri regiment were to camp upon the ground, and cover the retreat next morning.

That night I was detailed for guard duty, my turn of guard closing

with the morning call. When I went out with the officer as a relief, I found that my post was upon a high eminence that overlooked the deep ravine, in which our men had engaged the enemy until Totten's battery came to their assistance. It was a dreary, lonesome beat. The moon had gone down in the early part of the night, while the stars twinkled dimly through a hazy atmosphere, lighting up imperfectly the surrounding objects. Occasionally I would place my ear near the ground and listen for the sound of footsteps, but all was silent save the far off howling of the wolf, that seemed to scent upon the evening air the banquet that we had been preparing for him.

The hours passed slowly away, when at length the morning light began to streak along the eastern sky, making surrounding objects more plainly visible. Presently I heard a drum beat up the morning call. At first I thought it came from the camp of the enemy across the creek; but as I listened, I found that it came up from the deep ravine; for a few minutes it was silent, and then as it became more light I heard it again. I listened—the sound of the drum was familiar to me—and I knew that it was—

Our drummer boy from Tennessee,
Beating for help the *réveille*.

I was about to desert my post to go to his assistance, when I discovered the officer of the guard approaching with two men. We all listened to the sound, and were satisfied that it was Eddie's drum. I asked permission to go to his assistance. The officer hesitated, saying that the orders were to march in twenty minutes. I promised to be back in that time, and he consented. I immediately started down the hill through the thick undergrowth, and upon reaching the valley I followed the sound of the drum, and soon found him seated upon the ground, his back leaning against the trunk of a fallen tree, while his drum hung upon a bush in front of him, reaching nearly to the ground. As soon as he discovered me he dropped his drum-sticks and exclaimed—

"O corporal! I am so glad to see you. Give me a drink," reaching out his hand for my canteen, which was empty.

I immediately turned to bring him some water from the brook that I could hear rippling through the bushes near by, when thinking that I was about to leave him, he commenced crying, saying—

"Don't leave me, corporal—I can't walk."

I was soon back with the water, when I discovered that both of his feet had been shot away by a cannon ball. After satisfying his thirst, he looked up into my face, and said—

"You don't think I will die, corporal, do you? This man said I would not—he said the surgeon could cure my feet."

I now discovered a man lying in the grass near him. By his dress I recognized him as belonging to the enemy. It appeared that he had been shot through the body, and had fallen near where Eddie lay. Knowing that he could not live, and seeing the condition of the boy, he had crawled to him, taken off his buckskin suspenders, and corded the little fellow's legs below the knee, and then lay down and died.

While he was telling me these particulars, I heard the tramp of cavalry coming down the ravine, and in a moment a scout of the enemy was upon us, and I was taken prisoner. I requested the officer to take Eddie up in front of him, and he did so, carrying him with great tenderness and care. When we reached the camp of the enemy the little fellow was dead.

A SOLDIER WITHOUT REGIMENT OR COMPANY.



WHEN the martial and patriotic fires began to blaze along the hill-tops of western New York, and young men were rushing by tens of thousands to join the national standard, one brave fellow who seized the torch with the wildest enthusiasm, and worked hardest in the cause, found it impossible to get his name enrolled with the company of his own town—Bloomfield.

All his companions passed examination. When the surgeon came to B. F. Surby, he found that he had a stiff knee, caused by the kick of a horse while he was a boy; and he was rejected.

He could run as fast, mount a horse as quickly, play as good a game of ball, and shoot as well as any one of his comrades—better, it was acknowledged, than most. He was athletic, lithe, hard, spry, and made for action and daring. He was twenty-five years old, and all ready to fight. But, with all this, he could not go; he was, however, determined to go, and no surgeon nor recruiting officer could stop him.

When the company marched to Canandaigua, he went with them to join the regiment. He put in his pocket all the money he could scrape together, and paid his own way as long as it lasted; and when it gave out, partly by the help of his companions, and partly by eking out in mother-wit what he lacked in cash, he reached the head-quarters of General King, where his name not appearing on the roll, he was asked to give an account of himself.

What follows is in his own words:—

"Once beyond the Potomac, I'd be blazed if I wouldn't have a chance. So I tried the old Bloomfield game over; but it was no go: I could not put on the uniform of a soldier; I could not have a gun to kill rebels. But I was bound to fetch it, some way or other. I finally got my case before General King, and he got an officer of his staff to take me as his orderly: so I had my way at last, and once in the army (if I did get in at the back door) I could go along, and ride a good horse into the bargain. That finished the *stiff knee* business, which had bothered the Bloomfield surgeon. So I thanked the stars for my good luck, and waited for the first battle.

"This was in a reconnoissance in force towards Orange Court House, where we had some nice amusement—just enough to stir up the blood of green Western New York boys.

"But nothing very serious happened till the battle of South Mountain, which began to look like war as I had read of it in the histories of great generals. Of course you know all about that battle.

"But then came some bad luck. I'd been thinking all the time that it was too good to last. The officer I was serving got sick after the battle of Cedar Mountain, and had to come on to Washington. Of course I had to come too; and here I remained waiting on him several weeks. In the meantime I lost all chance to be in the battles of Gainesville and Bull Run.

"When my commander got better, but not well enough to take the field, he sent me over to look after his horses, and, knowing my anxiety to be with the brigade, he gave me permission to join it, and the use of his horse.

"I lost no time in doing that. I got in the staff again, and began to feel at home. General King had fallen sick and was succeeded by General Hatch. We were in the splendid battle of South Mountain, where I had *one of the great days*, worth more than all my life before. Oh, how glorious the old flag looked every time the smoke rolled off, and we saw her still streaming!

"In the heat of this bloody engagement, when our men were fighting *just right*, the general was wounded, and, being near him at the moment, I had the sad satisfaction of helping to carry him from the field."

"But," I inquired, "as you seem to have been where the shot flew thick, had you not met with any mishap so far?"

"Nary a scratch—nor the captain's horse."

"Well, what came next?"

"The grand and blood-red field of Antietam, all of which I saw; and I never expect to see a better one—nor do I want to. That was no boy's play."

At this point the surgeon of the hospital, where the narrator lay, came up to see how his patient was getting along. After examining his leg, he pronounced it doing well enough. "That will give you no more trouble. But I am inclined to think I shall have to take this arm off."

"You are welcome to do it, doctor. I think it has done me about all the good it ever will."

"Well, now for Antietam," I said, as I once more took a chair by his side.

"General Doubleday took command of us there, in place of the wounded General Hatch. In forming his division the night before the battle, while the general and his staff were riding along through the lines, a rebel battery opened on us with shot and shell. A soldier was standing about two rods in front of me. A small shell took his head clean off, and struck my horse in the side, just behind my leg, cutting the girths, and *exploding inside the horse*. I only remember the fire flew pretty thick, and after in some way getting up into the air higher than I was before, I next found myself on the ground among some of the pieces of the horse.

"The first thought was, 'There goes the captain's horse, and I'm left to foot it!' A somewhat sudden falling back took place, and I started. 'But, by Jove, I won't lose that saddle!' and back I put to get it. While I was working away as fast as I could, the general rode by, and seeing what I was doing, sung out—

"'Quit that, fool, if you care anything about your life!' and as I found it rather difficult to untangle the saddle, I concluded to leave with what traps I had, and return after dark. I did; but it was too late.

"I felt bad. 'What *will* the captain say? I've lost his horse and saddle, and God knows what. Well, I'll see what I can do; I haven't lost my small arms, at any rate; and perhaps I can manage to get another horse before the battle opens in the morning.'"

"Not hurt yourself?"

"Nary a bruise. But I was pretty well spattered up with blood, I remember. So that night, after looking round, and not getting my eye on a horse, I lay down under a fence near our right wing, and I thought I would take a nap. But I cared more for a good horse than a good sleep. As luck would have it, I heard, pretty soon, some horses coming down pretty fast. They had evidently broken loose. I sprung for the first one, and missed him. The next was a few rods behind. 'Now,' says I to myself, 'is your last chance;' and it was, for there were only two. I struck for him, and caught him by the bridle-rein. It was light enough to see, and I soon found out I had a

good horse for the captain. I brought him up to the fence and lay down, being pretty well satisfied that what further running that animal did that night he would have to do with me on his back."

"Whom did the horse belong to?"

"He belonged to me."

"Where did he come from?"

"Upon my soul, I forgot to inquire."

"The next morning all was astir, for a battle which had yet no name. But everybody was well enough satisfied that a great fight was coming. It was plain as sunrise that there was to be a fight, and that every man in the great Army of the Potomac knew it, and was ready to do his duty."

"There was a different feeling among the men and officers the night before, and that morning, from what I had seen before any other battle. Each man knew that defeat that day involved the fall of Washington."

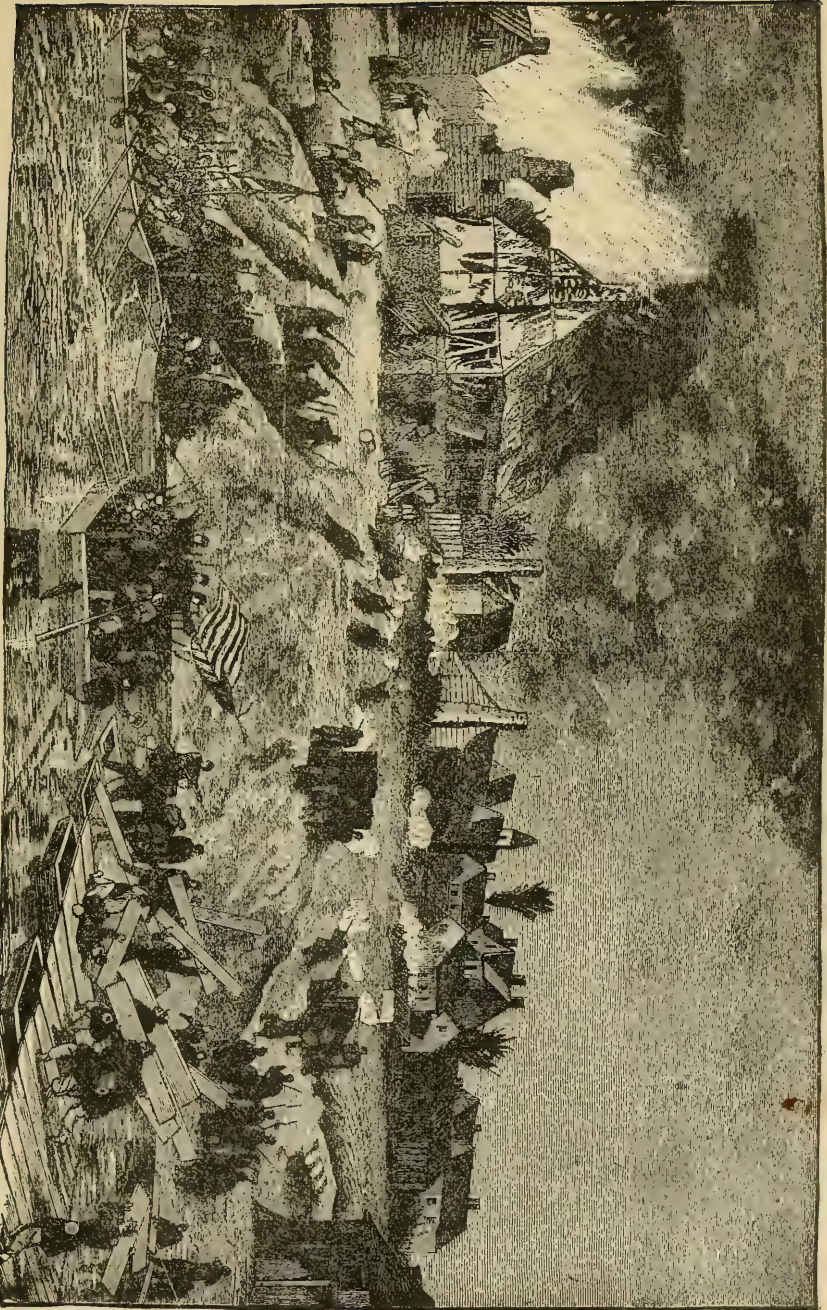
"So passed that wonderful day. When I hitched up at night, and got my blanket off the saddle-bow and unrolled it to go to sleep, I found two Minie balls snugly imbedded near the centre of the hard roll—'Thank you, gentlemen; you fired a shade too low.' So I came safe enough there, and, when I *did* think of it, I made up my mind I was not born to be shot."

"Your new horse behaved well?"

"Finally, and I got very much attached to him. But, poor fellow! I had to kill him to save myself. I was fond of riding about inside our lines, and sometimes beyond them. I knew it was rather a risky business; but I did it, part of the time as a volunteer scout, and at other times on my own hook, and was not very sorry for it, for I now and then got information which may have been worth something."

"I generally managed to get along without any particular trouble, and with many a good run managed to get home safe. But one night I got into a scrape."

"I knew that two or three mounted men were near the enemy's picket-lines, and, thinking it might pay, I started about midnight, and rode in a circuitous way to get near enough to reconnoitre from a quarter where I should not be suspected. I saw a very fine horse tied up to a tree, and I wanted that horse. I came very near succeeding. But I was suddenly notified by a ball whistling by my head that I was discovered. I put out, and, finding my horse, put spurs to him. Whistle, whizz, whizz, whistle, the balls flew by. It was a close pursuit, and a hard, long run. I passed our lines safe. But it was too much. My horse never was worth much after that. I felt bad about it, for the poor fellow had saved my life more than once. But I had



BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

taken good care of him, and, after all, what did it matter? It was all in the cruise.

"Finally, the enemy was before Fredericksburg. During a part of that fight we were troubled by the enemy's sharp-shooters. They were picking off our officers and best artillerists from a very long range. I saw how the thing was working, and I managed to get into an old deserted house (in which Washington is said to have spent some time when young) which could stand a pretty heavy shot.

"I had a splendid rifle, and plenty of ammunition. It was a fine cover, and I used it to some advantage. A large open window looked out just in the direction I wanted, and as fast as I loaded, I slyly took a look out, picked my man, and blazed away. I did not stay at the window any unnecessary length of time, for generally a bullet came whistling through the hole a second or two after my flash.

"Heavier shot at last began to strike; and then, after I had fired, I slid round behind a solid stone chimney standing near the centre of the house. I kept this up for a considerable time, till an accident happened.

"As I was approaching the window for another fire, a shell came through the side of the house, and burst about three feet over my head. Down I went, of course, and began to survey the damage. One piece had struck my left arm, making a compound fracture below the elbow; another piece had struck my left leg, just above the knee.

"I thought now, as I had done a pretty good day's work, I would contrive in some way to haul off for repairs, and get among my friends. Some of the men at a battery not far off had heard the shell explode in the house where they knew I was firing, and discovering me, carried me off to the hospital quarters, where after a while my arm was tinkered up in a hurry, my leg was dressed, and I lay down and ate my supper, for I was as hungry as a wolf.

"'Well, old boy,' said I to myself, 'you have had your way: you determined to come to the war, and you did. Now look at yourself, and see how you like it.'

"I *did* look at myself. I didn't look very handsome, it's true; but I looked well enough for all practical purposes—and I *felt* still better.

"Being of no particular use down at Falmouth, they sent me up here, where I arrived the other day. The doctor down at Fredericksburg botched my fractures, and between jolting about and one thing and another, I must have the arm taken off now; but, as my leg is nearly well, I shall be about again, almost as good as new, in a few days."

The next morning, after inhaling ether, he was taken into the

amputating room, where his arm was taken off three or four inches below the elbow, and dressed, when Surby was returned to his cot. The attendants said he was not out of bed over five minutes.


Of course he got on finely, and in a few days he was walking around town to return the calls of friends who had visited him in the hospital.

But what was he to do now? His name did not appear on the rolls of the army; he had never been mustered into the service; in fact, the Government knew no such man as a *soldier*. Generals King, Hatch, and Doubleday, and a large number of officers besides, knew him, but only as a *volunteer independent scout*. They knew the deeds of valor and the difficult and important services he had performed—services which if rendered by a private regularly mustered into the army would have early given him a commission. Now he was to leave the hospital, with one arm the less, no money in his pocket, and only the shoddiest style of clothes on his back, to get to his home the best way he could.

He was certainly in a most anomalous position. But he had friends enough—more than he needed; for he could make his own way.

Some of his former commanders caused the facts to be made known to the War Department; and everything that was right and proper was done, and with promptness, fairness, and despatch. Surby was at once mustered into his regiment, to take effect from the day his company marched out of their native Bloomfield. This gave him pay for the whole time, allowance for clothing he had never drawn, one hundred dollars bounty money, a new patent arm that looks just like its mate, an honorable discharge from the Army of the United States, and an annual pension of ninety-six dollars for life.

DAHLGREN'S CALVARY DASH.

ENERAL Burnside requested General Sigel to make a cavalry reconnoissance of Fredericksburg. General Sigel selected his body-guard, commanded by Captain Dahlgren, with sixty men of the First Indiana cavalry and a portion of the Sixth Ohio. It was no light task to ride forty miles, keep movements concealed from the enemy, cross the river and dash through the town, especially as it was known the rebels occupied it in force; it was an enterprise calculated to dampen the ardor of most men, but which was hailed almost as a holiday excursion by the Indianians. They left Gainesville in the morning, took a circuitous route, rode till night, rested awhile, and then, under the light of the full moon, rode rapidly over the worn-out fields of the Old Dominion, through by-roads,



DAHLGREN'S RECONNOISSANCE.

intending to dash into the town at day-break. They arrived opposite the place at dawn, and found that one element in the calculation had been omitted—the tide. The bridge had been burned when we evacuated the place in the summer, and they had nothing to do but wait till the water ebbed. Concealing themselves in the woods they waited impatiently. Meanwhile two of the Indianians rode along the river bank below the town to the ferry. They hailed the ferryman who was on the opposite shore, representing themselves to be rebel officers. The ferryman pulled to the northern bank and was detained till he gave information of the rebel force, which he said numbered eight companies—five or six hundred men all told.

The tide ebbed and Captain Dahlgren left his hiding-place with the Indianians—sixty—leaving the Ohioans on the northern shore. They crossed the river in single file at a slow walk, the bottom being exceedingly rocky. Reaching the opposite shore, he started at a slow trot toward the town, hoping to take the enemy by surprise. But his advance had been discovered. The enemy was partly in saddle. There was a hurrying to and fro—mounting of steeds—confusion and fright among the people. The rebel cavalry were in every street. Captain Dahlgren resolved to fall upon them like a thunderbolt. Increasing his trot to a gallop, the sixty dauntless men dashed into town, cheering, with sabres glittering in the sun—riding recklessly upon the enemy, who waited but a moment in the main street, then ignominiously fled. Having cleared the main thoroughfare, Captain Dahlgren swept through a cross-street upon another squadron with the same success. There was a trampling of hoofs, a clattering of scabbards, and the sharp ringing cut of the sabres, the pistol-flash—the quick going down of horse and rider—the gory gashes of the sabre-stroke—a cheering and hurrahing, and screaming of frightened women and children—a short, sharp, decisive contest, and the town was in the possession of the gallant men. Once the rebels attempted to recover what they had lost, but a second impetuous charge drove them back again, and Captain Dahlgren gathered the fruits of the victory, thirty-one prisoners, horses, accoutrements, sabres—held possession of the town for three hours, and retired losing but one of his glorious band killed and two wounded, leaving a dozen of the enemy killed and wounded. The one brave fellow who lost his life had fought through all the conflict, but seeing a large rebel flag waving from a building, he secured it, wrapped it around his body, and was returning to his command, when a fatal shot was fired from a window, probably a citizen. He was brought to the northern shore and there buried by his fellow-soldiers beneath the forest pines. Captain Carr, of company

B, encountered a rebel officer and ran his sabre through the body of his enemy. Orderly Fitter had a hand-to-hand struggle with a rebel soldier, and, by a dexterous blow, struck him from his horse, inflicting a severe wound upon the head. He seized the fellow's horse—a splendid animal—his carbine and sabre.

It thrills one to picture the encounter—the wild dash, the sweep like a whirlwind—three cheers—the rout of the enemy, their confusion—the victory! This will go down to history as one of the bravest achievements on record.

PRAYING FOR THE PRESIDENT.

DURING the summer of 1861, a private in a regiment of the Army of the Potomac was court-martialed for sleeping on his post out near Chain Bridge on the Upper Potomac. He was convicted; the finding was approved of by the general, and the day fixed for his execution. He was a youth of more than ordinary intelligence; he did not beg for pardon, but was willing to meet his fate.

The time drew near; the stern necessity of war required that an example should be made of some one; his was an aggravated case. But the case reached the ears of the President; he resolved to save him; he signed a pardon and sent it out; the day came.

"Suppose," thought the president, "my pardon has not reached him."

The telegraph was called into requisition; an answer did not come promptly.

"Bring up my carriage," he ordered.

It came, and soon the important state papers were dropped, and through the hot, broiling sun and dusty roads he rode to the camp, about ten miles, and saw that the soldier was saved.

He doubtless forgot the incident, but the soldier did not. When the Third Vermont charged upon the rifle-pits before Yorktown the following year the enemy poured a volley upon them. The first man who fell, with six bullets in his body, was William Scott of Company K. His comrades caught him up, and as his life blood ebbed away, he raised to heaven, amid the din of war, the cries of the dying, and the shouts of the enemy, a prayer for the President, and as he died he remarked to his comrade that he had shown he was no coward, and not afraid to die.

He was interred in the presence of his regiment, in a little grove about two miles to the rear of the rebel fort, in the centre of a group

of holly and vines; a few cherry trees, in full bloom, were scattered around the edge. In digging his grave, a skull and bones were found, and metal buttons, showing that the identical spot had been used in the Revolutionary war for our fathers who fell in the same cause. The chaplain narrated the circumstance to the boys who stood around with uncovered heads. He prayed for the President, and paid the most glowing tribute to his noble heart that we have ever heard. The tears started to their eyes as the clods of earth were thrown upon him in his narrow grave, where he lay shrouded in his coat and blanket.

The men separated: in a few minutes all were engaged in something around the camp, as though nothing unusual had happened; but that scene will live upon their memories while life lasts. The calm look of Scott's face, the seeming look of satisfaction he felt, still lingered; and could the President have seen him, he would have felt that his act of mercy had been wisely bestowed.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE ON THE POTOMAC.

H WAS invited by a soldier of the regiment of the Fire Zouaves to accompany him in one of those private adventures which were so popular among the men in his corps, while upon the banks of the Potomac.

This kind of expedition always carries with it a charm which inflames the imagination of the volunteer to a degree unknown in the more precise movements of a regular force. The individual courage of the man seems lost in comparison among a concentrated mass which depends for its success, not so much upon personal prowess, as upon a mechanical exactitude in its evolutions.

Men of the description of my adventurous friend are generally despisers of stiff-collared coats and close drill, and especial admirers of a loose jacket and a "free fight." With them a martinet, unless he prove a fighter, is simply an abomination.

In a few words, accompanied by some mysterious gestures, my friend H—— informed me that, through the disclosures of a deserter who had just arrived from the rebel lines, he had learned that a quantity of ammunition, consisting of several thousand ball cartridges for musket use, had been concealed in an upper room of a house belonging to a noted secessionist and suspected spy. This house was distant about three miles from our encampment, and the cartridges which were concealed therein had been packed in small canvas bags; these bags the daring fellow proposed, with the assistance of myself, to capture or destroy.

His plan was this : We were to obtain, by some means, a horse and wagon, to be ready at a certain point, a short distance from the camp, at sunset, and each proceed thither by different routes, in order the better to avoid observation, and as soon as darkness fell upon the scene, drive cautiously to within a few hundred yards of the dwelling containing the contemplated plunder. Then, hiding the wagon in a neighboring clump of trees, some distance from the road, we were to proceed in such a manner as circumstances would permit. In answer to my inquiries as to the feasibility of procuring the wagon, and the possibility of our ever being able to load it even if we succeeded in coming in contact with the coveted ammunition bags, I was greeted by a significant wink and two or three slow successive nods of the head, which, if not productive of much intelligence, were quite indicative of the Zouave's determination to carry out his design.

The sun was declining when I started on my journey, taking a somewhat circuitous path to the place of rendezvous, and walking in an irregular strolling manner, the better to escape the observation of the comrades of my friend, who were always on the alert for any adventure. Behind a rising and well-wooded piece of ground, I soon discovered my friend H——, coolly seated in a one-horse wagon, smoking a short pipe, and at intervals philosophically lecturing a ragged son of Africa upon the propriety of his meeting us at this same spot on the following night, in order to receive his horse and vehicle, and the desired remuneration for the use of them. After many doubtful scratches of his woolly head, and singular expressions of dissatisfaction—all of which were met by great disgust and heavy threats on the part of the Zouave of a marvellous punishment to be dealt out to the mutinous "darker" if he presumed to dog our path—he permitted us to depart, and we left him, evidently in a thick fog as to the fate of the property he had so inconsiderately intrusted to the safe keeping of a stranger.

After a short drive, during which but few words were spoken, we arrived at the spot where we had agreed to conceal the horse and wagon. This operation effected, we next proceeded to calculate chances. After a few parting puffs, H—— shook the ashes from his pipe, thrust it into the pocket of his jacket, and drawing forth from the wagon a coil of fine rope, which he hung round his neck, gave the word to advance. It was now pitch dark ; the distance from the place of our destination two hundred yards, according to my comrade's estimate. A solitary light, gleaming red amid the darkness ahead of us, betrayed the spot where stood the building which contained the object of our expedition. With this light for a guide we cautiously advanced, in

silence unbroken save by the occasional snapping of some dried twigs beneath our feet, and the muttered malediction bestowed upon it by my companion.

At length we came into close proximity to the house. Everything seemed to be buried in a deep stillness. Not a sound could we hear. Not the warning growl of a dog gave notice of our approach. No light was visible but the one which had hitherto been our guide, and this still shone from the half-closed casement of an apartment on the ground floor. The window-sill was about as high from the ground as the ordinary height of a man, and under this we crept and crouched to listen for any sounds that might escape from the interior. Directly over this room, H—— told me, our intended prize was concealed. He was thoroughly informed as to the relative positions of the different passages necessary to pass through in order to gain the desired treasure. The darkness of the night was so dense that it was with difficulty we could discern the presence of each other, as we lay and listened.

Suddenly there was bustle within and the sound of several voices. The warning produced by the low, hissing "hush" of my comrade prevented a half-uttered exclamation of surprise from fully escaping my lips. This noise of men and voices was evidently caused by a large party now collected in the room in which the light was burning. They must have entered the house from the other side, and the clang of arms, as we distinctly heard the men carelessly lay aside their weapons, assured us they were no neutrals in the struggle going on between our divided countrymen.

From fatigue, arising from the constrained posture in which I lay, I made a sudden movement, which caused me to fall against my companion, at the same time making the gravel beneath my feet send forth the grating sound peculiar to it when suddenly and violently disturbed. In an instant the sounds within ceased (silenced by the suspicions caused by my most unfortunate stumbling), the casement was dashed open, and half a dozen heads were thrust out into the gloom. A movement now, if no louder than that the lizard makes amongst the grass, or a single sigh forced from our breathing hearts and compressed breath, would have been the forerunner of certain death. Nothing could have saved us from the fate of the spy. For several minutes we remained motionless, and heard various conjectures among the men as to the cause of their sudden alarm. Little did they imagine that at that moment, within a few feet of their knives, which more than one grasped in his hand unsheathed, lay, concealed by the darkness, two of the hated invaders. But we would have been found no easy sacrifice. Each of us covered with the muzzle of his revolver

the breast of a foe, and the first intimation given by our discovery would have cost them at least two lives that night.

At length they withdrew their heads into the apartment, half closed the casement as before, and we were again alone. Whether they retired perfectly satisfied as to the result of their blind inspection or not, we could not tell. It was at this moment that H——, grasping me by the arm, whispered me to follow him closely. In crouching attitudes we crept round the building; each step taken with peculiar care, lest any unlucky sound on our part should again arouse suspicion, which, in all probability, was still unallayed.

After many cautious pauses and anxious straining of eye and ear, we reached the other side of the house, where, after proceeding a few steps, my leader halted and began exploring with his hand, until it lighted upon the latch of a door in the wall. Placing his mouth close to my ear, he again whispered to me that it was of vital importance we should cast off our shoes and carry them in our hands, as by leaving them behind they might be found by the enemy, and thus become the means of betraying us. Accordingly, in a few seconds, we stood in our stockings, ready to pursue to the last limit the windings of the adventure. Noiselessly lifting the door-latch, H—— led the way into a passage, if possible darker than the outside gloom from which we entered.

Groping our way we carefully advanced, and reached the foot of a flight of stairs, which, at a sign from my companion, we ascended as swiftly as the imperative necessity for a perfect silence permitted. We reached the landing, whose extent was hidden in the same impenetrable darkness, traversed it for the distance of several feet, and at length arrived at a door, which H—— attempted to open, but found locked. This he assured me was the room which contained the cartridge-bags, and not to gain entrance into it would render all the risk we had hitherto run useless, and all further attempts we might make would prove unavailing.

At this crisis of our proceedings we discovered within a few feet of us a small window, which, on gently opening, we found led out upon the roof of the piazza that ran along all sides of the house. To step out upon this roof, closing the window after us as gently as we had opened it, was the work of a few seconds. Here we lay down, at full length, for several minutes to listen; but no sound reached us, excepting an indistinct clamor proceeding from the room beneath, in which was assembled the party of rebels. Relinquishing our recumbent postures, we crept on our hands and knees until we reached the next window, which belonged to the room we were so anxious to explore.

To our great satisfaction, we found it not only unfastened, but opened wide, and, one after the other, we passed through to the interior. Again we paused in motionless silence, and again we listened intently, but nothing beyond the sounds mentioned met our ears, and we proceeded to search in darkness for the bags of ammunition. We came upon them simultaneously in one corner of the room, piled into a heap. We commenced our work at once by passing them out two at a time, through the window upon the piazza roof. Silently and swiftly was the task accomplished, until not a bag remained. We searched every foot of the floor, traversing its length and breadth until we were thoroughly convinced that ourselves were the sole objects, animate or inanimate, it contained.

Passing out, our next movement was to carry the bags around to the extreme end of the piazza. This involved the necessity of traversing the full length of one side of the building. With much labor and anxiety, as we had to proceed more warily than ever at each step, we at last accomplished it. And now we held a consultation, whether it were better to risk the attempt of carrying off our prize by degrees to the spot where we had concealed the wagon, or destroy it at once by lowering bag after bag into a deep well H—— informed me was directly beneath us, as we leaned over the balcony of the piazza. We concluded the latter plan was the better, and accordingly my companion, uncoiling the rope he still carried around his neck, descended, after telling me to haul up the other end again, attach to it the bags (three or four at a time), and lower them to him, when he would drop them singly into the well.

We had nearly finished this part of our task, when, rendered reckless by the apparent security with which it was continued—the splashing of each bag into the well exciting no suspicion on the part of our dangerous neighbors at the other extremity of the dwelling—H—— flung down into its depths the last nine, three at once, instead of dropping them singly, as he had hitherto done. At this moment, the close proximity of approaching footsteps along the roof made me turn in the direction whence the sound they caused proceeded, and instantly I was engaged in a deadly struggle with an antagonist.

The scene now became one of the wildest confusion. The rush of hostile feet along the roof bespoke the rapid advance of foes, whose numbers it would be madness to contend with. Beneath, a desperate encounter was going on between my comrade and one or more of the rebels, as many a fierce oath testified. My left hand was firmly fastened on the throat of the man with whom I was contending, yet he clung to me with maddening tenacity. Reflection and action were

the twinborn of an urgent second. With my right hand I had managed to draw and cock my revolver. My life and liberty were in the hands of a grasping foe. There was no compromise here; my life or his! Pressing the muzzle of my pistol to his head, I fired, and he fell with scattered brains at my feet. The next instant I dropped from the balcony to the ground where H—— was battling in close quarters. Here I stumbled over a fallen man. My hand came in contact with his breast or side, and was bathed in a warm gush of streaming blood.

"Where are you, H——?" I shouted.

"Here."

The response came from within a yard or two of the spot where I stood. I found my companion struggling on the ground, in savage fury, with a fellow evidently of much superior muscular power to himself. Quick as thought my strength was united to his, and with one concentrated, determined, and desperate effort we flung our herculean foe headlong down the well.

Without waiting to draw breath, we started and fled for life, baffling our host of enemies by the quickness of our plunge into the darkness.

"This way," cried H——, and keeping close together we quickly reached our concealed wagon. To spring inside was the work of a second, and away we went for the camp. The Zouave drove, and his driving was like the driving of Jehu!

"I guess it would have been all up with me," he said at length, "if you hadn't come in as you did. There were two of them on me before I knew where I was, when I found I'd lost my Colt; so I gave one a dig with the full length of my bowie, and then went in for a good wrestle with the fellow we treated to a drink."

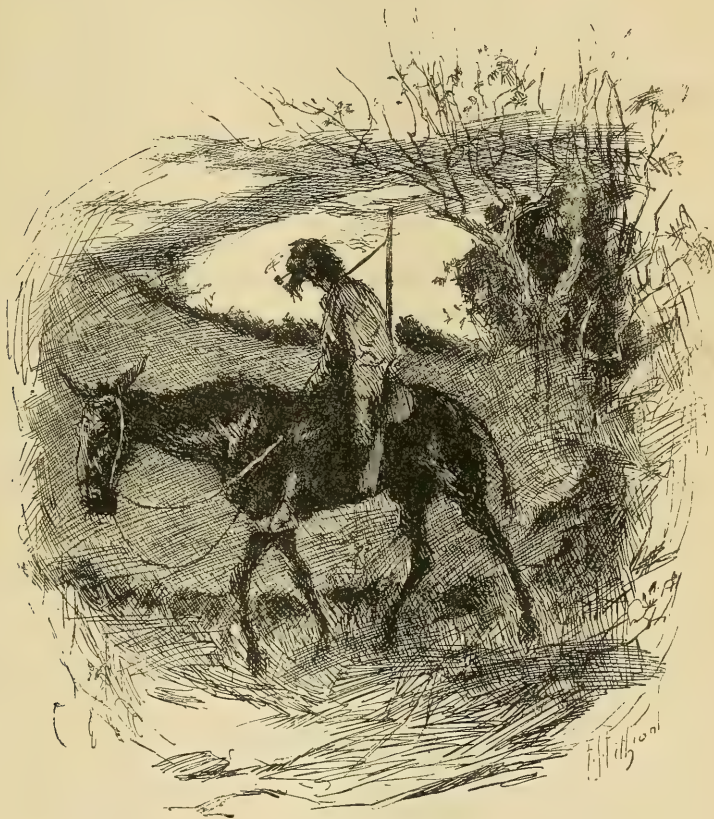
We reached camp unpursued. The wagon was returned punctually next night, as promised, to the astonished and grateful darkey, but whether or not he received any further remuneration for the loan of his property than the safe return of it I am unable to state.

BRAGG AND HIS HIGH PRIVATE.



WHILE Bragg's troops were on their retreat from Murfreesborough, Tenn., ragged, hungry and weary, they straggled along the road for miles, with an eye to their own comfort, but a most unmilitary neglect of rules and regulations. Presently one of them espied, in the woods near by, a miserable broken-down mule, which he at once seized and proceeded to put to his use, by improvising, from stray pieces of rope, a halter

and stirrups. This done, he mounted with grim satisfaction, and pursued his way. He was a wild Texas tatterdemalion, bareheaded, barefooted and wore in the lieu of a coat a rusty-looking hunting-shirt. With hair unkempt, beard unshorn, and face unwashed, his appearance was grotesque enough; but, to add to it, he drew from some receptacle his corn-cob pipe, and made perfect his happiness by indulging in a comfortable smoke.



"NOBODY."

While thus sauntering along, a company of bestarred and bespangled horsemen—General Bragg and staff—rode up, and were about to pass on, when the rather unusual appearance of the man attracted their notice. The object of their attention, however, apparently neither knew nor cared to know them, but looked and smoked ahead with careless indifference.

"Who are you?" asked the Major-general.

"Nobody," was the answer.

"Where did you come from?"

"Nowhere."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know."

"Where do you belong?"

"I don't belong anywhere."

"Don't you belong to Bragg's army?"

"Bragg's army! Bragg's army!" replied the chap. "Why, he's got no army! One half he shot in Kentucky, and the other half has just been whipped to death at Murfreesborough."

Bragg asked no more questions, but turned and spurred away.

ONCE FOES, NOW FRIENDS.



WO veterans of the Civil War keep bachelor's hall in a pretty New England town. Both are heroes, but both are modest; so, out of respect for their feelings, they will be designated here as Federal Captain Thomas and Confederate Captain Williams. They had been college chums, and the three weeks preceding the firing of the first shot at Charleston were spent by Williams at the home of Thomas—the same home where Williams now does the carving because his host has but one arm, and where Thomas does most of the walking because his guest has but one leg. As soon as it was certain that war was inevitable, the friends separated and went to the front, one donning the blue and the other the gray.

The war was nearly over when they first met as foes. It was on the field of one of the terrible last battles. Early in the fight, Thomas, who had become a captain of infantry, had his right arm shattered by a fragment of a shell that exploded above his head. In his excitement he did not perceive how serious his wound was, but simply placed the wounded member in a sling made of his handkerchief, took his sword in his left hand and dashed to the front again. The battle grew hot and furious. A position at first held by the confederates was usurped by Captain Thomas and his company, who, by their audacity, were drawing a heavy fire from the men in gray. For a quarter of an hour they were unable to advance one inch, and were constantly charged by a reckless company of cavalry, led, Captain Thomas soon perceived, by his friend Williams. Presently one of these charges proved disastrous to the confederate captain. He fell from his horse midway between the opposing forces, and lay motionless in an ex-


tremely dangerous spot, where shells from a distant part of the field were dropping every minute. Captain Thomas saw that his friend was still alive and made up his mind in an instant.

"Come on, boys," he shouted, and dashed forward, followed by his men.

Five men fell before they had advanced fifty yards. Still shouting encouragingly to his followers, Captain Thomas ran to where his wounded friend lay, raised him to his shoulder and darted toward a large rock which offered shelter from the flying shell and bullets. The rock was only a dozen paces distant, but once a shell burst almost at his feet, covering both with dirt. When the coveted place of safety was reached, Captain Thomas collapsed. A little later he was found by his victorious comrades, lying insensible beside the man whose life he had saved.

Captain Thomas carried away the stump of an arm and Captain Williams the stump of a leg as souvenirs of the fight; and when the war was over they laughingly agreed to form a pool of sound limbs and keep bachelors' hall for the remainder of their lives.

THEY SPLIT THE DIFFERENCE.

OW I will tell you a little experience I had in Louisiana in 1862. I was a member of the Thirtieth Connecticut Volunteers. The opposing armies had come into pretty close quarters, and confederate out-pickets, stragglers and skirmishers were around us and doing considerable mischief. Three companies of our regiment were ordered out on skirmish duty. We marched down, five paces apart, according to regulations, into a perfect morass. The water was waist deep everywhere.

I wasn't very tall, and I found it necessary to hold up my cartridge belt to keep it from getting saturated. The confederates were scattered through this swamp, and we took a number of prisoners without opening fire. I met with a misfortune. My foot caught between a couple of parallel branches beneath the water, and I was securely pinioned. My companions continued on their way, while I struggled hard to extricate myself from my unpleasant predicament. I finally pulled my foot out with a desperate effort, but my shoe was left behind. I could only secure it by plunging my head beneath the surface of slimy, noxious muddy water, but it had to be done. I had no sooner got the shoe tied on again than a rebel came in sight from behind some bushes. Intuitively our muskets were simultaneously raised.

"Surrender!" thundered the rebel.

"Surrender yourself!" I returned at the top of my voice.

Then we stood and eyed each other. Each had his gun cocked and levelled at the other, but neither pulled a trigger. Why we hesitated is more than I can explain. By delaying, you see, each was practically placing himself at the mercy of the other, or so it would seem. Suddenly the rebel's gun dropped, and I brought mine down also.

"See here, Yank," he began, in a much milder tone, "if I should shoot you, my side wouldn't gain much; and, again, if you should shoot me your side wouldn't gain much. Now, I've got a wife and two babies over yonder, and if you dropped me they wouldn't have nobody to take care of 'em. Now, it's a gol durned mean man what won't split the difference. I'll let you go if you'll let me go, and we'll call the thing square. What do you say?"

Well, what should I say? I walked over half way, and we met and shook hands and parted. About a year after a letter came to our camp addressed to "Little Yankee that split the difference." I had told him my regiment, you see, but not my name. The letter was a cordial invitation to visit the fellow at his home in Louisiana. He wanted me to see the wife and babies whose members had prompted him to propose to split the difference, and I have always regretted that I was unable to accept the invitation.

THE PROSE OF BATTLES.



SAID a student to me the other day, "I would like to see a battle, for through the whole literature of war I look in vain for a minute description of any action."

We may trace this deficiency to the disparity between the writers and readers of war literature. Those who witness and record are military men, either by profession or education; their accounts lack circumstantiality, and often simplicity. They assume that the reader has certain elementary knowledge of forms and movements, and their narratives seem, therefore, vague, general and unsatisfactory. It will not avail to tell Mr. Coke, of Northumberland, that the "fourth division outflanked the enemy," for Mr. Coke, having passed the most of his life underground, never beheld even a militia training. A division, to his mind, may include twenty men or twenty thousand men, and to outflank may intimate to ambush or to run away.

Mr. Phlog, the schoolmaster, reads in the newspapers that a certain regiment marched up in double-quick, or threw itself into a hollow

square, or formed a pyramid to repulse cavalry, or rallied by fours, or deployed as skirmishers, or charged bayonets. But Mr. Phlog, though an intelligent person, would like to be told in detail how the regiment deployed, and how the pyramid appeared. He has been to but one funeral in the course of his life, and never saw a murder or a hanging. He wishes, in common with the urchins whom he birches, to know more of the real and the horrible—how a man falls out of the ranks, what hues harden into his dead face, how he lies among the tangled wretches on the battle-field, how and by whom he is buried. In fact, he wishes instantaneous photographs of war. When the powder has flashed out of the sky, and the tableaux have fallen away, tell him how the strewn plains would have looked to him had he been there—give him, in a word, the “prose of battles.”

The writer has followed some of the bloodiest campaigns of the American civil war in a civil capacity; he has witnessed the incidents of charge, retreat, captivity, and massacre through the eyes of a novice, and some of his reminiscences may not be uninteresting to the less experienced.

The “first death” which I recall among my most vivid remembrances happened on the Chickahominy river, during McClellan’s famous peninsular campaign. The Federal army lay along the high hills on the north side of the stream, and the confederates upon the hills of the other side. The pickets of the latter reached almost to the brink, and the Federals were busily engaged in erecting bridges at various points. I was standing at New Bridge one day, watching the operations of the soldiery, when General Z. rode down through the meadow to examine the work. A guard held the Richmond bank of the creek, access being obtained to them by a series of rafts or buoys; but the guard could go only a little way from the margin, for some sharpshooters lay behind a knoll, and had, up to this time mortally wounded every adventurer. The general reined his horse on the safe side of the river, and called briefly “Major!”

A young flaxen-haired, florid man, with a gold leaf in his shoulder-bar, stepped out, saluted, and paid respectful attention.

“General?”

“Is that your picket?” pointing to the group on the opposite bank.

“Yes, general.”

“No more men beyond the knoll and bush?”

“No, general; it is dangerous. The enemy is there in force.”

“Do you know their force?”

“No, general.”

“Call one of your men.”

"Parks!"

A little bullet-headed fellow, whose legs were muddy to the thighs, and who was driving a round log to its place in the roadway, dropped his mallet at once; swung smartly round, as on a pivot, and saluted.

"Go cautiously up the bank," said the general, "you see it there; draw fire if you can; but if there be no response, you will shout to provoke it."

I saw the knot in the soldier's throat rise slowly, as if propelled by his heart; a little quiver came to his lips, and he looked half inquiringly to his major. In a moment he recovered, tapped his cap lightly, and leaping from buoy to buoy, reached the guard post, ran up the hill, passed the knoll, and stood with his head and shoulders in full view, but his extremities and trunk behind the ridge. We all watched solicitously and in dead silence



WOUNDED.

"Shout! my man," cried the general—"shout! shout!"

The hands of the soldier went up; he swung his cap, and called shrilly: "Hurrah for General McClellan and the U——"

A volley of musketry blazed from the timber beyond, and the man flung up his arms and disappeared. With a yell of revenge, the guard broke from the margin, discharged their muskets into the ambushade, and directly returned, bearing the little fellow with the bullet-head; but the mud on his trousers was turning red, and blood dripped in a rill from his mouth and chin. The young major's florid face grew pale, he shut his lips tightly; and the soldiers, a little apart, swore through their teeth.

"I am sorry he got his billet," said the general; "but he died fulfilling orders, and he was a brave man."

I wondered as he rode away, attended by his dashing staff, if any more such brave men had died, fulfilling such orders.

A dreadful opportunity occurred, after the battle of Hanover Court House, to look upon wholesale massacre. The wounded of both sides had been hauled from the distant field to the encampments of the army, and were quartered in and around some old Virginia dwellings. All the cow-houses, wagon-sheds, hay-barracks, hen-coops, negro cabins, and barns had been turned into hospitals. The floors were littered with corn-shucks and fodder, and the maimed, gashed, and dying lay confusedly together. A few, slightly wounded, related incidents of the battle through the windows; but sentries stood at the doors with crossed muskets, to keep out idlers and gossips. The mention of my vocation was an *open sesame*, and I went unrestrained into all the larger hospitals. In the first of these, an amputation was being performed, and at the door lay a little heap of human limbs. I shall not soon forget the bare-armed surgeons, with bloody instruments, who leaned over the rigid and insensible figure, while the comrades of the subject looked on horror-stricken at the scene. The grating of the murderous saw drove me into the open air, but in the second hospital which I visited a wounded man had just expired, and I encountered his body at the threshold. The lanterns hanging around the room within streamed fitfully upon the red eyes and half-naked figures. All were looking up, and saying in a pleading monotone: "Is that you, doctor?" Men, with their arms in slings, went restlessly up and down, smarting with fever. Those who were wounded in the lower extremities, body, or head, lay upon their backs, tossing even in sleep. They listened peevishly to the wind whistling through the chinks of the barn; they followed one with their rolling eyes; they turned away from the lantern glare, which seemed to sear them.

Soldiers sat by the severely wounded, laving their sores with water. In many wounds the balls still remained, and the flesh was swollen and discolored. There were some who had been shot in the bowels, and now and then these poor fellows were frightfully convulsed, breaking into shrieks and shouts; some of them iterated a single word, as "Doctor!" or "Help!" or "God!" or "Oh!" commencing with a loud, spasmodic cry, and continuing the same word till it died away in sighs. The act of calling seemed to lull the pain. Many were unconscious or lethargic, moving their fingers and lips mechanically, but never more to open their eyes upon the light—they were already going through the valley of the shadow. I think still, with a shudder, of the faces of those who were told mercifully that they could not live—the unutterable agony; the plea for somebody on whom to call; the longing eyes that poured out prayers; the looking on mortal as if its resources were infinite; the fearful looking to the immortal, as if it

were so far off, so implacable, that the dying appeal would be in vain; the open lips through which one could almost look at the quaking heart below; the ghastliness of brow, and tangled hair; the closing pangs—the awful rest at last! I thought of Parrhasius in the poem, as I looked at these things:—

“Gods!
Could I but paint a dying groan!”

And how the keen eye of West would have turned from the recking cockpit of the *Victory*, or the tomb of the dead man restored, to this old barn peopled with horrors. I rambled in and out, learning to look at death, studying the manifestations of pain, quivering and sickening at times, but plying my vocation, and jotting names for my column of mortalities.

At eleven o'clock there was music along the highroad, and a general rushing out of camp ensued. The victorious regiments were returning from Hanover, under escort, and all the bands were pealing national airs. As they turned down the fields toward their old encampments, several brigades stood under arms to welcome them, and the cheers were many and vigorous. But the solemn ambulances still followed after, and the red flag of the hospitals flaunted bloodily in the blue midnight.

Between midnight and morning the wounded were removed to White House, on the River Pamunkey, where they were forwarded by steamers to northern cities. I rode down with my dispatches in an ambulance that contained six wounded men besides. Ambulances, it may be said incidentally, were either two-wheeled or four-wheeled. Two-wheeled ambulances were commonly called “hop, step, and jumps.” They were so constructed that the forepart lay either very high or very low, and might be both at intervals. The wounded occupants might thus be compelled to ride for hours with their heels elevated above their heads and might finally be shaken out, or have their bones broken by the terrible jolting. The four-wheeled ambulances were built in shelves or compartments, but the wounded were in danger of suffocation in them.

It was in one of the latter that I rode, sitting with the driver. We had four horses, but were thrice “swamped” on the road and had once to take out the wounded men till we could start the wheels. Two of these were wounded in the face, one of them having an ear severed, and the other having a fragment of his jaw knocked out. A third had received a ball among the sinews and muscles behind his knee, and his whole body seemed to be paralyzed. Two were wounded in the

shoulders, and a sixth was shot in the breast. The last was believed to be injured internally, as he spat blood, and suffered almost the pangs of death. The ride with these men, over twenty miles of hilly, woody country, was like Dante's excursion into the Shades. In the awful stillness of the dark pine their screams frightened the hooting owls and put to silence the whirring insects in the leaves and tree-tops. They heard the gurgle of the rills, and called loud for water to quench their insatiate thirst. One of them sang a shrill fiendish ballad, in an interval of relief, but plunged on a sudden relapse into prayers and curses. We heard them groaning to themselves as we sat in front, and one man, it seemed, was quite out of his mind. These were the outward manifestations; but what chords trembled and smarted within, what regrets for good resolves unfulfilled, and remorsees for years mispent, made hideous those sore and panting hearts? The moonlight pierced through the thick foliage of the wood, and streamed into our faces, like invitations to a better life. But the crippled and bleeding could not see or feel it, buried in the shelves of the ambulance.

During the heat of action at Gaines' Mill I crossed Grape Vine Bridge, and remarked incidents scarcely less terrible. At every step of my progress I met wounded persons. A horseman rode past me, leaning over the pommel of his saddle, with blood streaming from his mouth, and hanging in gouts from his saturated beard. The day had been intensely hot, and black boys were besetting the wounded with buckets of cool lemonade. It was a common occurrence for the couples that carried the wounded in "stretchers" to stop on the way, purchase a glass of the beverage, and drink it with gory hands. Sometimes the blankets on the stretchers were closely folded, and then I knew that the man was dead. A little fellow who used his sword for a cane stopped me on the road and said: "See yer! This is the ball that just fell out o' my leg."

He handed me a lump of lead as big as my thumb, and pointed to a rent in his pantaloons, whence the drops rolled down his boots.

"I wouldn't part with that for suthin' handsome," he said: "it will be nice to hev to hum."

As I cantered away he shouted after me: "Be sure you spell my name right! It's Smith with an e—S-m-i-t-h-e."

In one place I met five drunken men escorting a wounded sergeant. This man had been shot in the jaw, and when he attempted to speak, the blood choked his articulation.

"You le' go, pardner!" said one of the staggering brutes—"he's not your sergeant. Go 'way."

"Now, sergeant!" said the other idiotically: "I'll see you all right,

sergeant! Come, Bill! fetch him over to the corn-crib, and we'll give him a drink."

Here the first speaker struck the second, and the sergeant in wrath knocked them both down. At this time the enemy's cannon were booming close at hand.

I came to an officer of rank, whose shoulder emblem I could not distinguish, riding upon a limping field-horse. Four men held him to his seat, and a fifth led the animal. The officer was evidently wounded, though he did not seem to be bleeding, and the dust of battle had settled upon his blanched, stiffening face like grave-mould upon a corpse. He was swaying in the saddle, and his hair—for he was bareheaded—shook across his eyeballs. He reminded me of the famous Cid, whose body was sent forth to scare the Saracens. A mile or more from Grape Vine Bridge, on a hill top, lay a frame farmhouse, with cherry-trees encircling it, and along the declivity were some cabins and corn-bins. The house was now a surgeon's headquarters, and the wounded lay in the yard and lane, under the shade, waiting their turns to be hacked and maimed. Some curious people were peeping through the windows at the operations. As processions of freshly wounded went by, the poor fellows, lying on their backs, looked mutely at me, and their great eyes smote my heart.

After the carnage of Fair Oaks I visited the field, and by the courtesy of the Irish American, General Meagher, was shown the relics of the battle. This engagement, it will be remembered, occurred in what is called the Chickahominy Swamp, and it was fought, mainly, in some thickets and fields along the York River Railroad. I visited first a cottage and some barns beside the track. The house was occupied by some thirty wounded Federals; they lay in their blankets upon the floors—pale, helpless, hollow-eyed—making low moans at every breath. Two or three were feverishly sleeping, and as the flies revelled upon their gashes, they stirred uneasily, and moved their hands to and fro. By the flatness of the covering over the extremities, I could see that several had only stumps of legs. They had lost the sweet enjoyment of walking afield, and were but fragments of men, to limp forever through a painful life. Such wrecks of power I never beheld. Broad, brawny, buoyant, a few hours ago, the nervous shock and the loss of blood attendant upon amputation had well nigh drained them to the last drop. Their faces were as white as the tidy ceiling; they were whining like babes; and only their rolling eyes distinguished them from mutilated corpses.

Some seemed quite broken in spirit; and one who would speak, observing my pitiful glances towards his severed thigh, drew up his

mouth and chin, and wept, as if, with the loss of comeliness, all his ambitions were frustrated. A few attendants were brushing off the insects with boughs of cedar, laving the sores, or administering cooling draughts. The second story of the dwelling was likewise occupied by the wounded; but in a corner clustered the terrified farmer and his family, vainly attempting to turn their eyes from the horrible spectacle. The farmer's wife had a baby at her breast, and its little blue eyes were straying over the room, half wonderingly, half delightedly. I thought with a shudder of babyhood thus surrounded, and how, in the long future, its first recollections of existence should be of booming guns and dying soldiers.

The cow-shed contained seven corpses, scarcely yet cold, lying upon their backs in a row, and fast losing all resemblance to man. The furthest removed seemed to be a diminutive boy; and I thought if he had a mother that she might some time like to speak with me. Beyond my record of the names of these, falsely spelled, perhaps, they would have no history. And people call such deaths glorious! Upon a pile of lumber and some heaps of fence rails close by, sat some dozen of wounded men, mainly Federals, with bandaged arms and faces, and torn clothing. There was one, shot in the foot, who howled at every effort to remove his boot; the blood leaked from a rent in the side, and at last the leather was cut piece-meal from the flesh. They ate voraciously, though in pain and fear, for a little soup and meat were being doled out to them.

The most touching of all these scenes was presented in the stable or barn on the premises, where a bare, dingy floor—the planks of which tilted and shook as one made his way over them—was strewn with suffering people. Just at the entrance sat a boy, totally blind, both eyes having been torn out by a Minié ball. He crouched against the gable in darkness and agony, tremulously fingering his knees. Near at hand sat another, who had been shot through the middle of the forehead, but, singular to relate, he still lived, though lunatic and evidently beyond hope. Death had drawn blue and yellow circles beneath his eyes, and he incomprehensibly wagged his head. Two men, perfectly naked, lay in the middle of the place, wounded in bowel and loins; and at a niche in the weather-boarding, where some pale light peeped in, four mutilated wretches were gaming with cards.

I was now led a little way down the railway to see the confederates. The rain began to fall at this time, and the poor fellows shut their eyes to avoid the pelting of the drops. There was no shelter for them within a mile, and the mud absolutely reached half-way up their bodies. Nearly one-third had suffered amputation above the knee.

There were about thirty at this spot; but owing to the destruction of the Chickahominy bridges, by reason of a freshet, they could not at present be removed to White House. Some of them were fine, athletic, vigorous fellows, and attention was called to one who had been married only three days before.

"Doctor," said one feebly, "I feel very cold. Do you think that this is death? It seems to be creeping to my heart. I have no feeling in my feet, and my thighs are benumbed."

A Federal soldier came along with a bucket of soup, and proceeded to fill the canteens and plates. He appeared to be a relative of Mark Tapley, and possessed much of that estimable person's jollity.

"Come, pardner," he said, "drink up yer soup. Now, old boy, this 'll warm ye; sock it down, and ye'll soon see yer sweetheart. You dead, Allybamy? Go way, now! You'll live a hundred years—you will, that's what yer'll do. Won't he, lad? What! Not any? Get out! You'll be slap on yer legs next week, and have another shot at me the week ar'ter that. You with the butternut trousers! Sa-ay! Wake up and take some o' this. Hillo, lad! pardner, wake up!"

He stirred him gently with his foot; he bent down to touch his face—a grimness came over his merriment; the man was stiff and dumb.

Colonel Baker, of the 88th New York, a tall, martial Irishman, took me into the woods where some of the slain still remained. We had proceeded but a very little way, when we came up to a trodden place beneath the pines, where a scalp lay in the leaves, and the imprint of a body was plainly visible. The bayonet scabbard lay on one side, the canteen at the other. We saw no corpses, however, as fatigue-parties had been interring the slain, and the woods were dotted with heaps of clay, where the dead slept below in oozy trenches. Quantities of cartridges were scattered here and there, dropped by the retreating confederates. Some of the cartridge pouches that I examined were completely filled, showing that the possessors had not fired a single round; others had but one cartridge missing. There were fragments of clothing, hair, blankets, murderous bowie and dirk knives, spurs, flasks, caps and plumes, dropped all the way through the thicket, and the trees on every side were riddled with balls.

I came upon a squirrel, unwittingly shot during the fight; not only those who make the war must feel the war! At one of the mounds the burying party had just completed their work, and the men were throwing the last clods upon the remains. They had dug pits of not more than two feet in depth, and dragged the bodies heedlessly to the edges, whence they were toppled down, and scantily covered with earth. Much of the interring had been done by night, and the flare

of lanterns upon the discolored faces and dead eyes must have been hideously effective. The grave-diggers, however, were practical personages, and had probably little care for dramatic effects. They leaned upon their spades when the rites were finished, and a large, repulsive looking person, who appeared to be privileged on all occasions, said, grinningly: "Colonel, your honor, them boys 'll never stand forninst the Irish brigade again. If they'd ha' known it was us, sir, begorra! they'd ha' brought coffins wid 'em."

"No, nivir! They got their ticket for soup! We kivered thim, fait, will inough!" shouted the other grave-diggers.

"Do ye belave, colonel," said the first speaker again, "that thim ribals 'll have us a chance to catch them? Be me sowl! I'm jist wishing to war-rum me hands wid rifle-practice."

The memorable retreat from the Chickahominy to the James, whereby McClellan saved the relic of his distressed and beaten army, was a series of horrors, which the limits of this article will not allow me to recapitulate. A sketch of the opening of the battle of White Oak will answer for the present. On the night of the 29th of June, 1862, I went to sleep on the brow of one of the hills forming the south bank of White Oak Creek. The Federal army had crossed over during the night, and the bridge and causeway through the swamp had been destroyed behind them. A crash and a stunning shock, as of a falling sphere, aroused me at nine o'clock—a shell had burst in front of my tent, and the confederate artillery was thundering from Casey's old hill beyond the swamp. As I hastily drew on my boots, for I had not otherwise undressed, I had opportunity to remark one of those unaccountable panics which develop among civilian soldiers.

The camps were plunged into disorder. As the shells dropped here and there among the tents and teams, the wildest and most fearful deeds were enacted. Here a caisson blew up, tearing the horses to pieces, and whirling a cannonneer among the clouds; there an ammunition wagon exploded, and the air seemed to be full of fragments of wood, iron, and flesh. A boy stood at one of the fires combing out his matted hair; suddenly, his head flew off, spattering the brains; and the shell, which I could not see, exploded in a piece of wood, mutilating the trees. The effect upon the people around me was instantaneous and appalling. Some that were partially dressed took to their heels, hugging a medley of clothing. The teamsters climbed into the saddles, and shouted to their nags, whipping them the while. If the heavy wheels hesitated to revolve, they left vehicles and horses to their fate, cut traces and harness, galloping away like madmen. In a twinkling, our camps were alive with fugitives, pushing, swearing,

falling and tumbling, while the fierce bolts fell monotonously among them, making havoc at every rod.

To join this flying, dying mass, was my first impulse; but after thought reminded me that it would be better to remain. I must not leave my horse, for I could not walk the whole long way to the James, and the swamp fever had so reduced me that I hardly cared to keep the little life remaining. I almost marvelled at my coolness, since in the fullness of strength and health I might have been the first of the fugitives; whereas, I now looked interestingly upon the exciting spectacle, and wished that it could be photographed. Before our artillery could be brought to play, the enemy, emboldened by success, pushed a column of infantry down the hill, to cross the creek, and engage us on our camping ground. For a time I believed that he would be successful; and in that event, confusion and ruin would have overtaken the Unionists. The gray and butternut lines appeared over the brow of the hill and wound at double quick through the narrow defile; they poured a volley into our camps when half-way down, and under cover of the smoke they dashed forward impetuously with a loud huzza. The artillery beyond them kept up a steady fire, raining shell, grape and canister over their heads, and ploughing the ground on our side into zigzag furrows, rending the trees, shattering the ambulances, tearing the tents to tatters, slaying the horses, butchering the men. Directly, a captain named Mott brought his battery to bear, but before he could open fire, a solid shot struck one of his twelve-pounders, breaking the trunnions and splintering the wheels. In like manner one of his caissons blew up, and I do not think that he was able to make any practice whatever. A division of infantry was now marched forward to engage the confederates at the creek-side, but two of the regiments turned bodily and could not be rallied.

The moment was full of significance, and I beheld these failures with breathless suspense. In five minutes the pursuers would gain the creek, and in ten drive our battalions like chaff before the wind.

I hurried to my horse, that I might be ready to escape; the shell and ball still made music around me. I buckled up my saddle with tremulous fingers, and put my foot upon the stirrup. But a cheer recalled me, and a great clapping of hands, as at some clever performance at the amphitheatre. I looked again. A battery had opened from our position across the road upon the confederate infantry, as they reached the very brink of the swamp. For a moment the bayonets tossed wildly, the immense column staggered like a drunken man, the flags rose and fell, and then the line moved back disorderly; the pass had been defended.

PRISON PENS OF DIXIE.



HERE is no blacker page in the world's history than that on which is recorded the atrocious cruelties practised upon the Union prisoners of war by the officials of the so-called Southern Military Prisons. We say this in full consideration of the fact that a lapse of twenty-five years has softened the hard realities to such an extent that some tender-hearted apologists fear to speak of the matter, save with bated breath, while others affect to believe that the horrors of the rebel dungeons never existed except in the distorted minds of the unfortunate captives. There have been not a few persons, otherwise apparently sane, who have asserted that all this talk about suffering, starvation and cruelty is not only untrue, but that it is merely a string of falsehoods, gotten up to create sympathy for the soldiers and to further political schemes.

Strange as it may seem, there are scores of such apologists in the North; but it is safe to say that every one of them *was in the North* all through the war, or else has been born since the struggle—unless, indeed, he be a foreign exotic or a member of the noble band who found Canada a convenient abiding place during the early sixties. We have interviewed scores of ex-prisoners, every one of whom has long since buried the hatchet and extended the olive branch of peace to his old enemies, and, without a single exception, the records and statements set forth in these pages have met with a complete endorsement.

We willingly grant that this black stain will forever mar the history of that country which is conceded to be highest in the world's civilization, although it would be fortunate indeed for all concerned if it could be blotted out and entirely obliterated. But this would not be just to the memory of the heroic thousands whose gallant deeds in the forefront of battle were eclipsed only by their heroic fortitude in the presence of untold tortures, compared to which the whistle of the bullet and the shriek of the shell were as the sweetest music.

In ancient times and among barbarous nations it was the custom to subject captives of war to gross indignities and tortures; but the laws of all civilized nations prescribe for the captives taken in honorable warfare treatment as humane and comforts as great as those enjoyed by the rank and file of the conquering army. To treat prisoners of

war, captured in open battle, with neglect and cruelty far greater than the most inhuman master could inflict upon the most worthless of his brutes, is a distinction which was reserved for the chivalrous and highly civilized rulers of the late Southern Confederacy. It has been claimed that southern leaders were not responsible for the horrible condition which existed in the southern military prisons; and it is a matter of fact that many of the worst atrocities were directly chargeable to the malignity of the brutal understrappers who had immediate charge of the prisoners—such as Winder, Turner, Wirz and others of that ilk. But, nevertheless, the ultimate responsibility rests, and must ever rest, upon the shoulders of those high in authority, who permitted these things to exist and continue—not one week or one month, but for *years*—without so much as entering a protest or raising a hand to stop the wholesale murders.

The utmost exercise of Christian charity will not prevent the friends and comrades of the slaughtered victims from cherishing the devout hope that when Gabriel sounds his trump on that Great Day, these monsters of cruelty will be incontinently hurled to the depths of the Bottomless Pit—a fate to which their deeds done in the body most justly entitle them.

It has been claimed, as an offset to the complaints of the Union prisoners, that the Federal government treated its confederate prisoners with equal severity. Fortunately for the good name of our common country the charge is false, as will be shown hereafter. And it is also claimed that the rebels were unable, from scarcity of provisions and fuel, to provide for the comfort of their captives, and that, therefore, they were *morally* blameless. This, also, has been proved to be false, or generally so, although all Christendom would be glad to know that it were true. Any unconscious or unintentional form of crime is less reprehensible than that which is knowingly or deliberately committed, but the established facts point to a deliberate design—not only on the part of the prison-keepers and their superiors—but the southern people as a whole. The idea seems almost too revolting to be entertained, but no other theory will cover the immensity and variety of that system of abuse to which our soldiers were subjected.

It is a well known fact that certain rooms in Libby Prison were packed with stores of edibles, while the prisoners were *actually starving within the walls*. The storehouses in and about Salisbury were overflowing with grain and provisions, while the Union captives, within a stone's throw, were hungrily gnawing at bones plucked from the miry filth; in many cases the captives were freezing by inches within full view of swamps and hillsides burdened with timber.

Again, one prison pen was like another—one hospital like another hospital. Andersonville was Belle Isle over again, five times enlarged and ten times intensified. A remote prison, at Tyler, Texas, sent out a report on a par with Libby and Salisbury.

It was the same story everywhere: prisoners of war treated worse than felons, shut up in suffocating buildings, or turned loose in outdoor enclosures without even the shelter that is provided for the beasts of the field; food insufficient to sustain life, and quality injurious; water supply impure, and even poisonous; compelled to live in such personal uncleanness as to generate vermin; compelled to sleep on floors often covered with human filth, or upon ground saturated with it; compelled to breath an air permeated with a foul and intolerable stench; hemmed in by a fatal "dead-line," and in constant danger of being shot by unrestrained and brutal guards; despondent, even to madness, idiocy and suicide; sick of diseases (so similar in character as to appear and spread like a plague) caused by the torrid sun, by the coarse or decaying food, by filth, by vermin, by malaria, and by cold; removed at the last moment, and by hundreds at a time, to hospitals as corrupt as charnel-houses, there with few remedies, little care, no sympathy, to die in wretchedness and despair—not only among strangers, but among enemies whose resentment and malignity were not softened by the utter squalor and destitution of the dying victims.

No supposition of negligence, or thoughtlessness, or indifference, or accident, or destitution, or necessity, or inefficiency can account for all this. The similarity of conditions at *all* the Southern Military Prisons *forbids the idea of accident or unfavorable location*. So many and such positive forms of abuse could never have come from merely *negative* causes.

* The conclusion is irresistible, therefore, that the sufferings and privations inflicted upon our soldiers were in pursuance of a plan of extermination and vengeance which was, at least in great measure, a matter of deliberate design.

TREATMENT OF REBEL PRISONERS IN FEDERAL PRISONS.

Figures are stubborn things, and the official records of the United States government show figures that must forever extinguish the idea that the rebel prisoners confined in the United States military prisons were treated with undue severity, or with disregard for the established laws of civilized warfare. Take Fort Delaware for example. The official records show that the daily rations received by each military prisoner at Fort Delaware, up to June 1st, 1864, was almost *three pounds*

of solid food, besides coffee, sugar, molasses and other luxuries. After June 1st, 1864, this was reduced to about thirty-four and a half ounces per day, which reduction was made, according to the report of Quartermaster-General Meigs (July 6th, 1864), "for the purpose of bringing it (the ration) nearer to what the rebel authorities profess to allow their soldiers, and no complaint has been heard of its insufficiency." This ration was issued all through the war, and was generally composed of bread (made of four parts flour and one part Indian meal), fresh meat or bacon, and vegetables according to season. The ration was practically the same at all the United States military prisons, including that at Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, of which so much complaint was made.

At the same identical time the Union prisoners at Libby, Salisbury, etc., were receiving a *maximum* ration averaging eighteen ounces of solid food, and this frequently dropped off to a *minimum* ration of *only five ounces*, of which four ounces was musty corn-bread, and one ounce was "salt-horse."

Take the matter of clothing and personal care. At Fort Delaware the prisoners, some eight to nine thousand, were kept in well built and ventilated barracks, and had free access to adjoining enclosures for air and exercise. There was abundance of water, so that any man might, if he chose, bathe every day. Each man had a commodious bunk to himself, the head properly elevated above the foot—in striking contrast to the confederate prisons, where the inmates slept on bare, flat floors, or on the earth, without so much as a wisp of straw between them and the ground.

Thirty thousand gallons of drinking water were brought daily from the sparkling Brandywine Creek across the channel. This was done to prevent the prisoners from drinking from shallow wells dug by themselves, and producing brackish water.

Each prisoner was inspected when received; if dirty, was washed, his clothes burned and new ones supplied; if sick, was sent to the spacious and airy hospital, placed in a clean bed, and given every attention.

Each man was furnished with blanket, overcoat, etc., if needed. Some idea of the amount of clothing furnished by the United States government may be gained from the official statement of the quartermaster, which shows that from September 1st, 1863, to May 1st, 1864, thirty-five thousand one hundred and eighty-four articles of clothing were issued to the prisoners (about eight thousand) at Fort Delaware. The chief items were: seven thousand one hundred and seventy-five pairs of drawers; six thousand two hundred and sixty flannel shirts; eight thousand eight hundred and seven pairs of woolen socks; four

thousand three hundred and seventy-eight woolen blankets, and two thousand six hundred and eighty great coats; the remainder being largely made up of boots, coats, jackets and trousers. Every prisoner who had not a blanket or overcoat of his own was provided with one, and all that were in want of clothing received it. Some thirteen hundred tons of coal were used each winter to keep the barracks warm and comfortable. As a natural result, the average condition of health among the prisoners was good, and the death rate very low, except during July, August, September, October and November, 1863, when small-pox and kindred diseases carried off several hundred victims. A majority of the prisoners had never been vaccinated; for vaccination appears to have been almost unknown among the poorer classes of the South, and the attempts of the prisoners to vaccinate each other only led to a variety of more serious disorders, from the bad quality of the virus employed. After this disease was conquered, the death rate steadily decreased, until, in May, 1864, *but sixty-two* died, out of *eight thousand one hundred and twenty-six* confined at the island, or *less than ten per cent. per year*. The entire year, including the small-pox epidemic, showed a death rate less than twenty-nine per cent., and this includes death from wounds and exposure occurring previous to capture.

Compare this with the average death rate at Belle Isle, of *one hundred and fourteen per cent. per year*; and the death rate at Andersonville, which cannot be accurately computed, but which was infinitely greater than that at Belle Isle.

By such contrast of mortality at United States stations and at rebel stations, argument and comment are struck dumb.

Referring again to the rations, we find it officially recorded that considerable quantities of surplus food were often found concealed beneath the bunks of the rebel prisoners at Fort Delaware and elsewhere. Imagine the possibility of a Union prisoner having any surplus to conceal!

Turning to the arbitrary rules governing the conduct of prisoners, we find that very few restraints were imposed, and those only such as were imperatively necessary for the preservation of order and cleanliness among such a numerous and motley crowd, which, of course, contained some men of gross and filthy habits.

Shooting was never resorted to, unless a rule was grossly and persistently violated. Even then the directions were to order the prisoner "three distinct times to halt;" and, if he "failed to halt, when so ordered, the sentinel must enforce his order by ball or bayonet." There were but five cases of shooting at Fort Delaware, under these instructions, and in each case they were in obedience to the instructions.

There was no rule to prevent prisoners from looking out of windows at any United States station, and the prisoners gladly availed themselves of the privilege. At other United States stations cases of shooting were of rare occurrence, and always the subject of strict official inquiry.

The hospital service at Fort Delaware was of the best character. The same regulations and diet-tables were used that were prescribed by the surgeon-general for use in the hospitals for United States soldiers. In every case of death, the body was removed to a neat graveyard on the opposite shore, and the Episcopal burial service was read over the grave.

The De Camp General Hospital, David's Island, New York, was on a par with that at Fort Delaware. Many of the prisoners arrived in horrible condition—ragged, barefooted, wounded, and covered with vermin; their clothing being removed and burned, they were washed, furnished with clean linen, and placed on clean and well aired beds, and full suits of clothes issued to them. They were allowed, during convalescence, the freedom of the whole island inside of a line of sentries. None of them were ever shot at; none were ever frost-bitten. Ice-water was furnished in profusion; soap, combs and towels were distributed for private use; and there was one trained nurse for every ten prisoners. A library of two thousand volumes was at their disposal.


Johnson's Island, Ohio, has been a special subject of misstatements. This island, of about three hundred acres area, is located in Sandusky Bay, close to Kelley's Island, which is a favorite place of summer resort. It is one of the most salubrious and delightful spots in the United States. True, it is cold in the winter, but the barracks were new, well built and well warmed, and there was not an instance of suffering from exposure except in the case of a few persons who attempted to escape. The stories of ill treatment and exposure are effectually exploded by the official figures, showing that in twenty-one months, out of an aggregate of six thousand four hundred and ten prisoners, there were *only one hundred and thirty-four deaths*. In the months of May and June, 1864, there were about two thousand three hundred prisoners; in May five died, and in June *only one*. Contrast that with the death rate the same months at Andersonville!

A similar beneficent state of affairs is revealed by an examination of the records of all the other United States stations and hospitals; and the public sentiment of the north, outraged though it was by the harrowing tales that came from her imprisoned heroes in the deadly southern prison pens, would never have permitted any other but this magnanimous and Christian course of "heaping coals of fire" upon our enemies' heads.

The reader cannot have failed to be struck by the contrast that has been and will be shown between the military stations for prisoners, north and south, Union and rebel. But the contrast must have been overwhelming when an exchange of prisoners was made—when the flag-of-truce boat landed within the rebel lines and the two systems confronted each other. On one side were hundreds of feeble, emaciated men, ragged, hungry, filthy, diseased and dying—wrecks from the southern slaughter pens; on the other side, an equal number of strong and hearty men, well clad in the army clothing of the government they had fought to destroy, having been humanely sheltered, fed, cleansed of dirt, cured of wounds and diseases, and now honorably returned in prime condition to fight that government again.

From this preamble, in which we have aimed to give a true idea of the treatment accorded rebel prisoners at the hand of the Federal government, we must turn with sadness to the portrayal of the sufferings of our own boys, as set forth in succeeding pages.

LIBBY PRISON.

NE of the most notorious of the rebel prison pens was Libby Prison, at Richmond, Va. It was located on the bank of a canal, overlooking the James river, and was almost in sight of the now historic Belle Isle. It was originally intended to be an officers' prison, but hordes of private soldiers and civilians also found lodgment there. Like most other southern military prisons, it was at first conducted with some attempt at decency, but later on it became the scene of heart rending tragedies.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING.

Three large brick buildings built in one solid row; three stories high on the front, and on the canal side the depression of the ground made an additional story of the basement. Two of the buildings were of even height, but the third one was slightly lower by reason of having less pitch to the roof. For some years prior to the war this building had been used as a warehouse by Messrs. Libby & Son, ship chandlers and grocers. The general appearance of the structure was rather dingy and weather beaten, but the interior, at the outset, was considerably brightened up by the use of whitewash.

On each floor the partitions between the buildings had been pierced with doorways. The rooms were about 100 feet long by forty feet broad. For the accommodation of special visitors a number of

dungeons were prepared in the basement—to which reference will be made later on. At first there was no special guard placed at the windows, but ere long each window case showed a grim grating, resembling the bars of a county jail. A perfectly correct idea of the exterior of Libby Prison and its surroundings will be obtained from the excellent premium engraving which accompanies this volume. It is the most faithful likeness of the old building now in existence, and will be highly prized by every possessor.

Some years ago a syndicate of capitalists purchased Libby Prison with the avowed intention of taking it down brick by brick and re-erecting it in its original form. This was done during 1889, and the structure now stands in Chicago, doing service as a military museum. But the new mortar used with the old bricks gives it a “patchy” appearance; and the newspaper reports of a freight wreck, which scattered a large proportion of the original fragments to the four winds, have thrown some doubt upon the truth of the claim that it was re-erected by the use of the same identical materials. Besides the environments of the old building were hardly less historic and interesting than the structure itself; so that the premium engraving above referred to will always remain the most satisfactory and lasting memento of the cruel tragedies that were enacted within the walls of the world-famed Libby Prison.

LIVING IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

Some idea of the over-crowded condition of Libby Prison may be gained from the fact that for many months *twelve hundred* United States officers of all grades from lieutenant to brigadier-general, were confined in *six* of the rooms heretofore mentioned—allowing a floor space of only ten feet by two for each man! Within this average space they were obliged to cook, eat, wash, sleep and take exercise. It was almost impossible to step without jostling against one’s neighbor. At one period it was contrary to the prison rules for the captives to use improvised stools or benches or even to fold their blankets for seats; those who would rest their feet were obliged to huddle on their haunches. But this severe restriction was removed later, and they were allowed to make chairs and stools for themselves out of the boxes and barrels that came from friends in the North.

It was among the rules that no one should approach within three feet of the windows, a rule which seems to have been general in all southern prisons of this character and which was rendered peculiarly severe by reason of the crowded condition of the rooms. With such a throng constantly moving in such a limited space, it was next to

impossible to observe the imaginary three-foot line. The manner in which this regulation was enforced was unjustifiably and wantonly

DEATH OF A PRISONER ESCAPING FROM LIBBY PRISON.



cruel. A prisoner would sometimes be jostled or accidentally pushed a few inches over the line, and instantly the sharp crack of a sentry's rifle would announce the entrance of another poor soul into eternity.

DEPRIVATIONS AND DISCOMFORTS.

The testimony of both officers and privates disclosed the fact that prisoners were almost invariably robbed of everything valuable, sometimes on the field, at the time of capture, and sometimes by the prison authorities, in a *quasi* official way, with a promise of return when paroled or exchanged, which promise was seldom or never fulfilled. This robbery often amounted to a stripping of the person of even necessary clothing. Blankets and overcoats were sure to be taken, besides other articles; sometimes damaged or wornout garments were given in their stead. Those prisoners who had blankets during their confinement usually received them from the Sanitary Commission, or traded various trinkets, etc., for them; none were supplied by the rebel government, except some refuse stock, often filled with vermin, to which the prisoners had access with the privilege of helping themselves.

In the earlier days of the occupancy of the building the discomforts were not unbearable. True, the restrictions were unnecessarily rigid, and the food poor, but the place was kept fairly clean. But as the war progressed matters grew worse, and a fearful condition developed. The prison was over-crowded, the commonest comforts were denied, guards grew more brutal, and a reign of terror was inaugurated. Not only were the captors more heartless and cruel, but the men themselves, cast down by their bitter fate, despairing of relief, steeped in filth, gradually sunk lower and lower in morals and lost all pride in their personal condition.

Personal cleanliness was out of the question. No adequate effort was made by the authorities to preserve a proper sanitary condition, and the interior of Libby prison became a place so horrible that even the pen of a Danté could not have described it. Overrun with vermin, crusted with filth, the starved, naked wretches would lie down at night on the slimy floor, wormed and dovetailed together like fish in a basket, and rise in the morning, hair and beard matted with expectorations and other filth of the day before. One tattered blanket, rotten with dirt and alive with lice, would frequently serve as the only cover for a dozen of the half-naked sufferers, whose only hour of quietude was the oblivion afforded by a bloodless brain and a plank pillow.

It is hard to say which was the worst season at Libby Prison—winter or summer. In cold weather the prisoners suffered intensely from cold. A large proportion of the window panes were broken, and while this was a blessing in summer it was quite the reverse in winter. The few little stoves, supplied with a few sticks of green wood,

had little effect on the chilling winter blasts which swept through the dismal old building in the winter of 1863-4. The men, being less than half clad, would huddle together for mutual warmth, but with little success. In the summer the lack of clothing was not such a hardship, for the men wore as little as possible, and their attire was generally limited to drawers and shirt, or even less. The atmosphere was hot and stifling. During the hottest weather some of the prisoners profited by a ladder leading to the roof of the building, by which the subordinates of the prison ascended for the purpose of raising and taking down the "rebel rag" which daily floated over Libby. When the men went up to this trap door the heated, vitiated air from below rushed through, corrupt and steam-like, so as to almost suffocate them. Yet that was the atmosphere in which hundreds were forced to exist for weeks and months together. Even this source of relief was soon cut off, for upon discovering that the prisoners were obtaining a little fresh air on the roof, after sunset, the cruel custodians ordered them down and declared that even the aperture for ventilation should be closed if any one dared to pass through it. Some desperate prisoner disobeyed the order, and the opening *was* closed for a fortnight in the midst of the most torrid weather.

The prisoners devised various methods of killing time. Those who were blessed with sufficient nonchalance or a naturally lymphatic temperament slept from twelve to sixteen hours a day. Those who could not thus render themselves oblivious to their surroundings improvised checker-boards on the floor, blackening the squares with charcoal. Dozens of such checker-boards could be seen on every floor. Games of all kinds that were available helped to kill the monotony, and some of the prisoners played pranks, romped and wrestled like a lot of school boys. Many employed their time in carving their names on the woodwork, or inscribing them on the bricks. Some whittled all day long.

The sanitary arrangements had nothing to recommend them save their utter simplicity. Water-closets were unknown, but sinks, something like horse-troughs, were on each floor, and were "free for all." The convenience of this arrangement was admirable, but its effect upon the senses were abominable. Each day a sturdy colored man would remove the accumulations, and shortly after another one would parade up and down through the quarters bearing a large iron pan containing burning pine knots, etc., for fumigation. This darkey was of a jocose turn of mind, and as he passed to and fro he would bawl out:

"Yer's yo' nice fraish smoke! fraish smoke! widout money and widout prise! step up, gin'lemen, get yo' nice fraish smoke!"

We have already spoken of the rule prohibiting the prisoners from approaching the windows. This rule was enforced by the armed guards surrounding the building, and ever on the alert for an opportunity to shoot a hated "Yank." They could be seen in attitudes of expectancy, with rifle cocked, watching the windows like a farmer's boy watches for muskrats. They were known to go many feet outside of their beats for the sake of getting a shot at a prisoner, whose shadow fell on the window while he himself was far within the dead-line. A soldier in the act of throwing some water out of a window, received a rebel bullet in his arm in return. An officer waving a salute to a departing comrade extended his hand past the line, and was instantly shot. A lieutenant was saved from death by a nail which turned the course of the bullet, and when the matter was reported to Major Turner, the officer in command, he flippantly replied, "The boys need practice." Another officer was standing fully eight feet inside of a window on the second floor. Only the top of his hat was visible to the guard, who left his beat, went out into the street, took deliberate aim and fired. By good fortune this cold-blooded action was seen, and a warning cry was uttered. The intended victim fell prone to the floor, and the bullet buried itself harmlessly in the beams above. The guard said, in explanation of his action, that he had made a bet that he would "kill a Yankee before dark," and no further notice was taken of the occurrence by the prison-keepers.

RATIONS.

The quality as well as the quantity of the rations was variable, and ranged from "bad to horribly bad." Some of the ex-prisoners declare that it was often tolerable, although scanty; but these were among the earliest arrivals. Part of the time the men did their own cooking, and were divided into mess-squads, each man taking his turn as cook. Corn bread, bacon, rice and occasionally beef, constituted the bill of fare. This was when Libby was at its best. In the later days, the daily ration was a loaf of bread as large as a man's fist, made of corn meal, or sometimes wheat flour, of a variable and uncertain quality, but always bad. It weighed perhaps eight ounces, and with it was given a piece of meat weighing two ounces; sometimes the meat was omitted entirely. Later on, the corn bread began to be of the roughest and coarsest description. Pieces of cob and husk were found ground in with the meal. The crust was so thick and hard that the loaves would have made excellent substitutes for grape shot. The prisoners could manage to eat the inside by grating it, but the iron-clad shell resisted all their efforts.

During these later days, meat was a luxury rarely seen, and then only in company with myriads of maggots. A few peas were served at intervals, but they too were inhabited, and when the boys attempted to make pea-soup, the worms or maggots would be dislodged and float cheerfully to the surface. This seems sickening, even at this late date, but in 1864-5 the boys at Libby Prison were not above skimming off the animals and diving into the soup with considerable, though perhaps subdued, enthusiasm.

But even these scanty rations were reduced more and more, until actual starvation stared the prisoners in the face. The rations, always insufficient, were now quite inadequate to support life. Those who were entirely depending upon the prison fare, who had no friends at the north to send them boxes of food, began to suffer the tortures of gradual starvation. Even the boxes from the north were delayed, robbed, or entirely withheld in many cases, so that they brought but little relief.

It is not surprising that hundreds of men, thus dying of starvation, lost their reason and were the prey of horrible fancies and hallucinations. Some would dream of the luxuries of home, and awaken from the vision of plenty only to feel that horrible gnawing and craving redoubled in intensity; some in their ravings cursed themselves because they had not eaten more when the opportunity existed; others did nothing but talk of good things to eat. So strong became this hunger and so blunted grew the moral faculties that many a man who was normally the soul of honor and honesty actually plotted and contrived to steal the dainties received by his more favored comrades.

At the very same time there were hundreds of boxes filled with food and dainties constantly coming in from the north which the prisoners never saw; and a squad of men, driven to desperation, one day tore up the prison floor and discovered in the room below a large quantity of most excellent provisions, upon which they surreptitiously feasted until the prison keepers discovered their good fortune and punished them severely for their presumption.

There is no suffering more agonizing than the slow and lingering pains of hunger, unless it be the pangs of absolute death by starvation. It is a matter of small wonder that these famine-stricken, disease-infected, hunted and hounded captives lost their reasoning faculties and became as wild beasts!

DUNGEONS AND CELLS OF LIBBY.

It must not be supposed that the worst has been told of the atrocities practised upon Union prisoners by the authorities of Libby Prison.

Down beneath the building, in the moist, malarious earth, were dungeons and cells, vile, fetid places, dark and noisome, the abode of rats and creeping things of every description. Into these cells, green and slimy, prisoners of every degree were thrust, upon the slightest real or fancied provocation. These dungeons were never warmed and at times were so crowded that the inmates were compelled to stand day and night for lack of room to lie down. A Pennsylvania officer who was confined in this "Black Hole" for five weeks emerged therefrom a pallid skeleton, his beard so covered with mould that one could pluck a double handful from it. Imagine the spectacle!

EATING REFUSE FROM SPITTOONS, ETC.

We are informed by men who have lived through an imprisonment in these noisome, reeking dungeons, that they suffered terribly from cold. They ate their scanty daily ration the moment it was received, and during the rest of the twenty-four hours were compelled to fast, except when fortunate enough to catch rats, which were greedily devoured. In their intense hunger the prisoners would often eat water-melon rinds and other refuse plucked from spittoons and other places even more vile.

But this inhumanity was not confined to the living; it extended even to the disposal of the dead. Bodies were placed in the cellar to which the dogs and hogs of the street had access. Frequently they were devoured or mutilated by the rats which were afterward caught and eaten by the surviving prisoners.

NUMBER OF PRISONERS CONFINED—DEATHS.

The number of prisoners confined in Libby Prison at any one time was never very large, but this was owing solely to the fact that its capacity was limited. "Standing room only" would have been an appropriate sign to display at the door at almost any time. Large numbers of prisoners were confined there temporarily and transferred to the worse holes further south. The total number of unwilling guests must have reached far up into the thousands.

Notwithstanding the discomforts and deprivations of the prisoners, and the almost total lack of hospital service, the death rate, although large, never approached that of many of the other prison pens, notably Belle Isle, Millen and Andersonville. But hundreds of brave men died there in abject squalor and wretchedness; hundreds died after their release, from the effect of rebel brutality, while a few yet survive, living witnesses to the martyrdom which well nigh wrecked their tortured bodies.

THE CROWNING ACT OF INFAMY.

At the time Kilpatrick made his nearly successful raid on Richmond the city was thrown into a panic by his approach, and the prison officials deliberately prepared a most expeditious way of closing the career of their prisoners. It was somewhat more merciful than starvation, because it substituted instantaneous death for an endless agony of dying, but it was none the less revolting and horrible.

The prisoners had received an intimation of what was coming, and their spirits—always ready to respond to the faintest breath of hope—grew stronger. Richard Turner took care to darken the rosy prospect and redouble the anxiety of his captives by informing them that “should Kilpatrick succeed in entering Richmond, it would not help them, for the prison authorities would immediately blow up the prison with all its inmates.” A rebel lieutenant was heard to say that the two hundred pounds of powder in the cellar would be sufficient to “blow every Yankee to hell.” Turner, himself, in answer to the direct inquiry whether the prison was mined, said to a Federal colonel, “yes; and I would have blown every one of you to Hades before I would have allowed you to be rescued.” Even Bishop Johns, when asked whether it was a Christian mode of warfare to blow up defenseless prisoners, made the curious and evasive reply: “I suppose the authorities are satisfied on that point, though I do not mean to justify it.”

The idea is so monstrously shocking that the mind hesitates to grasp it or believe it. Some claim that it was only a menace to deter any further attempt to take Richmond by a raid. The *truth* can only be surmised, as the occasion did not arise. And yet, the evidence, coming direct by rebel admissions, had all the air of diabolical sincerity. A remark of Turner's gives a decided tone of probability to the fiendish design. He said: “Suppose Kilpatrick had got in here, *what would my life have been worth after you all got loose?*” This was his argument and his justification in a nutshell.

Be the story true or false, the subsequent actions of the confederate government did not detract from its probability, and most people believe that, had Kilpatrick reached Richmond, his troopers, bounding over the fortifications, eagerly intent upon rescuing their comrades, would have been greeted with the spectacle of three great brick buildings lifted bodily in the air and let down with one stupendous crash upon the mangled and bleeding forms of hundreds of helpless men!

BELLE ISLE.

BELLE ISLE! The very name sends a thrill of horror through thousands of hearts. Those who suppose that Libby Prison witnessed all the horrors of southern captivity must learn that a still lower depth of suffering is yet to be exposed.

Belle Isle is a small island in the James river, which, as viewed from a little distance, has enough pretensions to beauty to justify its name. A portion of the island consists of a bluff covered with trees; but the part used as a prison pen was low, sandy and barren, without a tree to protect it from the rays of a burning Southern sun. At the present day there is but little trace remaining of the old prison enclosure; the ground is nearly covered with piles of cinders, etc., from the Tredegar Iron Works near by.

The Belle Isle prison pen was an enclosure of some four or five acres, surrounded by an earthwork several feet high, with a ditch on either side. On the edge of the outer ditch guards were stationed all around the enclosure at intervals of forty feet. The interior of the enclosure had some resemblance at a distance to an encampment, a number of Sibley tents being set in regular rows. Close inspection revealed the fact that the tents were old, rotten and torn, and at best could have sheltered only a very small percentage of the prisoners.

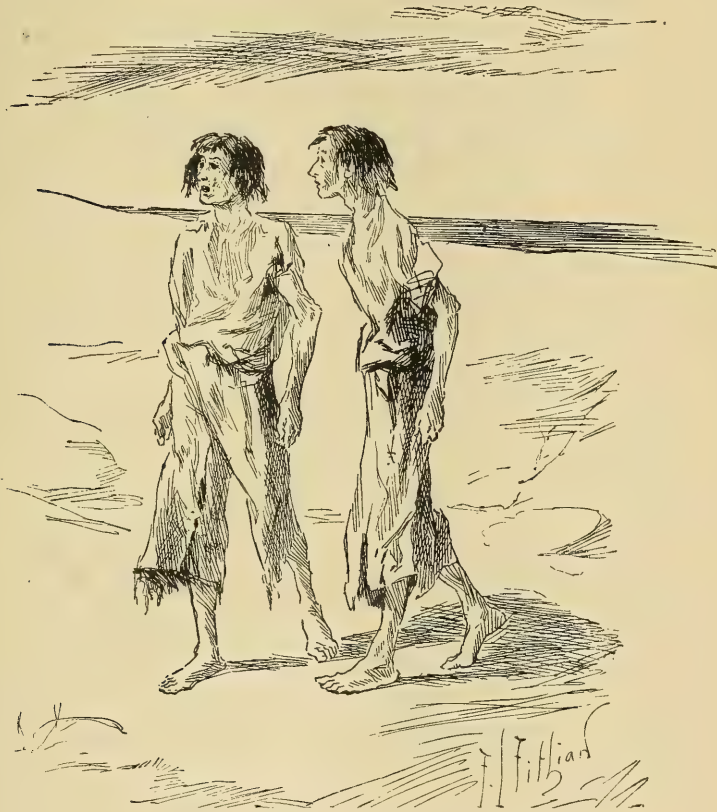
Within these low mud walls were huddled from twelve to fourteen thousand men at one time; not housed up in walls nor buried in dungeons, but simply turned into the field like so many animals to find shelter when and how they might. So crowded were they that if each man had lain down on the ground, occupying the generous allotment for a "hospitable grave," say seven feet by two, the whole area of the enclosure would have been covered.

Some indeed found shelter in the tents, but even these were wet with the rain and almost frozen by the chill blasts of winter. Thousands upon thousands had no shelter of any kind, not even a blanket. No effort was made to supply even the crudest materials for erecting huts or barracks, although the surrounding forests were full of timber that would have been a grateful boon to the suffering captives.

Here thousands lay all summer, autumn and winter with naught but the sky for a covering and sand for a bed. When the hot glare of the summer sun fell upon the oozing morasses of the James, covering its stagnant pools with green slime, the prisoners prayed in vain for some shelter from the sickening heat or at least the privilege of cooling their fevered bodies in the stream beyond. But no! they were

forced to broil and bake under the tropical rays of mid-day. Some of them burrowed in the sand; others scooped out a shallow ditch long enough and wide enough to receive their bodies, and, covering it with brush, made a temporary refuge. When the rain descended they were forced to abandon even this haven of rest.

And what can we say of the food? It was worse than that at Libby Prison and less of it. No man ever fed his swine on such



GUNNYBAG UNIFORMS FROM BELLE ISLE.

swill. A fragment of corn bread, perhaps half a pound, containing cob, husk and all; meat, often tainted, very mule-like, and only a mouthful at that; a tablespoonful of rotten beans; soup thin and briny, and very often worms floating on top. Not all these luxuries at once—only one at a time, and that in quantity insufficient to support a child of four years.

But so desperate was their hunger that the prisoners were actually like ravenous beasts and disposed of these dainties almost the instant

they were issued. They would even fight over scraps of rotten meat and steal from one another without any hesitation whatever. One ex-prisoner, who is now a highly reputable business man of Philadelphia, informs the writer that he once stole a mouthful of "salt horse" from a fellow prisoner who was unguardedly carrying the precious morsel in his open hand. His hunger completely strangled his morality and even his humanity.

There were numerous other indications of the desperate famine to which these poor men were subjected. They were glad to get the refuse bread which was occasionally thrown to them by the guards. They gnawed greedily at the very bones which had been thrown away, sometimes breaking them up and endeavoring to make soup from them. Rats were caught and greedily devoured.

One day a dog, belonging to one of the officers in charge of the prison, was indiscreet enough to make a short cut across the enclosure instead of accompanying his master by the regular route around the outside of the fence. Unhappy canine! His master whistled and shouted, but the dog ran in among the tents, and disappeared forever from mortal view. The men set upon him, killed him, tore him into fragments, and devoured him! A speedy search was at once instituted but not even a bone or hair was ever recovered. This incident is fully vouched for by eye-witnesses who participated in the act.

Most of the prisoners sold all their clothing and personal belongings to buy food. Many a man during the warmer months thus reduced his wardrobe down to a single garment. One man informs the writer that in October and November of 1862 his sole covering was a knit woolen shirt, tattered and torn but weighing over four pounds from the accretions of filth and grease. During the day it covered a considerable portion of his body; but at night he was obliged to gather it up around his neck and ears when he lay down on his bed of moist and clammy sand.

As the weary months dragged on, hunger told its inevitable tale on all. Diarrhœa, scurvy, low malarial fevers and lung diseases set in. The poor captives became weak and emaciated. Many could not walk; when they attempted it, giddiness and blindness came on and they fell in their tracks.

To add to all this misery there came the unavoidable consequences of being herded and crowded together. Lice were in all quarters. The bodies of the prisoners were encrusted with dirt and vermin. They were sore from lying in the sand and some were "lice eaten" to such an extent that hardly a healthy patch of skin was visible.

The regulations as to bathing were so strict that only a few captives

per day could enjoy the blessed privilege. It was almost literally true, that they were allowed to wash themselves "only once in six months."

The sinks were placed on the outer edge of the enclosure, and so prevalent were bowel diseases that it was no uncommon sight to see a hundred men in line waiting for their turn at the sinks. The men were denied the privileges of the sink after dark; hence, in the morning the ground was saturated with the most disgusting filth.

In order to secure an independent water supply the prisoners would dig wells within the enclosure—a square hole five feet deep was all-sufficient. On one side a few steps led down to the miry pool, which was thatched over with brush. The water was vile at best; but after a rain, when the wells had received the surface water from the enclosure, they were worse than any sewer.

Some of the prisoners became so hardened that they could scrape the scum from the surface and drink the fetid water beneath.

The hospital tent on the island was always full of the sick. So insufficient in size was it that patients sometimes died while awaiting their turn for admission, while others were discharged while still in the pangs of mortal illness. The coverings were old dirty quilts; the straw beds were shockingly offensive from the discharges of wounds and secretions of the body. The tent had no floor, and the sick and dying were laid on straw, with logs, old shoes, etc., for pillows. That any of them lived through such treatment is almost past belief.

To add to the general misery, the men lost all sense of right and wrong. Petty stealing and sneak thieving were the order of the day. If one man laid his knife or fork down for one instant out of his sight, he had no assurance that he would ever see it again. The tainted morsels of "salt horse" had to be guarded like so many precious jewels. Even the nauseating pea soup, maggots and all, had to be dispatched at once, or it was likely to be appropriated by some more active comrade in suffering.

It was a piteous sight to see the poor, haggard, tottering, vermin-infested wretches, crawling into their sand holes at night. Many of them slept the sleep of death under their brush covering, and were discovered only when the processes of nature proclaimed their presence.

As cold weather came on the prisoners burnt all the brush in the enclosure, and in the course of time it was almost impossible to find so much as a twig.

Words can hardly express the destitution that existed. Even the ghastly pictures here shown of the emaciated forms of returned prisoners give but a slight idea of the bony, tottering skeletons produced by

the hardships of Belle Isle, and yet they are true copies of photographs taken from life.

It is equally impossible to give a correct idea of the tattered clothing displayed by the men who were released from this foul place. Two members of a New Jersey regiment who were exchanged in November, 1862, had but one rotten shirt apiece—and these were alive with vermin and reached little below the waist. Before leaving the pen they managed to secure some old torn gunny bags, which they made into a semblance of breeches. No thread, no needle! Scissors they hardly needed, for the rotten stuff was quite readily torn into a sort of pants pattern. With ravelings from the fabric and a pointed stick for a needle, they tied the bagging together until it would cover their nakedness, and thus they started homeward. Out the prison gates, through the capital of the confederacy they went, the sharp November wind striking chill after chill through their emaciated forms.

Hatless, shoeless, coatless, they held their frail drapery around them until at Annapolis they were once more upon loyal soil, and strange to say, they yet live to tell the story and appear as living witnesses to the most inhuman acts that ever blotted the pages of history.

INCIDENTS RELATED BY A SURVIVING EX-PRISONER.

Charles F. Currie, of Camden, N. J., formerly a member of Company H, Fourth New Jersey Volunteers was confined at Belle Isle for many weary months. We are indebted to comrade Currie for the following very interesting reminiscences, which we give as nearly as possible, *verbatim*:

Tobacco was a luxury greatly craved and almost impossible to get. The possessor of a whole plug, or even a smaller portion, had to guard it as his life.

We were sitting one day near the boundary of the enclosure watching our guards pacing to and fro. One of these guards drew from his pocket a long plug of tobacco, cut off a portion and restored the plug to his pocket. The sight of a whole plug of tobacco was more than exciting—it was maddening; and I plucked up courage as the guard drew near to me to exclaim.

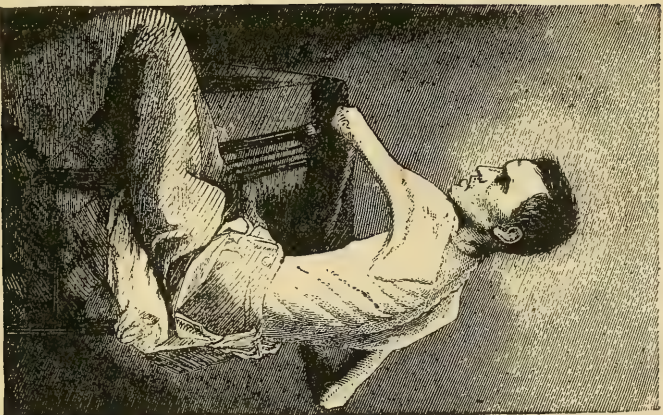
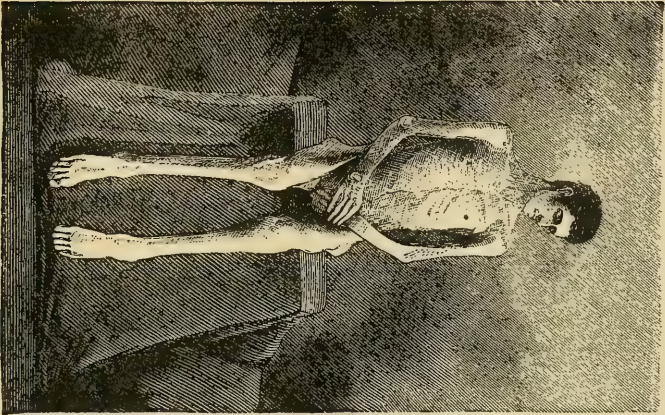
“Lord, I wish some one would give me a chew of tobacco!”

The guard halted.

“Who’s that wants er chaw?” he said.

I wasn’t long in telling him who it was, and to my intense delight he produced the precious plug, cut it in two in the middle, came to me and handed me one-half and then resumed his beat.

My companions did not belong to my mess—in fact were almost



VICTIMS OF SOUTHERN CRUELTY.
(Photographed from Life.)

strangers to me; and I knew that my only hope of preserving the treasure lay in flight. I ran like a deer until I reached our own quarters and sought refuge with my own messmates. Then we divided the plug.

We chewed until the tobacco would no longer hold together in our mouths, and then carefully removing the "remains," we laid them tenderly on chips to dry in the sun for future reference. But not for one instant did we dare take our eyes from the "cuds," for even a second-hand "chaw" was a tempting morsel, and had we relaxed our vigilance for a moment some covetous fellow prisoner would have relieved us of our treasure.

There was a little drummer boy in our tent, a frail, delicate little fellow, whose wan and pitiful appearance seemed to soften the hearts of our custodians, and the little fellow was allowed some privileges that were denied to the rest of us. Just outside of the guard rail, and near the middle of the island, was our cook house, and near by was the store-house for bread. The latter had a slat bottom and was set upon posts about two feet high; the crumbs and scales from the loaves sifted through to the ground. The officer in charge would sometimes allow this little drummer boy to go over to the bread house and gather up the crumbs. He had no basket, or other vessel to carry them in, so he would pull his shirt up above the waistband of his trousers and stuff the "slack" full of crumbs, and then come over to our tent and empty them on the ground so that we could all feast upon them.

This little fellow, I have forgotten his name, was very cute, and when the officer was not looking he would reach up and gouge a large piece out of a loaf and hurriedly hide it in among the crumbs. Living upon crumbs has been considered very light diet ever since the days of Lazarus, but I can distinctly remember the time when a shirt full of crumbs looked as tempting to me as a ten-course dinner would now-a-days.

Sometimes men who were crazed by fever and suffering would attempt to escape. One of the men of my regiment, Robert Love, of Company G, was one of these. He made a desperate rush and succeeded in passing both lines of guards, and threw himself into the James, striking out for the opposite shore. Of course the alarm was given at once, and in a few minutes the shore was lined with guards, each shooting at the bold man who was swimming across the stream. There must have been at least a hundred guards, each one firing as fast as he could load, but strange to say, not a shot reached the mark. By the time poor Love, thoroughly exhausted, reached the opposite

shore, there were plenty of "rebs" there to meet him. The poor fellow was brought back, put in irons, and died shortly afterward.

During McClellan's retreat from the Peninsula he left thousands of small arms of all kinds on the battlefield. These were gathered up and many of them were sent over to Belle Isle with a view to having them cleaned and scoured up by the Union prisoners. The authorities offered an extra loaf of bread each day to any prisoner who would engage in this work. This was a great temptation, under the circumstances, but so far as I know only one yielded to the seductive offer, and he only worked one day. As soon as he came into camp that night one side of his head was shaved and he was given a sound thrashing by his disgusted comrades.

One of the "characters" on the island was "Abe" Tice, of my company. Abe was one of the stalwart kind, and a better soldier never shouldered a musket. But he didn't like the "Johnnies" for a cent. One day he and I had been out to the sink, and when returning, about half-way between the sink and the guard-rail, we encountered a little, dried up specimen of a rebel soldier. Abe stopped short, looked around at the fellow for a few seconds, and then, in a tone of infinite contempt and disgust, exclaimed:

"Are *you* one of those blasted pusillanimous little whipper-snappers that claimed you could whip any six Yankees?"

Notwithstanding, the fellow was on his own ground and clothed with authority, he was actually frightened, and hardly knew what to say.

Finally he managed to reply:

"I reckon I is, sah."

"You *is*, is you? Why, blast your little insignificant soul, if they will turn me loose among fifty such as you, I will whip the whole business, single-handed, and never get out of my tracks!" shouted Abe, while the little soldier turned white with fear and rage.

It was lucky for Abe that the fellow was off duty and unarmed, or he would have certainly got a bullet through him for his impudence. As it was we got into camp without any trouble, and never heard anything more about the circumstance.

The death roll was something fearful. Almost every morning there would be four or five poor fellows found dead in their holes or tents. Just as soon as a death was made known there would be a grand rush over to the guard rail in front of the commander's quarters, and a hundred or more men would be begging for the privilege of going out to help bury the corpse; for, on such occasions, each man detailed for that duty received an extra ration of bread.

SALISBURY PRISON.



THE prison at Salisbury, N. C., was for some time quite a palace as compared to other pens, but ere long it degenerated into one of the worst. Most of the captives were privates, although some commissioned officers were also confined there. The prison proper was a large brick structure about forty by one hundred feet, and four stories high. It was erected for a cotton factory. In addition to this were six tenement houses adjoining, and a number of buildings were erected from time to time to be used as hospitals. The buildings would hold about five hundred men without crowding.

ACCOMMODATIONS AND RATIONS.

The prison yard covered some four acres, and it was surrounded by a high board fence. A few tents were set up in the yard, but when the number of prisoners increased to thousands there was not shelter enough for one-half of them. Thousands were exposed to the weather day and night throughout the winter, and in a majority of cases the men possessed neither overcoat nor blanket, not even a blouse or a pair of shoes. In this condition of semi-nudity the poor fellows burrowed in the earth, crept under buildings or worried through the chill December nights in the open air, lying unsheltered upon the muddy, frozen, or snowy ground. To see these brave sufferers, coatless, hatless and shoeless, shivering around the yard, was a sight piteous beyond description.

The rations were about on a par with those hitherto described—perhaps even more scanty. The men were organized into divisions of one thousand each, and the divisions were subdivided into squads of one hundred. It was of daily occurrence that one or more divisions were kept without a mouthful of food for twenty-four hours, and in some cases as long as forty-eight hours.

The prisoners sold every scrap of their personal belongings, often down to the shirts on their backs, to obtain money to buy bread, and it took from five to twenty dollars of confederate money to buy one small loaf. At this very time the commissary warehouse in Salisbury was packed to the roof with corn and pork, and this starvation of the prisoners was a deliberate and willful piece of cruelty on the part of Major John H. Gee, the post-commandant. When a subordinate, who knew of the plenty which existed, asked Gee for permission to give the prisoners full rations, this chivalrous product of southern civilization replied, "No, ——— them, give them quarter rations!"

THE HOSPITALS AT SALISBURY.

To call the filthy pens where the sick prisoners were confined "hospitals," is a strange perversion of the English language. A better term would be "slaughter-houses"—and in fact that was the term



HOSPITAL AT SALISBURY.

applied to them by the inmates of Salisbury prison. Long, low structures, averaging twenty-five by seventy feet, some of brick and others of logs, they were unattractive without and unspeakably horrible within. The sick and dying prisoners lay in rows on the rough floors;

no beds nor bedding—often not so much as a wisp of straw. There they lay, huddled upon the filthy, cold and naked floor—rows of ghastly, staring faces—skeletons in rags! To see that spectacle once was to see it forever. The wasted forms, the sad, pleading eyes of those sufferers, the sob of sorrow, the wail of despair, the awful hack! hack! hack!—such scenes and sounds can never be forgotten.

The sick prisoners were foul with dirt and vermin. No brushes nor brooms were provided to clean the floors and walls, and even had these implements been available, there was not sufficient water for the purpose, and no soap at all. The nurses could not even procure water enough to wash the hands and faces of these sick and dying men, and there they lay in the filth that proceeded from their own bodies. The air in these enclosures was stifling, and one would have thought that this alone would be sufficient to poison all sources of life within. It was pestilential.

The last scene was the dead wagon, with its ghastly load of stiffening corpses piled in like cord-wood—the arms and legs swaying with the motion of the cart, the pitiful white faces staring with dropped jaw and stony eyes—rattling along to the trenches outside, where its precious burden was dumped and hastily covered over with a few inches of dirt.

Suffering everywhere! not a face relaxing into a smile; every eye dull with despondency; every cheek sunken with want; every lip trembling with unuttered pain. From every tent and hut, from every hole in the ground, came forth gaunt and ghastly men perishing by inches, naked, hungry, ravenous, wild with pain and suffering.

No artist in words or color could paint a picture so dark as that presented by actual scenes in this terrestrial Tophet.

DECEMBER AT SALISBURY.

Imagine a raw December day. The air is sharp and penetrating; the ground is half covered with slush and snow, and a chilly rain is falling. Of the nine thousand poor wretches within the prison walls, less than one-half can find shelter in the buildings, tents and mud huts; the rest are striving as they may to escape the biting blasts this dreary afternoon. Hundred are shoeless, with no clothing save a light blouse or shirt, with, perhaps, a pair of thin cotton trousers—never strong, and now tattered and torn.

Starved and hollow-eyed creatures everywhere! They huddle over a fire of green and smoky wood in a crowded tent—the very atmosphere is suffocating. They cling shivering to the outside chimneys of the squalid hospitals, hoping to extract a little warmth from the half-heated bricks. They curl themselves up in their narrow caves,

while the burning pine fills their eyes with acrid smoke without warming their benumbed bodies. They stand with pallid cheek and wistful eyes, begging for admission even into those "slaughter pens" where their sick companions are lying in dirt, distress, and despair.

The ration is issued. A famished man rolls his portion of corn bread into one tiny mass and swallows it whole. Others are fishing about in even the filthiest places for stray morsels of food. Perchance a lucky one finds a bone—he eagerly snatches it and greedily gnaws at it, while his companions look wishfully on.

Night comes, but with it no relief. The darkness shadows the misery, but intensifies it. The men lie down wherever the chance affords, huddling together for mutual warmth. A dozen of them fill a trench. At sunrise *some* of them rise and resume their weary tramp; some are frozen stiff.

THE MASSACRE AT SALISBURY.

One cold November day the crisis came. A handful of men resolved to break from their captivity or perish in the attempt. Without deliberation or concert of action, acting solely upon momentary impulse, a portion of the prisoners made a desperate, ill-advised and futile effort to escape from bondage. Forty-eight hours they had been without food, even the scanty prison fare having been denied them. They were weak and faint, but desperation gave them superhuman strength.

"We may as well perish by the swift bullet of the guard as by the systematic starvation of the authorities," they said.

A rebel relief of sixteen men entered the prison yard at noon. These desperate prisoners, armed with clubs, sprang upon them. The rebel soldiers, surprised by the onset, were quickly disarmed. One guard resisted, but a quick bayonet thrust let out his life blood. Another raised his musket, but before he could pull the trigger his brains splattered the fence behind him. The rest rushed back to their camp outside and gave the alarm.

The prisoners rushed *en masse* to one part of the enclosure, hoping to make a breach in the walls. Axes they had none—not even a pick or crowbar. The clubbed muskets were insufficient; not a man escaped from the yard. Had they divided their forces into small squads, *some* might have escaped in the confusion of the guards. As it was they were massed in one spot, and in less than three minutes from the outbreak every musket in the garrison was turned upon them, and two field pieces were hurling grape and canister into the struggling throng. The prisoners ran like sheep for cover. Not a man was freed, but seventy lay stretched upon the ground—not one of whom, in all probability, had anything to do with the first *émeute*. The insurrection was over.

After this occurrence cold blooded murders were frequent. Guards would deliberately shoot and kill prisoners at will, without the slightest rebuke or restraint from the authorities. The negro prisoners were the chief objects of this murderous practice, but black and white alike suffered. The excuse and opportunity for wholesale slaughter was too good to be neglected.

PLANS FOR ESCAPE.

Many and various were the plans for escape. The tunnel was the favorite method, and it is likely that the number of tunnels projected, begun, and finished would run well up into the hundreds. A very few proved successful; the great majority not only failed, but their discovery brought additional woe to the projectors.

The trouble with tunnel construction was something like that connected with making railroads—first, to secure the *right of way* and after that to obtain proper *terminal facilities*.

It was not only inconvenient but embarrassing to spend weeks in digging a tunnel with a case knife and an old hinge, working day and night, only to open out inside the prison walls, or in some other place within the range of the guards' muskets. It seemed that the fates were against this means of escape. One ex-prisoner, who spent nearly two years in southern prisons, quaintly says:

"Tunnels were my thought by day and my dream by night for more than twenty months. I was always a stockholder in some tunnel contemplated, begun or completed. I helped to plan tunnels, watched over them; crept into them and out of them; but, alas! never crept *through* one. Freedom was associated in my mind with a tunnel. I fancied Adam must have crawled into paradise through a tunnel.

"But any tunnel in which I was interested was sure to be exposed, or too long deferred, or to cave in the very moment it was ready to be tapped.

"Any guard whom we had gotten into a proper condition to take our money, and give us our freedom, was certain to be detailed, or fall sick or die, or get drunk, just when we needed him.

"Any night on which we required complete darkness, was certain to be decked out with at least a thousand additional stars and an extra flood of moonlight."

No doubt this was the universal experience, but the efforts were never relaxed. If the construction of tunnels failed to liberate the men, it at least furnished wholesome food for thought, and buoyed up their spirits with that hope which alone sustained the life of many a captive.

ANDERSONVILLE.

IT is no doubt true that many of the prisoners who were rescued from Andersonville prison were deterred from relating their experiences there by the fear that almost any one not personally acquainted with the facts would be inclined to doubt the accuracy of the statements. More than one civilian has listened to the pitiful tale of a returned prisoner, and afterward remarked, "Well, no doubt it was a rather tough place, but that fellow was probably stretching it a little." And this in all sincerity; for we doubt if any man who never *saw* Andersonville ever had a full realization of its horrors.

At Andersonville prison the rebel atrocities reached their height. It was located in the very heart of the confederacy, and sprung into existence during the later days of the war, at a time when hatred and vengeance held full possession of the southern heart. All of the southern prisons gradually grew worse as the war progressed, but it is doubtful if any of the others ever reached the depths of horror which made the very name of Andersonville a synonym for everything frightful and inhuman.

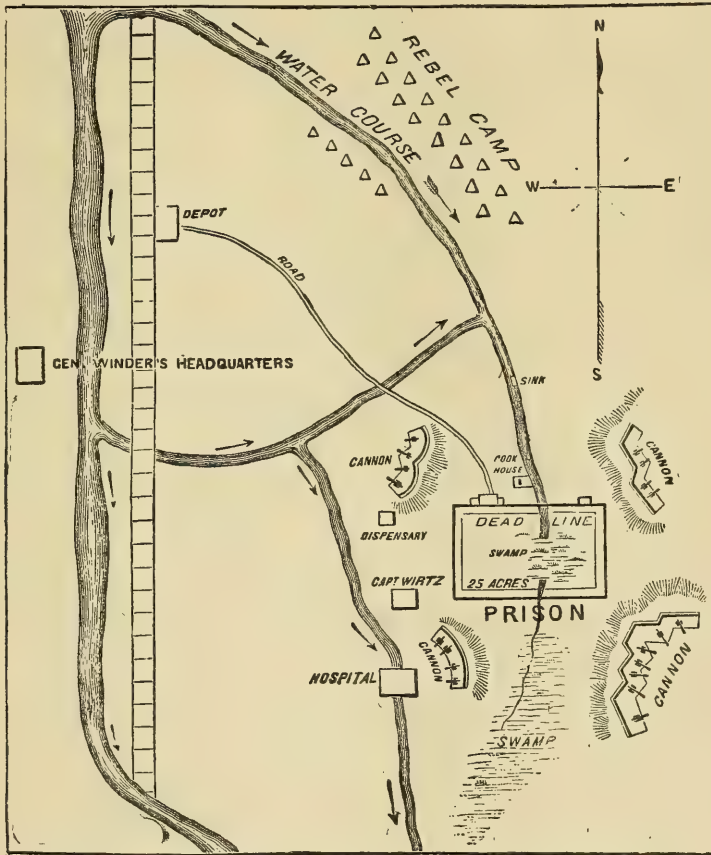
LOCATION AND SURROUNDINGS.

Sixty-one miles southwest of Macon, Georgia, on the Georgia Central Railroad, is the little town of Andersonville, having now a population of about 500 souls. The village lies about fifty miles east of the Alabama state line, and is in Sumter county. For miles around, in Sumter county, as well as in the adjoining counties of Schley, Macon and Dooly, the country is thinly settled, and is about evenly divided between swamps and rolling plains, thickly covered with oak and pine forests. The general aspect is unattractive. Twenty-five years ago the land was practically valueless, and the forests regarded as worthless, for millions of feet of excellent timber were burned up for mere purpose of clearing the land. This circumstance serves to show how easy it would have been for the rebels to provide shelter for our suffering boys, who would gladly have cut and hauled the timber for that purpose had the opportunity been granted.

The prison pen was located about a mile southeast of the railroad station. It was formed by a stockade made of pine logs averaging sixteen feet in length, of which four feet were under ground, making the height of the stockade about twelve feet. After a few of the prisoners had succeeded in tunnelling out of the enclosure, a second

stockade was constructed a short distance outside of the first one, after which it was next to impossible to escape by means of a tunnel. Sentinels by day and watch-fires by night, supplemented by dozens of savage bloodhounds, rendered this double stockade entirely effective.

On the side hills commanding the enclosure, and within three hundred yards, were fortifications mounting twenty-four twelve pound Napoleon Parrott guns. These were no doubt intended to "blow the



MAP OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON PEN.

Yanks to kingdom come" in case of a general insurrection. Although never used, they did not add anything to the general cheerfulness of the situation.

Some uncertainty exists as to the area occupied by this prison pen; but the best judges agree that it contained, after its enlargement, about twenty-five acres, of which five acres were swampy and not occupied.

A sluggish stream, in a semi-artificial channel, proceeding from a neighboring swamp, traversed the enclosure and the morass within it. The water was warm and mucky, and in addition to its natural uncleanness it received all the filth from the rebel camp without the enclosure. Grease and offal from the cook-house, and vile matter from the sinks, lay upon the surface of the stream. The prisoners could plainly see the rebel soldiers washing their filthy clothing in the water which later came down to them to drink ! All the water used for cooking or washing had to come from this filthy stream. The only alternative was to resort to the shallow wells which the men scooped out along the margins of the swamps, and which shortly yielded water quite as impure as that of the stream itself.

The soil within the enclosure was hard red clay with a light covering of sand—this, of course, outside of the swamp, which was mucky and filled with all sorts of *debris* from the camp.

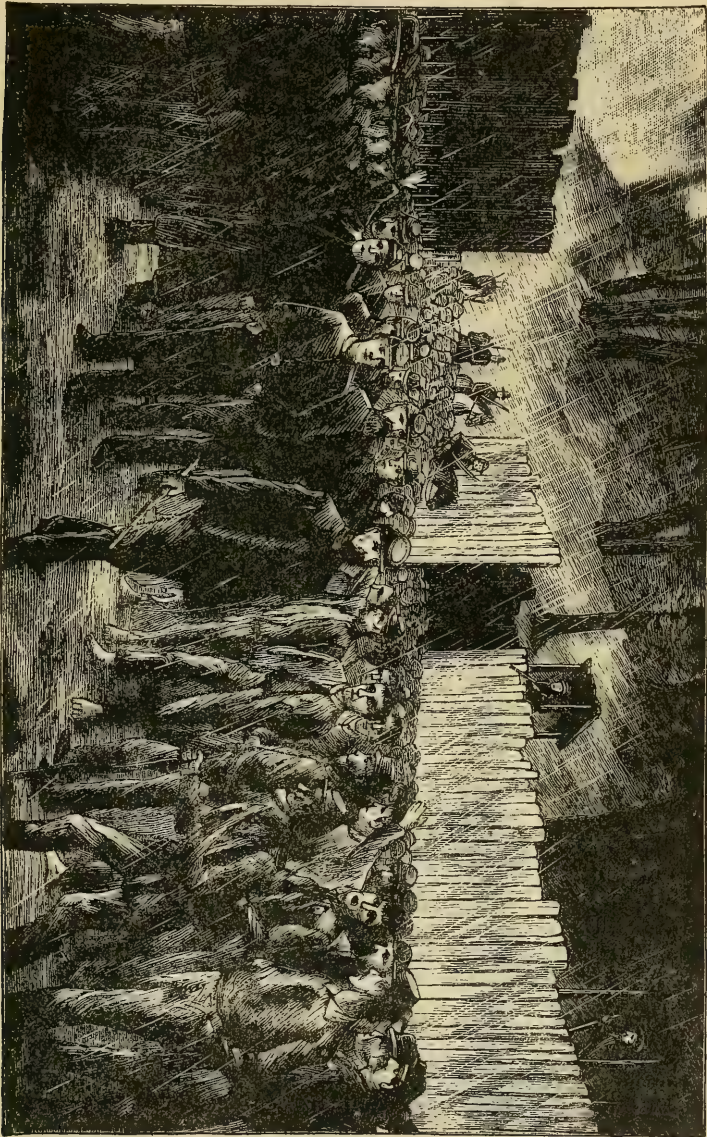
A PICTURE OF DESOLATION.

The new-comers, on being driven into the enclosure, would look around them with ill-concealed symptoms of extreme horror. Around them on all sides, towered the unyielding wall of pine logs, all communication with the outside world being effectually shut off. Drove of starved creatures jostling each other about—hardly standing room for all ; some were naked, and all were covered with vermin and dirt ; hungry, haggard and hopeless beings everywhere. On top of the pine-log barrier were numberless guards, pacing to and fro, rifle in hand, ever on the alert to detect the slightest violation of the stringent prison rules, thereby securing the privilege of “ putting a bullet through a Yank.”

During the hot season, which embraces most of the year in Southern Georgia, the men were totally without shelter save what their ingenuity and enterprise could devise. The rebels, with characteristic forethought and kindness, had cut down every shade tree in the enclosure. There was hardly so much as a leaf to protect the prisoners from the burning sun, which beat down into the faces and upon the heads of the suffering captives with a torrid intensity that was alone almost enough to destroy life. When the sun was not blazing down from the brassy southern sky, the rain was usually falling in torrents, drenching one and all to the skin. Some of the first inmates were lucky enough to secure a semblance of shelter, but the great majority had absolutely none. A few days, or even hours, of rain produced mud everywhere. In the rainy season the prisoners were forced to lie and sleep in it, like so many hogs in a “ wallow.” The new arrivals

would anxiously inquire for the tents or sheds only to be informed "*there are none.*" The owner of a pine log large enough to serve as a

NEW ARRIVALS AT ANDERSONVILLE.



seat was a sort of nabob among his fellows. During the time when the enclosure was most crowded such a treasure was jealously guarded by its possessor, or generously loaned about among his friends.

About thirty feet inside the stockade was a light railing, set on posts two feet in height. This was the "dead line," and no prisoner was permitted to so much as extend a finger past this barrier. If any prisoner, either ignorantly or intentionally, transgressed this rule, instant death followed, for the guards, pacing along the top of the stockade, ten yards distant, were ever ready with cocked rifle. Many a poor man who knew not the terrible meaning of this insignificant fence, met his death without a moment's warning; and not a few there were who deliberately threw themselves outside, and welcomed the guard's bullet as a happy release from horrors they could no longer endure.

The stream of water which flowed—or rather *crept*—through the enclosure became so horribly impure that a thick scum formed upon it, the hot sun breeding disgusting life, so that the surface of the water moved as though stirred by a gentle breeze. New arrivals, beholding this, and being informed that it constituted their water supply, would look about them and exclaim: "Is this hell?" Yet they would soon become callous, and enter unmoved the horrible rottenness. Knowing that the water was somewhat less impure at the upper end of the enclosure, where the stream entered, the poor wretches would crowd along the dead line at that point, striving to secure a water supply less contaminated. Here it was that many met their fate struggling and striving for a purer draught, they would often stretch out their hands beyond the fatal line, and speedy death was their reward. A member of a New York regiment relates a story of such an occurrence, which fairly makes one's blood run cold:

"I went one day to the upper part of the enclosure to try and get a tin can full of water. I really could not drink that which was to be had down by the swamp, and that coming from the wells was worse yet; for it had rained hard for two days, and the wells were nothing but cess-pools. On arriving there I found that quite a number were ahead of me, and so I waited for a chance to get in without crowding. While waiting, my attention was drawn to one of the guards who was watching the little knot of men as carefully and eagerly as a cat watches a rat hole. He had his rifle at full cock, ready to fire at an instant's notice. I was rather new to Andersonville at that time, and could hardly believe that he really intended to shoot, but while I still watched him, and before I could shout a warning, he detected one of our men in the act of reaching *under the dead line fence*, in his wild effort to secure a draught of pure water. Like a flash he drove a bullet through his victim's brain, and another poor soul was released from rebel torture. The rest stood petrified with horror; some shed tears some



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A Brutal Murder at Andersonville.

rent the air with great oaths; the dead body lay prone on the muddy ground, and a dark rivulet of blood moved slowly toward the putrid stream. Even the guard, monster though he was, turned his face from the scene. As for myself, I almost envied the dead creature lying before me, but my uppermost feeling was a desire to live and *some day* meet that rebel demon face to face and upon equal terms."

The "dead-line" bullet spared no offender. One poor fellow, just from Sherman's army—his name was Roberts—was trying to wash his face near the "dead-line" railing, when he slipped on the clayey bottom, and fell with his head just outside the fatal border. A warning cry arose, but it was too late—"another guard would have a furlough," the men said. It was a common belief among our men, arising from statements made by the guard, that General Winder, in command, issued an order that any one of the guards who should shoot a Yankee outside of the "dead-line" should have a month's furlough, but this may not have been strictly true.

RATIONS.

It would be hard to give any accurate description of the stuff that was furnished for food. Most of the time a pint of corn-meal, or a chunk of corn-bread was about the extent of the daily ration. Occasionally it was rice, and for quite a while it was beans. It goes without saying that the quality was poor. A small piece of pork or beef was sometimes included, but it was rarely eatable. The stuff was about half cooked, as a rule, and its condition throughout was filthy in the extreme. All sorts of living and crawling things infested the rations, and if it had not been such a serious matter it would certainly have been a funny sight to see the boys turning over their rice or beans with sticks, and scrutinizing each particle with so much success that the whole ration was often condemned as utterly worthless. Corn husk, feathers, pods and sand were the cleanest adulterants found, and these were not much objected to; but creeping worms, "thousand-leggers," droppings from hen roosts, and such things, certainly did steal one's appetite away, even at Andersonville.

As a substitute for meat, sorghum syrup or molasses was served for a time. Had it been of a good or even ordinary quality it would have been more acceptable than the meat; but it was rancid and otherwise damaged, and not only did not *nourish*, but actually produced serious bowel disorders. Salt was a precious commodity, and one which the confederacy supplied only in homœopathic doses.

Judging from the appearance of the rations, they were stored in old sheds and barns, where the rats, mice, cats and dogs had free access,

and the usual mode of serving them—dumping them upon the ground—did not add to their palatability. The quantity and quality of the rations were neatly summed up by one prisoner who said: “We didn’t get anything and what we did get was worse than nothing at all!”

SUFFERING AND DEATH.

If no other cause of mortality than an impure water supply had existed, that alone would have been almost enough to explain the frightful death rate. But combined with this were other causes—exposure to unwonted heat, exposure to the rain and frost, unfit food, and that horrible anxiety and dread which hung like a pall over everybody and everything. The only wonder is that there were any survivors at all.

We have already described the filthy stream which constituted the nominal water supply. This was supplemented by numerous shallow wells which the men dug along its margin and which at first yielded water of a somewhat better quality. A few deeper wells were dug on higher ground, but even these became contaminated. When it is understood that there was absolutely no arrangement made for sewerage, and that each acre had a population of over one thousand men, some idea may be had of the filth that covered the ground and saturated it. The shallow wells on the low lands became the natural catch basins, and their condition after a heavy rain may be better imagined than described.

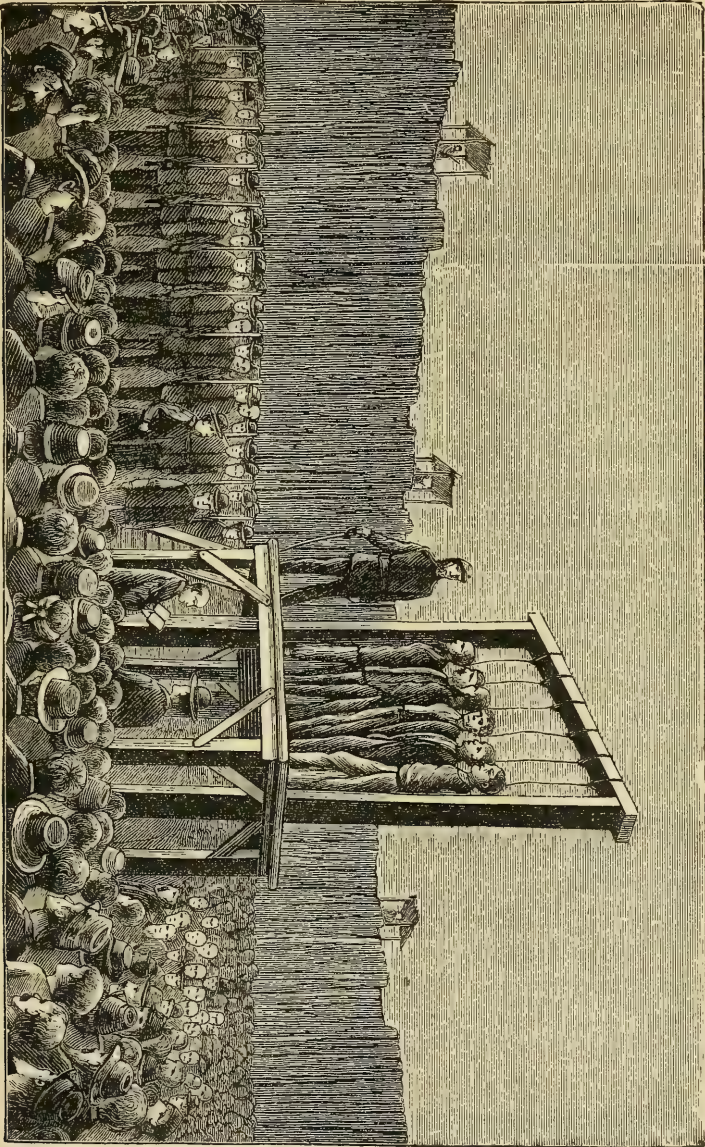
The morass, or swamp, became the repository for most of this excremental matter, and the atmosphere in its vicinity was simply stifling. Under the August sun the entire swamp was a mass of creeping, crawling, wriggling life! Out of this putrid, pestilential mass came forth maggots and other vermin, which spread throughout the enclosure. Hardly a square foot of ground was free from the creeping pests. Those prisoners who were able fought them desperately, but the sick and dying suffered tortures—the foul things literally devouring them alive. To see these weak and helpless wretches—foul with mud and filth, writhing in agony; maggots, worms and lice crawling and creeping even from mouth, eyes and ears, was something well calculated to turn the brain and paralyze the soul of the most stone-hearted observer.

Scurvy with running ulcers, gangrene, bloody diarrhoea—few escaped some of these ailments. A simple change of diet would have checked most cases of scurvy, but the authorities never made a move in that direction. Pure water in abundance could have been brought from the river less than a mile away, but not a drop came. It seems almost impossible to believe these things, but no historical fact is better

authenticated, and living witnesses still bear witness to these statements and their complete accuracy.

Suicides were not uncommon. One man deliberately walked across

EXECUTION OF THE SIX DESPERADOES.



the dead line, folded his arms, and called upon the guard to shoot. The guard took deliberate aim and fired, but the cap failed to explode. The suicide stood immovable as a statue, and the bystanders watched

horror-stricken while the guard adjusted a fresh cap and shot the half-crazed victim dead. Such incidents were of common occurrence, averaging two or more each day.

The most pitiable objects were those men who had no friends or particular associates in the prison. When a number kept together there could be, at times, some semblance of cheerfulness; but not so with the unfortunates who had to bear their griefs alone. The men who had quarters in the vicinity of the swamp suffered sooner and more intensely than those on the uplands; and many a one crawled on hands and knees up on the hillside to die. But even this poor boon was sometimes grudgingly given, and the poor, dying wretches ordered to "move on" by the occupants of the more favorable quarters.

The hospital service was of little or no value. Not only were the accommodations utterly inadequate, but the diet was little if any better in the hospital than in the camp, and men who are starving cannot be helped by drugs. The rate of mortality was something appalling, the number of deaths averaging from 150 to 175 daily. The total number of deaths has never been accurately given, but it is known that the bodies of 14,000 unknown and nameless Union heroes lie to-day in and around this accursed spot.

The dead-house was always overcrowded. Eye witnesses state that over 150 bodies were sometimes lying there awaiting burial, some of them appearing in such condition that it seemed they would fall to pieces.

Some men died in lingering agony, and others passed away instantly as though their spirits had suddenly given up the unequal struggle and had gladly parted from the pain-racked bodies. Many died from simple and actual *starvation*, their stomachs being unable longer to digest the food. For a man to find on awakening in the morning that the comrade by his side was cold in death was an occurrence too common to be noted.

The clothing of the prisoners was miserable in the extreme. Very few had coats or pants, more than one-half were indecently exposed, and many were *naked*. The mental condition of the men was something terrible—in many cases a sort of melancholy, beginning in despondency and ending in despair or a kind of stolid and idiotic indifference. Many spent their time in arousing and encouraging their fellows, but hundreds lay motionless or stalked vacantly to and fro, quite beyond any aid that could be given them within prison walls.

The evidence bearing upon the horrors of Andersonville does not rest alone upon the testimony of northern men. One Dr. Bates, of

Georgia, who was employed for a time as a physician in the Andersonville hospital, bore witness to the truth of all these allegations when he said, under oath: "Many of the men were lying partially naked, dirty and lousy in the sand; others were crowded together in small tents, the latter unserviceable at best. Knowing that it was against orders to take anything to the men, I was obliged to slip anything I took to them very slyly into my pockets. They often asked me for a pinch of salt, or for siftings of meal that they might make a little bread. They have even asked me for a *bone*! I found persons lying dead among the living, and thinking that they merely slept, I have tried to wake them up and found that they were taking their everlasting sleep," etc. This refers only to the hospital, which was somewhat better than the stockaded enclosure. But when such testimony comes under oath from a confederate officer, why longer question the unanimous testimony of our own boys?

EXECUTION OF THE THIEVES.

As might be expected, the personal and moral character of the prisoners at Andersonville presented every possible phase. The great majority, of course, were men of average education, refinement and morality, but there were some of the lowest grade also. While a large majority of the soldiers of the Union army entered the service with no incentive save that of high patriotism, a certain proportion, mostly from the large cities and of foreign birth, were actuated solely by a desire to rob, plunder and destroy. It was only natural that this class, under the condition which existed at the southern prisons, lost all regard for morality and decency, had no fellow-feeling for their fellow captives, and strove for their own comfort and convenience at the expense of anybody and everybody. The old saying, "birds of a feather flock together," was fully exemplified in this case. The lawless element withdrew from the better class and established a sort of headquarters in one corner of the enclosure, where they were banded together to pillage and despoil all who came in their way. This was before the enlargement of the enclosure, and at a time when the inmates numbered something over 14,000.

This lawless band became so bold, and their operations were so successful, that they actually became the terror of the place, and anarchy of the worst type seemed sure to be added to the other horrors of the prison pen. But from among the other element arose a strong leader, an Illinois soldier by the name of Key, who organized a band of "Regulators," with the avowed purpose of stamping out this new enemy which threatened to prove the worst of all.

Following the perpetration of some specially outrageous assaults, during which at least one man was beaten to death by the robber gang, the regulators began their work, and soon had some seventy prisoners in the hands of the prison guard, who had agreed to hold them in confinement until their trial. A search of the rendezvous of the thieves brought to light a large amount of plunder, consisting of watches, money and other valuables, all of which were duly seized by the rebels. At last, a jury of twelve men was selected and after a fair and impartial trial six of the ringleaders were adjudged guilty of robbery and murder and sentenced to die upon the scaffold. Many others were sentenced to "run the gauntlet," and not a few of them were terribly punished by the enraged men. The six were hanged on a gallows erected for that purpose, on the 11th day of July, 1864, in the presence of their assembled comrades and a prison guard. It was indeed a sad and strange sight, but it was a necessity that could not be averted nor delayed. The effect was salutary, and put an end to the operations of the desperate gang.

Bad as these men were, and well deserved as was their fate, we can hardly wonder at their desperation and their utter moral obliquity. Apparently deserted by both God and man, all hope dead within them, death, in most horrible forms, staring them in the face—can we wonder that they lost all semblance of humanity?

NUMBER OF MEN IMPRISONED—DEATHS.

The original size of the prison enclosure was seventeen acres, and the largest number of men confined in that space was about fifteen thousand. The enclosure was enlarged in July, 1864, to about twenty-five acres. The greatest number of prisoners confined in this enlarged enclosure was about 30,000. The exact number of prisoners confined and the exact number of deaths will probably never be known; but it is safe to say that more than half of the prisoners who were driven into the enclosure never left it alive, and thousands more died after their release.

ESCAPE FROM COLUMBIA PRISON.



THE asylum and grounds were surrounded by a brick wall ten feet high, the whole forming an oblong enclosure. Through the middle of this enclosure was erected a high board fence, and around the whole of the part in which we were confined, says Lieutenant S. G. Boone, on the outside and within about three feet of the top of the fence, was a platform, upon which the

slow measured tread of the dreaded sentinel could be heard day and night. The part in which we were confined was the one farthest from the main building, and contained several outbuildings supposed to have been used for patients afflicted with contagious diseases, or perhaps for extreme cases of insanity. The largest of these was in use as a hospital for our sick officers. Lieutenant George W. Grant was at the time acting as nurse to our sick, and had good prospects of an early exchange with the next batch of sick officers soon to be sent North. Late in the evening of February 14, 1865, we received orders from the rebel authorities to be in readiness to move at five A. M. next day—no one knew where.

Soon after the order had been issued a small party, among them Lieutenant Grant, determined to effect their escape, if possible, by concealing themselves in the building and remaining until Sherman's lines should be extended beyond the city; for, judging by the news contained in the daily papers which were smuggled into the stockade by negroes who brought in our scanty supply of food and fuel, Sherman's army was not far distant, although the citizens were time and again assured that the available force at hand would crush or annihilate Sherman long before reaching Columbia. Lieutenant Grant let me into the secret and informed me of his intention of remaining with the sick. I took his place, and thirteen of us during the night secreted ourselves under the roof above the second story. Overhead, next to the roof, were old fashioned joists, and boards were nailed down upon these without leaving even a trap-door anywhere overhead. Yankee ingenuity was not long in devising a way of getting up under that roof, and this, too, without ever being detected by our custodians.

With an ordinary table knife, the back of which was filed into a saw, the ends of two boards were sawed off close to the joint in one corner of the room overhead in the second story, and on the side of the joist nearest the wall. Unprepared to endure a long and close confinement, but resolved that fate might do its worst, we hastily gathered a few morsels of food together, and thirteen of us, long before daylight on the 15th day of February, 1865, crept into our hiding place and carefully replaced the boards. I had no personal acquaintance with any of these further than knowing one by name; and a further acquaintance by sight was almost impossible, as it was too dark to recognize one another; in fact, it appeared as if all were strangers. Another hole was sawed through the front of the building from the inside on the second story at the head of the steps, and ten more secreted themselves between the roof and ceiling of the old time porch. This made twenty-three who were hid away in this one build-

ing, not one of whom was recaptured or killed while escaping over the walls at night. I knew nothing of the hiding place of the ten just mentioned until I had crept into my own, but after my release I noticed the large square hole at the head of the steps into which was nicely fitted the same boards, or wainscoting, that had been removed.

Not a ray of blessed sunlight nor a breath of fresh air ever reached us in this living tomb, which was shrouded in an almost impenetrable gloom, and where feelings of hope and despair alternated for nearly three days and two nights.

We took into our dungeon two wooden buckets, one empty and the other containing water. The house had a pitched roof, and we found it so low that we were obliged to crawl around on our hands and knees at the highest point. The duration of our confinement was very uncertain, but, notwithstanding our uncertain future, with fortitude and determination we not only survived this semi-starvation period, but regained the precious boon of liberty besides.

Morning came, and with it the long roll, when our fellow prisoners were marched into the street outside the stockade, where the roll was called and men in line counted; but the count did not tally with the names answered to as per roll call, although each of us who were hid away inside the stockade had a friend in ranks who answered to our names as they were called. This, however, was a Yankee trick that did not succeed. The officials soon discovered that a number were *non est*, and at once instituted search. Various methods of escape were resorted to, and the guards who were sent back into the inclosure succeeded in finding three who had dug a hole in the ground and lowered themselves into it while their friends covered them over, leaving a small opening for air. When they were found I overheard a conversation between what appeared to be a citizen and one of the guards, which ran like this:

"Hello John, what are ye huntin' thar?"

"Rabbits—got three!"

I afterwards learned that three officers were found and unearthed from their subterranean hiding place. Fifteen more were found in an unfinished tunnel, through which we had intended, in the near future, to make another great escape like that of Libby on the 9th of February, 1864. From my place of concealment I heard the rebel guards give a last notice of warning that if there were any more in the tunnel they should come out, as they intended to fire into the hole. A dull heavy report, and for a time all was quiet. Presently we heard the crackling of fire and flame, and knew the building in which the tunnel had its opening was on fire. With another frame building between ours and

the one on fire, and the second floor of the one in which we were concealed filled half way to the ceiling with inflammable matter, such as bedsteads made of rough pine boards, bedding, etc., the whole nearly covered with straw, our situation can be better imagined than described. The roof over us, from eaves to apex, was made of close fitting boards nailed down on the rafters, and shingles on top of these, so that there was no earthly hope of escape if the building caught fire; but providentially we were saved from cremation.

The enemy, in their hunt for hiding "Yanks," came up stairs in our building, searching every nook and corner, turning the old bedsteads upside down, thrusting their bayonets into straw, hay, and everything else under which there was a possibility of a "Yank" getting his body. While this was going on we were in constant dread that the building might be fired under us, or that they might shoot through the ceiling out of a spirit of devilry or destructiveness rather than with the intention of killing. I found a small crevice in the boards, over which I placed one eye to watch their movements, and it so happened that one of the guards stopped immediately under me, looked around overhead, listened, and wondered (addressing himself to his companions who were in the next room) if there could be any "Yanks" hiding overhead; and looked him square in the eye whilst our faces were scarcely four feet apart, in fact I could almost feel his heated breath, but strange to say I was not discovered.

Since then I have oftentimes thought that, after all, he may have seen my eye through the crack, and being alone and perhaps superstitiously inclined, he thought of hobgoblins, etc., and, seeing no way in which a human being could get up there, precipitately fled the building. We were not again troubled by searching "rebs."

In these few moments of terrible suspense, knowing that as I did that a full breath would betray us, I nearly smothered. After all became quiet, and while the column of prisoners was moving in the direction of the depot, I found a weak spot in the roof, and with an old case-knife that I had in my haversack succeeded in cutting a very small hole in the roof, through which I could see our troops, or prisoners, after they had been loaded on cars at the depot. As the train was moving off in the direction of Charlotte, N. C., with its precious load of human freight, I heard the first faint sound of cannon far down the river. This gave us fresh courage, and all day long, at intervals, the reports continued. During the first night one or two of our number ventured out to reconnoitre the situation, but returned with the information that about half the usual number of guards were still on duty around the enclosure. The guard knew that we were hid

away somewhere in the stockade and had determined that we should not get away from them. The next morning, the 16th, we heard cannonading which appeared to be quite near us, and by evening we felt confident that Sherman was near the city and ready to invest it. Another night of shivering and shaking in the cold dark loft followed. During this night the ten in the porch roof and all save four of our party climbed in the darkness over the wall surrounding the grounds and made their escape, although fired at by the weakened guard still on duty. We could hear horses neighing, mules braying, dogs barking, chickens cackling, and could hear the voices of men, women and crying children, in fact the whole animal creation seemed disturbed, all of which we took as a sure indication that the city was being evacuated.

On the following morning, the 17th, Sherman's troops were opposite the city, and shot and shell fell in close proximity to our building. This was another cause of alarm to us. We also heard musketry, which seemed to come nearer until toward noon, when suddenly all firing ceased and we heard great cheering which we took as an indication of victory for the enemy. We were again ready to give up in despair, although this was really "the darkest hour before the dawn of day." Chills and fever still clung to me, and I was unable to stand exertion or fatigue, or I should have taken my chances with the rest in passing the guards by night. Stowed away, as we were, in the dead of winter, without fire, and very little food, was wretchedness and misery that human nature could scarcely endure. I still had a small piece of insipid corn "pone," about two inches square, left over from the second day of our confinement, and took it out of my haversack with the intention of eating it; but owing to my illness I was not as ravenously hungry as if I had been in better health, and with a strong resolution denied myself this morsel, and replaced it for a time when I should be nearer the verge of starvation. The four of us who were still left, among our number Captain William M. Fish, of the Seventy-third New York, gathered around the hole and were deliberating upon what course to pursue during the coming night; we had just decided to remain until night, then follow Sherman's army, which we thought had been repulsed, when suddenly we heard loud voices. Heavy footsteps hurriedly ascended the stairs beneath us, and came directly into the room underneath the hole around which we were sitting overhead; in an instant the pieces of boards covering the hole flew past our faces against the roof. I was the nearest the opening and was not quick enough to get back out of sight. I was the first discovered, and acted as spokesman for our terribly frightened group of four. At first we all thought we were again in the hands of the enemy. There were

quite a number in the room below, and the look of the soldier who so unceremoniously broke into our "private apartment" was void of sympathy for another's distress. With a saucy air he ordered, "Come down!" I recognized a seedy looking individual whose attire corresponded with my own, with a smile on his countenance, leaning against the side of the room below, as one who had been up in the loft with us, but who had made his escape over the walls of the stockade during the previous night, and my first impression was that he had been recaptured by the party who ordered us to come down and betrayed us; but happily such was not the case. Although the soldier who ordered us out of our hiding place was in blue uniform, I was in doubt as to whether he was rebel or Union, for I could not yet realize that we were within our own lines. My first words to him were, "Well, tell me, are you a confederate or Union soldier?" but I was on my guard should he attempt to shoot up at us. Up to this time he had been playing the part of a rebel soldier, but his countenance immediately changed, and a pleasant smile took the place of the feigned frown, and he answered: "Come down, you're all right! Why we're Billy's boys, (meaning William T. Sherman's), come down, (beckoning) you're all right!"

With one glad bound of joy we fairly sprang from our gloomy abode of misery and suffering—from captivity to freedom and liberty, and alighted among our friends to breathe the pure air of heaven under the protection of the glorious Stars and Stripes.

The seedy individual spoken of—I feel very sorry that I have been so ungrateful as to forget his name—after his escape over the stockade wall at night, was cared for by loyal citizens until the city fell, and then notified the first troops to enter the fallen city of our place of concealment, and acting as guide, brought them to us as our deliverers, and this, too, while the rebel ammunition, not a great distance from the stockade, was being blown up and destroyed by the rear guard of the rebel army, which had scarcely left the suburbs of the city.

Cramped as we were in our long seclusion, our liberty, so suddenly attained, made us wonderfully agile and light of foot, and we soon reached the open gate, with no rebel sentries to fire on us now. A motley crowd of women and children, blacks predominating, had assembled outside the gate. It may be that they were attracted by the hasty movements in this direction of the first troops to enter town. As I was passing through the gate I threw an old ragged, vermin-infested blanket at an old wench with a red bandana on her head, who, with a "de Lord bless you, massa," picked it up apparently well pleased with the present; but whether the blessing or invocation was ever recalled after inspecting the blanket I am unable to say.

SURROUNDING FIVE OF THEM.

AFTER the advance of the Union army upon Bragg at Tullahoma, and his retreat, the Pioneer Brigade pushed on to Elk river to repair a bridge. While one of its men, a private, was bathing in the river, five of Bragg's soldiers, guns in hand, came to the bank and took aim at the swimmer, one of them shouting:

"Come in here, you Yank, out of the wet!"

The Federal was quite sure that he was "done for," and at once obeyed the order. After dressing himself, he was thus accosted:

"You surrender, our prisoner, do you?"

"Yes; of course I do."

"That's kind. Now we'll surrender to you!" And the five stacked arms before him, their spokesman adding:

"We've done with 'em, and have said to old Bragg, 'good-by!' Secesh is played out. Now you surround us and take us into your camp."

This was done accordingly, and is but one of hundreds of instances of wholesale desertion in July and August, 1863, in Lower Tennessee.

A BLUFF THAT WON.

IN the midst of an engagement with the rebels, eighteen miles from Newtonia, Mo., Gen. Schofield sent Lieutenant Bloodfeldt, attended by an orderly, with orders to Colonel Hall, Fourth Missouri Cavalry, to move to the left and attack in that direction. The route of the lieutenant was across a point of woods, in which, while passing, he suddenly found himself facing about forty rebels drawn up in irregular line. Without a moment's hesitation, he and the orderly drew their pistols and charged. At the same time, tempering bravery with mercy, and not feeling any desire to shed blood needlessly, he drew out his handkerchief and waved it in token of his willingness to surround and capture the whole rebel force rather than shoot them down.

The cool impudence of the act nonplussed the foe, and perhaps thinking there was a large force in the rear, eight of them threw down their arms and surrendered, and the balance "skedaddled."

HOW THE REBS DIDN'T TAKE CLARK WRIGHT.



MAJOR Clark Wright, who attained rank and fame as a scout and soldier, was one of the pioneer Unionists in Missouri, having removed from Ohio to that State shortly before the war commenced. His wife was a woman of more than ordinary intelligence and determination, who proved herself eminently fitted for the duties which their new life imposed upon them. He prospered greatly, and in a short time had erected a fine house, furnished in the best style possible, had two young children, an amiable wife, a good home, and was adding rapidly to an originally large fortune.

When the roar of secession came up from South Carolina, he heard it in common with others of his neighbors, but while avowing himself in favor of sustaining the Union, he determined to attend strictly to his own business. He had no hesitation in expressing his sentiments of loyalty to the government, but he did it quietly, and with a view not to give offence. Soon after, at a Baptist meeting near his residence, a few of the brethren, after refreshing their spiritual appetites with the crumbs of the sanctuary, took his case into consideration, and unanimously determined that he should be made to leave the country, and appointing a committee of three to inform him of their decision.

One of the party, although an ardent secessionist, happened to be a personal friend of Wright, and hastening away, informed him of the meeting, and that the committee would wait on him the next day, Monday. Wright thanked his kind friend, and, then like a dutiful husband, laid the case before his wife, and asked her advice. She pondered a few moments, and then asked him if he had done anything to warrant such a proceeding. "Nothing." "Then let us fight!" was the reply; and to fight was the conclusion. Wright was plentifully supplied with revolvers; he took two, and his wife another, loaded them carefully, and waited further developments.

Monday afternoon three men rode up and inquired for Mr. Wright. He walked out, with the butt of a revolver sticking warily from his coat pocket, and inquired their wishes. The revolver seemed to upset their ideas. They answered nothing in particular, and proceeded to converse upon everything in general, but never alluded to their errand. Finally, after a half hour had passed, and the men still talked on without coming to their mission, Wright grew impatient, and asked if they had any special business; if not, he had a pressing engagement, and

would like to be excused. Well, they had a little business, said one, with considerable hesitation, as he glanced at the revolver butt.

"Stop," says Wright, "before you tell it, I wish to say a word. I *know* your business, and I just promised my wife, on my honor as a man, that I would blow daylight out of the man who told me of it, and by the eternal God, I'll do it! Now tell me your errand!" and as he concluded he pulled out his revolver, and cocked it. The fellow glanced a moment at the deadly looking pistol, and took in the stalwart form of Wright, who was glaring at him with murder in his eye, and concluded to postpone the announcement. The three rode away, and reported the reception to their principals.

The next Sunday, after another refreshing season, the brethren again met and took action upon the contumacy of Mr. Wright. The captain of a company of secessionists was present, and, after due deliberation, it was determined that upon the next Thursday he should take his command, proceed to Wright's, and summarily eject him from the sacred soil of Missouri. Wright's friend was again present, and he soon communicated the state of affairs to Mr. Wright, with a suggestion that it would save trouble and bloodshed if he got away before the day appointed.

Wright lived in a portion of the country remote from the church and the residence of those who were endeavoring to drive him out, and he determined, if possible, to prepare a surprise for the worthy captain and his gallant forces. To this end he bought a barrel of whiskey, another of crackers, a few cheeses, and some other provisions, and then mounting a black boy upon a swift horse, sent him around the country inviting his friends to come and see him and bring their arms. By Wednesday night he had gathered a force of about three hundred men, to whom he communicated the condition of things, and asked their assistance. They promised to back him to the death. The next day they concealed themselves in a cornfield back of the house, and awaited the development of events.

A little after noon the captain and some eighty men rode up to the place and inquired for Mr. Wright. That gentleman immediately made his appearance, when the captain informed him that, being satisfied of his abolitionism, they had come to eject him from the State.

"Won't you give me two days to settle up my affairs?" asked Wright.

"Not a day nor an hour! I'll give you five minutes to pack up traps and leave here."

"But I can't get ready in five minutes. I have a fine property here, and a happy home, and if you drive me off you'll make me a beggar. I have done nothing; if I go, my wife and children must starve!"

"We care nothing for your beggars! You must travel!"

"Give me two hours!"

"I'll just give you five minutes, and not a second longer! If you ain't out by that time (here the gallant soldier swore a most fearful oath), I'll blow out your cursed abolition heart!"

"Well, if I must, I must!" and Wright turned toward the house as if in deep despair, gave a shrill whistle, and instantly the concealed forces rushed out, and surrounded the astonished captain and his braves.

"Ah, captain," said Wright, as he turned imploringly toward him, "won't you grant me two days—two hours, at least, my brave friend, only two hours in which to prepare myself and family for beggary and starvation—now do, won't you?"

The captain could give no reply, but sat upon his horse, shaking as if ague-smitten.

"Don't kill me!" he at length found voice to say.

"Kill you! No, you black-livered coward, I won't dirty my hands with any such filthy work. If I kill you, I'll have one of my niggers to do it! Get down from that horse!"

The gallant captain obeyed, imploring only for life. The result of the matter was that the whole company dismounted, laid down their arms, and then, as they were filed out were sworn to preserve their allegiance inviolate to the United States. An hour after, Mr. Wright had organized a force of 240 men for the war, and by acclamation was elected captain. The next Sunday he started with his command to join the National troops under Lyon, stopping long enough on his way to surround the Hardshell church, at which had originated all of his miseries. After the service was over, he administered the oath of allegiance to every one present, including the Rev. Pecksniff, who officiated, and then left them to plot treason and worship God in their own peculiarly pious and harmonious manner.

HE BLEW UP HIS MESSMATES.



THE soldier in his best estate is full of fun. In a tent, in the camp of the Eleventh Indiana Battery, near Murfreesborough, in the absence of chairs, a rude bench had been constructed by placing a board upon cross-legs. The board was soon found too limber to bear up the crowd which daily enjoyed its comforts, and was, in consequence, strengthened by laying another thick plank over it. A roguish sergeant one day removed this top plank, bored a number of auger-holes nearly through the bottom board, filled them with powder, laid a train from one to another, pre-

pared his fuse, and then replaced the plank. Shortly after, the bench, as usual, was filled with his unsuspecting comrades, when he reached



down and touched the fuse with his lighted cigar. Of course, there was an explosion just about that time, which hoisted the party as



BANG !!!

would a petard, upsetting the stove and tea-furniture, knocking down the tent, and enveloping all in smoke and dire confusion.

THE FOURTEENTH AT GETTYSBURG.



OME, Fred, tell me all about that glorious fight which, you know, it was just my ill-luck to miss. If it had been such another whipping as we had at Fredericksburg, the Fates would probably have let me be there. I have heard several accounts, and know the regiment did nobly; but the boys all get so excited telling about it that I have not yet a clear idea of the fight."

"Here goes, then," said the adjutant, lighting a fresh cigar. "It will serve to pass away time, which hangs so heavy on our hands in this dreary hospital.

"We were not engaged on the first day of the fight, July 1, 1863, but were on the march for Gettysburg that day. All the afternoon we heard the cannonading growing more and more distinct as we approached the town, and as we came on the field at night learned that the First and Eleventh corps had fought hard, suffered much, and been driven back outside the town with the loss of Major-General Reynolds. We bivouacked on the field that night.

"About nine o'clock the next morning we moved up to the front, and by ten o'clock the enemy's shells were falling around us. Captain Coit had a narrow escape here. We had just stacked arms and were resting, when a runaway horse, frightened by the shelling, came full tilt at him; 'twas 'heavy cavalry' against 'light infantry;' but Coit had presence of mind enough to draw his sword, and bringing it to a point it entered the animal's belly. The shock knocked Coit over, and he was picked up senseless, with a terribly battered face, and carried to the rear.

"At four o'clock in the afternoon we moved up to support a battery, and here we lay all night. About dark Captain Broatch went out with the pickets. Though under artillery fire all day, we were not really engaged, as we did not fire a gun. Some of our pickets, unfortunately going too far to the front, were taken prisoners during the night.

"At about five o'clock on the morning of the 3d, Captain Townsend went out with Companies B and D and relieved Broatch. As soon as he got out, Townsend advanced his men as skirmishers some three hundred yards beyond the regiment, which moved up to the impromptu rifle-pits, which were formed partially by a stone wall and partially by a rail fence. Just as soon as our skirmishers were posted they began firing at the rebel skirmishers, and kept it up all day, until the grand attack in the afternoon. Before they had been out twenty minutes, Corporal Huxham, of Company B, was instantly killed by a rebel

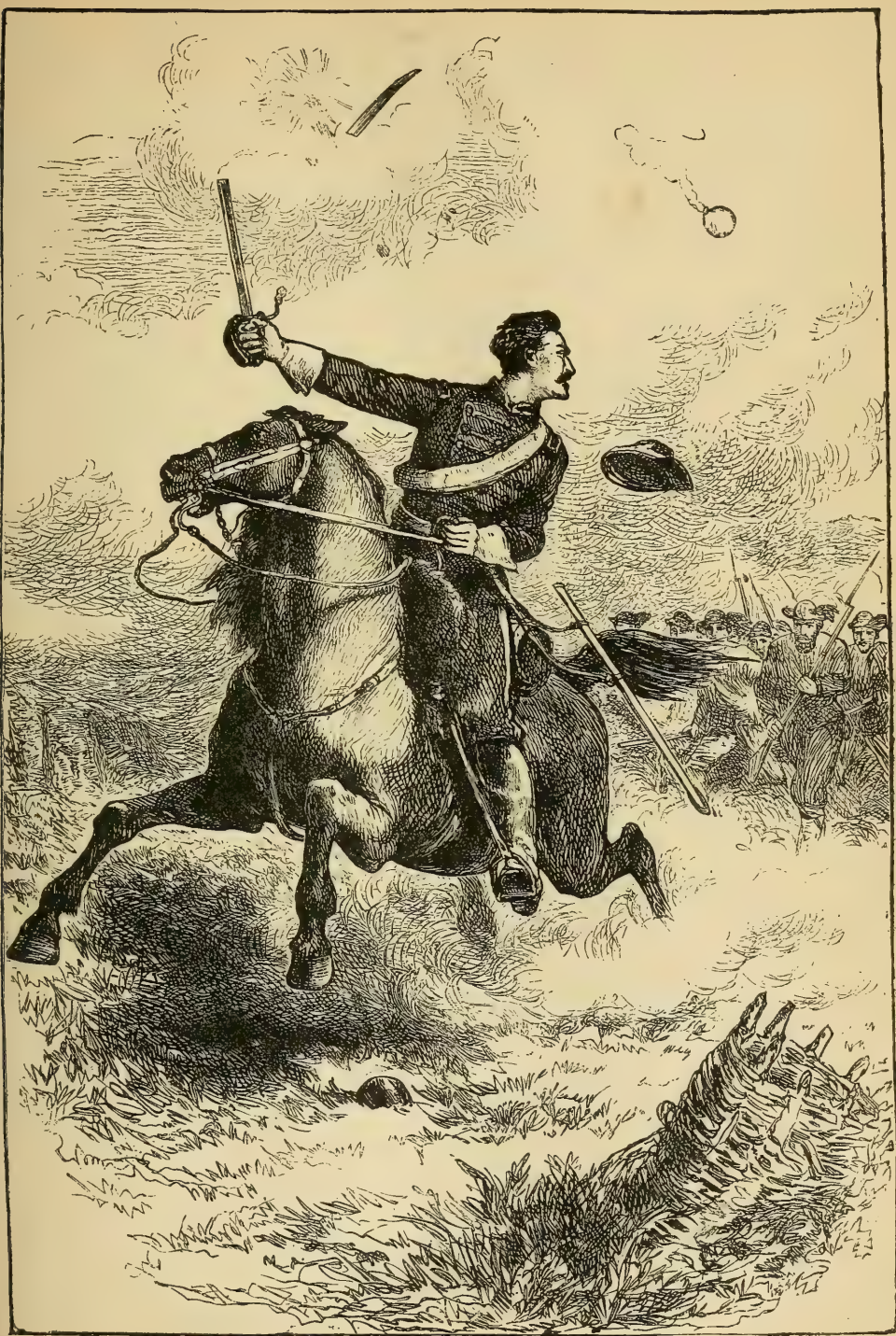
bullet. It was not discovered until another of our skirmishers, getting out of ammunition, went up to him, saying, 'Sam, let me have some cartridges.' Receiving no answer, he stooped down and discovered that a bullet had entered the poor fellow's mouth and gone out at the back of his head, killing the brave, Chancellorsville-scarred corporal so quickly that he never knew what hurt him.

"Presently Captain Moore was ordered down with four companies into a lot near by, to drive the rebel sharpshooters out of a house and barn from where they were constantly picking off our men. Moore went down on a double-quick, and, as usual, ahead of his men; he was first man in the barn, and as he entered the butternuts were already jumping out. Moore and his men soon cleared the barn, and then started for the house. Here that big sergeant in Company J (Norton) sprang in at the front door just in time to catch a bullet in his thigh, from a reb watching at the back; but that reb did not live long to brag of it, one of our boys taking him 'on the wing.' Moore soon cleared the house and went back with his men. Later in the day the rebels again occupied the house, and Major Ellis took the regiment and drove them out, burning the house, so as not to be bothered by any more concealed sharpshooters in it."

"Yes, I know the major don't like to do a thing but once, so he always does it thoroughly the first time."

"It was in these charges for the possession of that house we lost more officers and men than in all the rest of the fight.

"About two o'clock in the afternoon the enemy, who had been silent so long that the boys were cooking coffee, smoking, sleeping, etc., suddenly opened all their batteries of reserve artillery upon the position held by our corps (the Second). First, one great gun spoke; then, as if it had been the signal for the commencement of an artillery conversation, the whole hundred and twenty or more opened their mouths at once and poured out their thunder. A perfect storm of shot and shell rained around and among us. The boys quickly jumped to their rifles, and lay down behind the wall and rail barricade. For two hours this storm of shot and shell continued, and seemed to increase in fury. Good God! I never heard anything like it, and our regiment has been under fire 'somewhat,' as you know. The ground trembled like an aspen leaf; the air was full of small fragments of lead and iron from the shells. Then the sounds—there was the peculiar '*whoo?—whoo?—who-oo?*' of the round-shot; the '*which-one?—which-one?*' of that fiendish Whitworth projectile, and the demoniac shriek of shells. It seemed as if all the devils in hell were holding high carnival. But, strange as it may seem, it was like many other 'sensational doings,'



AN IRRESISTIBLE DASH.

‘great cry and little wool,’ as our regiment, and, in fact, the whole corps, lost very few men by it, the missiles passing over beyond our position, save the Whitworth projectiles, which did not quite reach us, as their single gun of that description was two miles off. Had the enemy had better artillerists at their guns, or a better view of our position, I cannot say what would have been the final result; but certain it is, nothing mortal could have stood that fire long, had it been better directed, and if our corps had broken that day, Gettysburg would have been a lost battle.

“About four P. M. the enemy’s fire slackened, died away, and the smoke lifted to disclose a corps of the rebel army advancing across the long plain in our front, in three magnificent lines of battle, with the troops massed in close column by brigades on both flanks. How splendidly they looked! Our skirmishers, who had stayed at their posts through all, gave them volley after volley as they came on, until Captain Townsend was ordered to bring his men in, which he did in admirable order; his men, loading and firing all the way, came in steadily and coolly—all that were left of them, for a good half of them were killed or wounded before they reached the regiment.

“On, on, came the rebels, with colors flying and bayonets gleaming in the sunlight, keeping their lines as straight as if on parade; over fences and ditches they come, but still their lines never break, and still they come. For a moment all is hush along our lines, as we gaze in silent admiration at these brave rebs; then our division commander, Aleck Hays, rides up, and pointing to the last fence the enemy must cross before reaching us, says, ‘Don’t fire till they get to that fence; then let ’em have it.’

“On, on, come the rebs, till we can see the whites of their eyes, and hear their officers command, ‘Steady, boys, steady!’ They reach the fence, some hundred yards in front of us, when suddenly the command ‘Fire!’ rings down our line; and, rising as one man, the rifles of the old Second Army Corps ring a death-knell for many a brave heart, in butternut dress, worthy of a better cause—a knell that will ring in the hearts of many mothers, sisters and wives, on many a plantation in the once fair and sunny South, where there will be weeping and wailing for the soldier who never returns, who sleeps at Gettysburg!

“‘Load and fire at will!’

“Oh, heavens! how we poured our fire into them then—a merciless hail of lead! Their first line wavers, breaks and runs; some of their colorsergeants halt and plant their standards firmly in the ground—they are too well disciplined to leave their colors yet. But they stop only for a moment; then fall back, colors and all. They fall back, but

rally, and dress on the other lines, under a tremendous fire from our advancing rifles; rally, and come on again to meet their death. Line after line of rebels come up, deliver their fire, one volley and they are mown down like the grass of the field. They fall back, form and come up again, with their battle-flags still waving; but again they are driven back.

"On our right is a break in the line, where a battery has been in position, but, falling short of ammunition, and unable to move it off under such a heavy fire, the gunners have abandoned it to its fate. Some of the rebels gain a footing here. One daring fellow leaps upon the gun, and waves his rebel flag. In an instant a right oblique fire from 'ours,' and a left oblique from the regiment on the left of the position, rolls the determined force back from the gun, and it is ours.

"By-and-by the enemy's lines come up smaller and thinner, break quicker, and are longer in forming. Our boys are wild with excitement, and grow reckless. Lieutenant John Tibbets stands up yelling like mad, 'Give it to 'em! give it to 'em!' A bullet enters his arm—that same arm in which he caught two bullets at Antietam; Johnny's game arm drops by his side; he turns quickly to his first lieutenant, saying, 'I have got another bullet in the same old arm, but I don't care a d—n!'

"Heaven forgive Johnny! rebel lead will sometimes bring rebel words with it. All of 'ours' are carried away with excitement; the sergeant-major leaps a wall, dashes down among the rebs, and brings back a battle-flag; others follow our sergeant-major; and before the enemy's repulse becomes a rout, we of the Fourteenth have six of their battle-flags.

"Prisoners are brought in by hundreds, officers and men. We pay no attention to them, being too busy sending our leaden messengers after the now flying hosts. One of our prisoners, a rebel officer, turns to me, saying:

"Where are the men we've been fighting?"

"Here," I answered, pointing down our short, thin line.

"Good God!" says he, "is that all? I wish I could get back."

"Yes," I interrupted, "Townsend told me that when he fell back with his skirmishers and saw the whole length of our one small, thin little line pitted against those then full lines of the rebels, his heart almost sank within him; but Meade had planned that battle well, and every one of our soldiers told."

"Yes," said Fred, "Meade planned the fight well, and Hancock, Hays, and, in fact, all of them fought it well. All through the fight General Hancock might be seen galloping up and down the lines of

our corps, regardless of the leaden hail all about him ; and when finally severely wounded in the hip, he was carried a little to the rear, where he lay on his stretcher, and still gave his orders.

"The fight was now about over ; there was only an occasional shot exchanged between the retreating rebel sharpshooters and our own men, and I looked about me, and took an account of stock. We had lost about seventy killed and wounded and taken prisoners, leaving only 100 men fit for duty. We had killed treble that number, and taken nearly a brigade of prisoners, six stands of colors, and guns, swords and pistols without number. For the first time we had been through an action without having an officer killed or fatally wounded, though Tibbetts, Seymour, Stoughton, Snagg, Seward and Dudley were more or less seriously wounded, and Coit disabled.

"Hardly a man in the regiment had over two or three cartridges left. Dead and wounded rebels were piled up in heaps in front of us, especially in front of Companies A and B, where Sharpe's rifles had done effective work.

"It was a great victory. 'Fredericksburg on the other leg,' as the boys said. The rebel prisoners told us their leaders assured them that they would only meet the Pennsylvania militia ; but when they saw that d—d ace of clubs (the trefoil badge of the Second Corps) a cry went through their lines :

"'The Army of the Potomac, by Heaven!'

"So ended the battle of Gettysburg, and the sun sank to rest that night on a battle-field that had proved that the Army of the Potomac could and would save the people of the North from invasion whenever and wherever they might be assailed.

'Long shall the tale be told,
Yea, when our babes are old.' "

"Pshaw, Fred ! you are getting sentimental. Let's go out in the air and have another cigar."

A "KID-GLOVE" BRIGADIER.




MERCANTILE gentleman of New York aspired to military honors, and through various influences at last succeeded in obtaining a brigadier-general's commission. He was sent west with orders to report to General Fremont. He reached St. Louis in safety and comparative comfort, and as for *looks*, he was just too elegant in his gold lace and showy trappings. From St. Louis

he started westward, but finding that the railroad would only take him to a point forty miles away from Fremont's headquarters, he abruptly returned to St. Louis. When asked his reason for this sudden counter-march, he replied :

"Why, hang it, man, I found I should have to go the rest of the way on horseback, and I couldn't do that, you know."

A peculiarly ingenuous reply for a brigadier-general and staff-officer in active service.

A PAYMENT LONG DEFERRED.

N infantry captain observed one of his men stealing into camp with a fine turkey, which he knew hadn't been issued by the quartermaster.

"Where did you get that turkey?"

"Bought it, captain," replied the man.

"For how much?" demanded the officer.


"For seventy-five cents, sir."

"Paid for it, did you?"

"Well, no, sir; but I told the man I would pay for it on the way back."

"All right, pass on."

OLD BEN, THE MOUNTAIN SCOUT.

OW old Old Ben was no one knew exactly—not even Old Ben himself. He had been called Old Ben so far back that the memory of the oldest inhabitant served not to remember him by any other designation. Ben said that he must have been born old, for he had dim recollections of his mother calling him an "old-fashioned feller" before he was big enough to weed the garden. When he arrived at man's estate the girls invariably called him either Old Bachelor Ben or Old Ben. So he had made up his mind to one thing, and that was that he never was "young Ben." He was never known to be sick, except it was that he had "the cussed shakes and fever a spell." With that exception, he had never invested much in patent medicines or other doctor's stuff, and was consequently a vigorous man, standing firm in his boots. He was tall, and had not much flesh to spare, but he often remarked that it "tuk a lean hoss for a long race, and he was one on 'em." He knew the Mississippi, Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers, he said, better than he did his Testament, and had acquired considerable fame for his skill at the oar and the wheel.

He was the man to take a craft safe through a shute or over dangerous places, and for that duty was still preferred to others many years his junior. As for old Tennessee, he knew every inch of her "sile," and on that "p'int" he wouldn't yield a notch to any man, living or dead. His courage was known to be of the right stripe, and he was set down as a tough old knot that would turn the edge of many a bright axe if an attempt were made to split him.

At the time the hurricane of rebellion swept over the State, Old Ben was on a visit to Knoxville, where he was well known. The many outrages perpetrated upon those who refused to succumb to the rebel sway so aroused his ire that he at length said that he believed that he was beginning to turn "Injun," and that he couldn't die until he had had revenge upon the scaly varmints, who, he asserted, were mean enough to cut their grandmothers' throats for the sake of getting what the old women had in their stockings. One night he had been listening to a chap, whom he knew as a briefless lawyer from Clarks-ville, haranguing a crowd in a bar-room, and growing indignant at what he considered the fellow's insolence, he interrupted him with :

"See here, stranger, yer kin talk jest like clock-work about them cussed abolishunists—and every one knows that I hates 'em as I do pizen—but I'll jest bet yer drinks for the crowd that yer never owned a nigger for 'em to steal."

This challenge from Old Ben, which somewhat staggered the speaker, was received with much secret satisfaction by several Union men of the group, who, from necessity, were obliged to conceal their sentiments, and created a general laugh. It was a few minutes before the lawyer could recover his self-possession. He then drew himself up to assume as great a degree of dignity as possible, and fixing what he intended as a withering look on Old Ben, while a contemptuous smile played around the corners of his mouth, he said :

"Old man, I suppose you are some of the Union rubbish that has not yet been swept out of the State."

"Thar yer right. I'm Union clear through to the marrow, and if I had my way I'd hang up a few such chaps as you are, who never work, but are everlastin' smellin' around for some office, and who have brought all this trouble on the country. Yer are now goin' about deceivin' honest people—tellin' 'em that the whole North are agoin' to turn nigger stealers, and that the only way for southern men to perfect thar property is for 'em to dissolve the Union and 'stablish a one-hoss consarn, with such one-hoss chaps as you at the head of it. I'd hang yer up without judge or jury. That would be the quickest way to settle the mischief yer have made."

A loud braying from some of the converts to the new doctrines greeted the remarks of Old Ben. But nothing daunted thereat, he exclaimed:

"Yer may bray jest as much as yer a mind to. But yer kin remember that jackasses do the same thing. And any one who jines the secession crew ain't fit to be named the same day with a jackass. Them's my sentiments, and I don't care who knows 'em."

"Look out, Old Ben! You'll be talkin' treason next, and then you'll be arrested," said one of the crowd who sympathized with the rebels, yet was very friendly with Old Ben.

"Treason!" ejaculated the lawyer. "He has been doing nothing else but talking treason, and should be arrested forthwith."

"Oh no; Old Ben wouldn't do any harm!" exclaimed another secessionist, who did not wish to see the old man molested.

"You've arrested a good many honest people who never harmed any one, and I expect my turn will come one of these days," replied Old Ben.

"You may depend upon that!" exclaimed the lawyer. "It won't be long before you are elevated!" and here he gave a peculiar jerk with the hand which he held near his neck. "If you don't mend your manners you will go up soon, old man."

Old Ben was about to reply, but was interrupted by the entrance of a man, followed by a number of others, who called the lawyer one side, and then entered into a low but earnest conversation with him. The new-comer was a thick-set, brutal-looking man, with a face well covered with heavy black hair. He was generally known as Black Dave, and his business had been that of a negro-trader; but he was at the head of a band of ruffians who, under his direction, had been guilty of many acts of barbarism. The lawyer was a sort of lieutenant and adviser to the band. Old Ben pointed to the spot where they stood, and said:

"Some dirty business is afloat, I reckon, when two such chaps get together. One on 'em, who never owned a nigger or enough money to pay his licker bill, talks about the 'North stealin' *our* niggers!' The other one has run off more niggers, and sold 'em down south, than the abolishunists have stolen these ten years. If them are the chaps what are goin' to be your leaders, ye'll soon smell so bad that the devil won't allow yer to come within rifle-shot of the front door of hell. He will have yer all pitched down the back way!"

After giving utterance to these sentiments Old Ben turned on his heel and strolled leisurely out of the room. He had not gone far ere he was overtaken by one of the party from the bar-room, whom he knew as a sound Union man, and who said, in a low tone:

"You will have to be very careful of yourself after what you have said. I overheard Black Dave tell the other that your case would be attended to shortly."

"They'll attend to me shortly, will they, eh?" ejaculated Old Ben. "Then, I say, let 'em come on! I'll cling to the Union as long as thar's a splinter left! I can't live much longer, any way, but while I do live I'll live like a man!"

"You are well acquainted with the mountains, are you not?"

"Reckon I am."

"You know that a great many Union men, who have been driven from their homes, have been obliged to seek a hiding-place there until such time as the Union army gets this way."

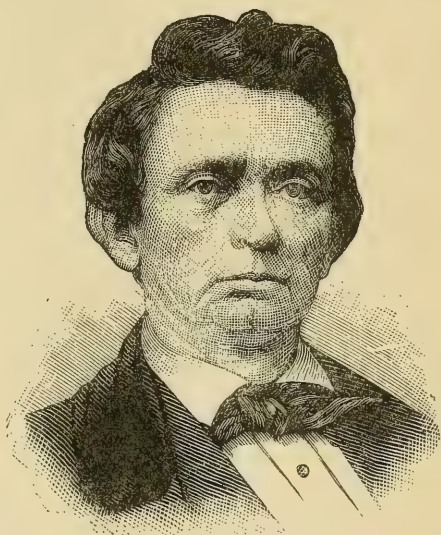
"Yes, I know it; and what is more, I'm agoin' to make one on 'em. I itch to have a little vengeance on them scaly varmints. If the Union men about here had more of the Parson's stuff in 'em, we'd make screechin' work among them turkey-buzzards."

"But you can't expect all men to be Brownlows. His very boldness awed them for awhile, but you see they are getting over that now. Men have to be prudent for the sake of their families. If you come up to my house to-morrow night, you will hear something that will do you good, and how you can be of vast service to the Union men in this vicinity. Will you come?"

"Yes; I'll be thar!"

Old Ben's companion noticing Black Dave and the lawyer approaching, walked quickly forward. It was rather a secluded spot where they had been standing, and Old Ben being in the shade was not observed by either Black Dave or the lawyer. They halted, and Black Dave, with great gesticulation, said:

"I've sworn to have vengeance on the old cuss, and now is my time! He didn't think that I was good enough for his daughter. If it hadn't been for him, I believe I could have got the girl; but as I've lost her, I'm bent upon having my pay."



PARSON BROWNLOW.

"What do you propose to do? Has he got much that we could lay our hands upon?" said the lawyer.

"We'll go out to his place toward midnight, and drag the old hound out of his nest. If I once fairly get him in my power, I'll make him sing psalms. I will let him know if I ain't as good as any of his breed! He has got a couple of fine horses; we'll take them, any how. But come, let us go back now and have a drink with the boys! They'll miss us. You see I don't want any of 'em to know where we are going to. It might get talked about, and some Hessian spy give him the alarm."

As they disappeared Old Ben came forth from the hiding-place where he had ensconced himself for the purpose of learning what mischief they were planning. Looking after the retreating figures he muttered, half aloud:

"I'll head off them devils yet, or else I'll give 'em leave to call me a skunk! The old man whar right in showing Black Dave the door. He should have kicked him out. That's what I would have done. But I'll head off the villains! I'll head 'em off!" he ejaculated, as he hastened forward.

Black Dave and his lieutenant returned to the bar-room, where they with their companions indulged in a drunken revel. Toward midnight he got together some ten or a dozen of those who were the least intoxicated, and started out on his work of vengeance.

This band of "defenders of the rights of Southern men," as they styled themselves, had proceeded a considerable distance from the tavern when their commander ordered them to halt in front of a modest-looking dwelling, surrounded by pleasant grounds. He then addressed them as follows:

"Boys! now we are about to catch one of the blackest-hearted traitors in the South. He is a regular white-livered Lincolnite, and it ain't to be expected that we will show him much mercy. So follow me!"

Black Dave then opened the gate and went toward the house, followed by his band. He gave several loud raps on the door with the butt of a pistol, and it not being promptly opened, he applied the heel of his heavy boot and administered a number of lusty kicks. The door was at length opened by rather an elderly female, who had a light in her hand. As soon as Black Dave caught a glimpse of her countenance he said, in a gruff voice:

"We want your old man. Tell him to turn out quick, and not to keep us a-waiting."

"He is not at home," was the mild response.

"You lie! we know better! If you don't turn him out, we'll go in and drag him out!"

"I assure you, sir, that he is not in the house."

"Come, boys, follow me! We won't put up with any of the old woman's nonsense."

Black Dave, as he uttered these words, entered the house, accompanied by several of his followers. After a lapse of a few minutes he returned, with a countenance blacker than usual, exclaiming:

"The old hound has run away, boys; but the black-hearted traitor don't escape my vengeance so easy. Just throw a torch in the barn yonder."

"Oh! do not fire the place! Have some mercy for the family!" entreated the old lady.

"What is the family to me? I wasn't good enough to make one of them! They are a brood of traitors, the whole of them, and if you don't want 'em roasted, you had better turn 'em out!"

After giving utterance to these brutal words he strode off toward the outbuildings, seizing a torch from one of his followers as he passed along. Looking in the stable and finding that the horses were gone, he gave utterance to a vile oath, and then threw the torch among some loose hay. Watching the flames as they crept slowly along, while a fiendish smile spread over his features, he told one of his band to pick up some of the hay and follow him. He then went toward the dwelling, and ordered the man to throw the hay on the kitchen floor; and then, despite the entreaties of the old lady and the cries of two or three children, who had been hurried from their beds and stood in their night-clothes clinging to their mother, the ruffian applied the torch. When the flames were fairly under way he said:

"Come on, boys! Leave 'em to shift for themselves. Let us see if we can't track the old hound."

The ruffian then, followed by his band, retreated down the road, turning occasionally to behold the flames as they licked up that once happy home.

The next evening Old Ben was prompt to his appointment, and as he listened to the narration of the outrage to a party of Union men, he exclaimed, as his countenance glowed with excitement:

"The miserable scaly buzzards! I wouldn't a thought they'd gone so far; they're worse nor Injuns! I reckoned it whar all right when I gave him the alarm and he got safe off. But to fire the house, and turn the women folks and children out doors that time of night—I swar I'll have vengeance for it! It mout not be quite reg'lar, but yer kin jest set Old Ben down for Black Dave and that white-livered

skunk from Clarksville. If I don't fix thar flint for 'em then I won't trust bullet and powder any more. Thar's no use of yer sayin' anythin' agin it," he said, as he raised up his hand toward one of the assembly, who he supposed was about to remonstrate, "for I've fixed the hull matter. It's no knowin' what they'll do next, so they've got to go. The devil wants his due, and it is about time they whar on the road to see the chief of all secessionists."

"It is what they deserve!" ejaculated one of the party.

This sentiment was generally concurred in by the assembly. The affairs of that part of the State were then discussed, and it was considered that it would be of great importance if communication could be kept up between the Union men in the mountains and those who yet remained at home. For the performance of this duty they all agreed that Old Ben, from his thorough knowledge of that region, was peculiarly qualified. He at once consented to act, but put in as a proviso that he was not to be deprived of the privilege of attending to the case of Black Dave and his lieutenant.

In the meantime, Black Dave, intent upon glutting his vengeance, set his spies to work to discover the whereabouts of the man whose homestead he had so ruthlessly destroyed. A number of days passed, and the spies were unable to give any satisfactory report, other than that they thought he had gone to the mountains. At this Black Dave's rage grew furious, and he swore that he would seek revenge in another quarter. The fate he intended for the father should be visited upon the son-in-law, his successful rival, who was settled in a quiet spot some miles from Knoxville. Black Dave knew that his rival was suspected of being a Union man, and that was a sufficient cloak for him in his design of villainy.

It was on a dark and gloomy night that Black Dave got his band of ruffians together and set out on his work of vandalism. We will not detain the reader with an account of his progress along the road. Arriving at the house, his summons was answered by a trembling black servant, who, in answer to a furious demand for his master, stammered out that he was not at home. The desperado's quick eye at once detected from the servant's manner that he was endeavoring to conceal something, and he immediately ordered his lieutenant to search the house. This duty the lieutenant performed in a style worthy of his leader. The wife, notwithstanding her delicate health, was brutally told to point out where her husband was hid, as they wanted to give him a rope elevation. All feelings of humanity were set at naught, and the search was made in the most brutal and reckless manner. But it proved fruitless. The intended victim, hearing

the noise of the band as they approached, at once suspected their object, and, at the solicitation of his wife, consented to secrete himself, and succeeded in making his escape.

Black Dave fairly foamed with rage when he heard that he was again foiled—that his rival could not be found.

“The sneaking cur is hid somewhere!” he exclaimed. “But I’ll smoke him and his brood out. Fire the house, boys.”

Even the entreaties of her whom he once professed to love failed to stay the hand of the incendiary. Black Dave was inexorable. The torch was applied, and soon the flames began to creep along—slowly at first, as if gathering strength, and then suddenly they darted up their forked tongues and enveloped the whole building in a fiery circle. The flames, reflected by the heavy atmosphere, shed a brilliant light over the surrounding country. For a while Black Dave stood gazing upon his work, while a sort of hellish malignity spread itself over his features, totally unmoved by the cries of the terror-stricken women and children. He then ordered the servant whom he had first seen to be tied to a wheel of a large wagon, and lashed until he revealed the whereabouts of his master. For Black Dave to order was to be obeyed, and the trembling black was immediately seized, tied and flogged. The blows fell fast and heavy, but the faithful black, notwithstanding the blood streamed down his back, refused to betray his master. The ruffian who administered the blows paused for a moment as if to take breath, which his leader observing, he shouted :

“Give the black dog another dose, and lay them on lively !”

The words had scarcely fallen from his lips ere a bullet whizzed past the negro and buried itself in the brain of the ruffian leader, and he fell to the earth to rise no more. He had given his last order. His lieutenant, who stood near, sprang forward, and was in the act of stooping to lift the prostrate form of his captain when crash went another bullet through his brain, and he fell upon the body of him who had been his companion in villainy, and who was now his companion in death. The ruffian who had administered the blows stood for a moment as if transfixed to the spot, and then, throwing down the whip, he attempted to run, but had taken only a few steps when a swift-winged messenger sent him travelling the same road with his leaders. Consternation now seemed to seize the remainder of the ruffians, and they took to their heels, many in their flight throwing away their rifles, which were soon picked up by Old Ben and his companions, and their contents sent after their flying owners.

It was not long before the pale and terror-stricken wife was surrounded by her husband and father. After an affectionate embrace,

the father, picking up a lighted torch, approached the place where the bodies lay. Stooping down to examine the leaders, he in a few moments exclaimed :

“ Dead !—both of them ! Old Ben hit both in nearly the same spot ! ”

So it was. The father being anxious to see his daughter and her mother, who, since the destruction of the old homestead had resided with her, was accompanied by Old Ben and another companion for that purpose. As they approached the farm they beheld the light from the burning dwelling and at once rightly conjectured the cause and who was at work. They crept stealthily along, and secreted themselves until a favorable opportunity should afford them a chance of being of service. Old Ben insisted that he alone should do the shooting, and that they could do the loading, as no shots were to be wasted. As he observed Black Dave and his lieutenant standing near together, he exclaimed, in a low tone :

“ Keerful ! keerful, now ! They are both mine ! ” And creeping to a favorable spot, he discharged the shots which finished the worldly career of the ruffians.

Black Dave's rival, being secreted where he could view what was going on, seeing the ruffian leaders fall, at once judged that friends were at hand, and he sprang forward to render his aid in the destruction of the vandals. When it was ascertained that they were completely routed, arrangements were made for conveying the family to a place of safety, and in the arrangements the master did not forget his lacerated but faithful servant.

During the next fortnight several of Black Dave's followers were found dead, and upon examination it was discovered that each one had been shot in nearly the same place in the forehead, and it was concluded that they had been killed by the same person. The conclusion was correct, for Old Ben, in his scouting duties, sent many a “ buzzard,” as he called those who preyed upon the bones of Union men, to his final account.

SAMPLES OF IRISH WIT.



HE surrender of Lexington, Mo., was rendered a necessity by the want of ammunition, as well as by the want of water. A few of the companies had one or two rounds left, but the majority had fired their last bullet. After the surrender an officer was detailed by Price to collect the ammunition and place it in safe charge. The officer, addressing Adjutant Cosgrove, asked

him to have the ammunition surrendered. Cosgrove called up a dozen men, one after the other, and exhibiting the empty cartridge-boxes, said to the astonished rebel officer, "I believe, sir, we gave you all the ammunition we had before we had stopped fighting. Had there been any more, upon my word, you should have had it, sir. But I will inquire, and if by accident there is a cartridge left, I will let you know." The rebel officer turned away, reflecting upon the glorious victory of having captured men who had fired their last shot.

An Irishman from Battle Creek, Michigan, was at Bull Run battle, and was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on the left hand was knocked off by a cannon-ball. A few moments after, however, a spent ball broke the fingers of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and yelled with pain, when the Irishman rushed to him, exclaiming, "Blasht your soul, you owld woman, shtop cryin'; you make more noise about it than the man that losht his head!"

TRIALS OF MISSOURI UNIONISTS.

AT the outbreak of the rebellion, Widow W. lived in the White River country, Mo., a land of hills and of ignorance. In that country she and her family stood almost alone upon the side of the National Union. Her neighbors were advocates of the rebellion, and even before the arrival of the army in Springfield, all loyal citizens were warned that they must leave their homes or die. It was little that the poor widow had to leave—a miserable log-cabin and a small patch of hillside—but such as it was, she was preparing to abandon it, when her son Harvey left her, in search of employment. She packed his bundle with a heavy heart, took a silk handkerchief from her neck, gave it to him, and kissed him good-by, never expecting to see him again.

He had not been gone many days when her persecution began. Her little boy was one evening bringing in wood for the fire, when a shot was heard—a bullet struck the log under his arm, and he dropped it with a scream. The ball had just missed his heart. Joy at his escape from death was henceforth mingled with gloomy apprehension.

Next she heard of the death of Harvey. He had found a home, and fancying himself secure, was alone at work in the field. The family with whom he lived were absent. When they returned at noon they found his dead body in the house, pierced by a bullet. His torn cap and other signs witnessed to the severity of his struggle before he yielded to his murderer.

From this time the family of Mrs. W. lived in constant fear. One day a gun was fired at them as they sat at dinner. Often they saw men prowling about with guns looking for the young men. One man was bold enough to come into the cabin in search of them. At night they all hid in the woods and slept. The poor woman was one day gathering corn in the garden, and William was sitting upon the fence.

"Don't sit there, William," said his mother, "you are too fair a mark for a shot."

William went to the door and sat upon the step.

"William," said his sister, "you are not safe there. Come into the house."

He obeyed. He was sitting between two beds, when suddenly another shot rang upon the air and the widow's second son, Samuel, whom she had not noticed sitting by another door, rose to his feet, staggered a few steps toward his mother, and fell a corpse before her.

"I never wished any one in torment before," she said, "but I did wish the man that killed him was there."

Her three oldest sons at once left the cabin and fled over the hills. They were all afterwards in the National army. Samuel's sister washed the cold clay and dressed it for the grave. After two days the secession neighbors came to bury him. At first the frantic mother refused to let them touch his body. At last she consented. The clods were falling upon the coffin, each sound awakening an echo in her heart, when a whip-poor-will fluttered down with its wild melancholy cry, and settled in the open grave. The note so terrified the conscience-stricken, superstitious wretches, that for a moment they fled in dismay.

Two of her children were now in the tomb. Three had escaped for their lives. The unhappy woman was left with her two daughters and three small children, helpless and alone. She was obliged to go thirty miles upon horseback to the mill for food, and afterwards to return on foot, leading her horse by the bridle, with the sack of meal upon his back. On her return she met her children, about a mile and a half from her own house. In her neighbors yard her two boys, aged ten and twelve years, were digging another grave—the grave of an old man, murdered in her absence for the crime of loyalty to the Union. Together with a white-headed patriot, who tottered with age, they placed the corpse upon a board, rolled it, unprepared for burial and uncoffined, into the shallow pit, and then covered it with earth. Such were the trials of loyal citizens in the border slave States, and wherever rebellion held sway.

A THRILLING RAILROAD ADVENTURE IN WEST VIRGINIA.

AMONG the many incidents that, during the late rebellion, were connected with that great national artery, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is one that I will relate.

In the fall of 1861, having been detained by business in the town of Cumberland, Md., I was at last about to start for Wheeling, when I learned by a dispatch that the road was occupied below Harper's Ferry by a force of rebels, and therefore no train would pass.

This proved to be true in reference to ordinary trains, but a "special," with which was the Hon. Mr. Pierpont, and a few other notabilities, had passed before the rebels cut the track, and was therefore approaching. On inquiry, I found that the engineer of the coming train had been one of my old chums, ere I had discarded engine-driving for more profitable business. My friend, Joe M——, was a cool, bold, skillful engineer, and as generous as reckless of danger.

As I expected, I no sooner saw him and stated my wish to go up the road, than he swore that, special or no special, I should ride with him, if for nothing but to see the fast time his engine "Wildfire," would make.

As we dashed rapidly along and were passing through Black Oak Bottom, a couple of ill-looking fellows in citizen's dress fired at the engineer, but, doing no damage, merely provoked a laugh of derision from him for their want of marksmanship. On arriving at Oakland, Md., we were disagreeably surprised by receiving a telegram, informing us that a party of rebels were making extraordinary haste to reach the railroad at a point many miles ahead of us. Also they seemed to know who the special contained, and would, therefore, use all endeavors to capture or kill us.

There was but one car behind the engine, and in it was briefly discussed the question of "go or stay," while Joe was having the tender refilled with wood and water.

Mr. Pierpont's business was too urgent to admit of any possible delay; two or three others concluded to risk the trip, and I—well, if it's not too egotistical to say so—I had run risks on railroads too often to back out because there was danger ahead, while the rest concluded to stay and trust to luck for the opportunity of getting away.

Just as we were about to start, the fireman, making a misstep on the "running board," fell and struck the ground with such force as to break his arm. Joe hurriedly picked the poor fellow up, but time was

precious just then, so leaving him to the care of the gentlemen who had accompanied us, he started directly towards me, asking me to come and "run" for him, as, having no fireman, he would have more than he could do. I told him, however, to consider me his fireman for the rest of the trip, as he was best acquainted with the road; so without any more ado I doffed my coat, we jumped on, and away we went, past hamlets, through wildernesses of stunted bushes, up grade and down hill, at a speed rarely equalled. Our light train made firing an easy task for me, and I had frequent leisure to scan the beautiful ranges of the Alleghenies along which we skirted. Joe was sitting, as was usual with him, with his left hand on the throttle lever, and his body half out of the side window of the "cab," that he might the better scan the track ahead.

A few miles south of the famous Cheat River bridge is a deep mountain-gorge with precipitous rocky sides.

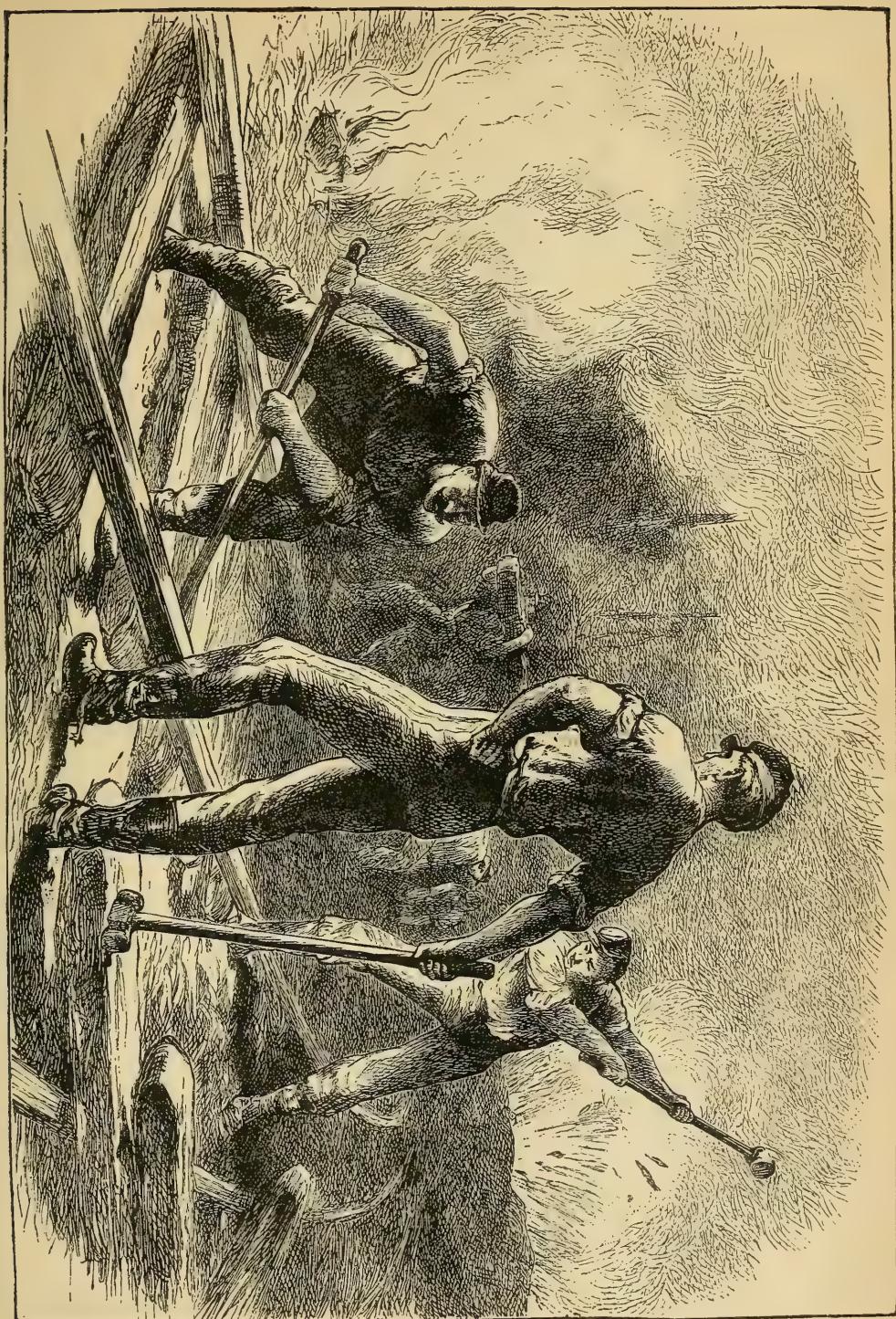
It is shaped like an hour-glass, wide at each end, but tapering each way toward the middle. The track runs for quite a distance along one side of the gorge, makes a very abrupt turn to cross the chasm, a very deep one, in a straight line, and then, still curving inwardly, follows the gorge in a line nearly parallel with the track on the opposite side, for three-fourths of a mile.

We were pitching along with that peculiar rocking, bounding motion, so different from the jar of ordinary fast speed. As we swept to the top of a grade around the side of a hill that commanded a view of the gorge—Joe and I both on the lookout—we saw, at a moment's glance, enough to make us concentrate our thinking faculties, and act in a hurry, whatever was best to be done.

There, on the straight track, just at the near edge of the gorge, a lot of men, in gray uniform, were hastily piling up some old ties, logs, etc.; while at the point where the curve was sharpest—before reaching the gorge—were several more tugging furiously at a rail, one end of which seemed to baffle them, as they pulled it outwards. We were within a mile when we discovered them, and as each noticed them, the shout came simultaneously from both of us—"The wrong side of the curve!" The ignorant fools were pulling out the inside rail, instead of the outside. In the latter case nothing could have saved us from running off the track, and probably into the gorge. Our single brakeman, seeing the danger—I suppose from habit—was commencing to tighten the brake, but at a look from Joe I signalled "off brakes;" Joe, meanwhile, opening the throttle to its widest extent as we dashed down the grade at a positively frightful velocity.

As we neared them, a party of them huddled together near the

SHERMAN'S MEN TEARING UP A GEORGIA RAILROAD.



track. I seized a large stick of wood, intending, if possible, to hurt somebody. We were going altogether too swiftly to fear their taking aim at us; and for that matter, I suppose, they considered our destruction such a certainty that firing at us would be needless. I was poisoning the big stick of wood, and guessing at the rate of speed—I've had some practice throwing parcels from trains in motion—when Joe suddenly pulled the whistle-rope. The hoarse shriek seemed to startle them for an instant; they huddled closer together, and I tossed the stick outwards and downwards. I had barely time to see it crash through the group with the force of a thunderbolt, when, with a jarring plunge, the wheels on one side struck the naked ties. That part of the trouble we had feared but little, as the impetus of the engine was almost sure to make it mount the track again. On the track again, but a few rods ahead of us, was the formidable barricade, and beyond that the yawning chasm. Joe was standing up now, with eyes blazing, still holding the throttle wide open, as he braced himself for the shock. I had grasped the brake-rod of the tender the instant I threw the piece of wood. Crash—my hold didn't avail me, as I was pitched head over heels against the fire-box, and laid flat on my back on the foot-board or floor of the engine.

Joe was as suddenly jerked half around, his back striking the little door in front of where he had stood, breaking the door and shivering the glass to atoms. But we were through; how, we couldn't tell, except that we were still on the track, and thundering over the gorge. Joe's spirits rose with the occasion. Extricating himself almost as suddenly as he had been deposited in the little glass door, he jerked a tin flask from his pocket, sprung on top of the tender, and from thence to the roof of the cab. Steadying himself for a moment, with his face toward the rebels, he shouted "Good-bye," made them a low bow, and took a drink, perfectly regardless of the white puffs of smoke, as one after another discharged their pieces at him, as he afterwards explained, "the engine made too much noise for him to hear the bullets, and they didn't seem to be hitting anybody."

After having, in spite of sore bones, performed a jig, which he had extemporized for that occasion for the express edification of the rebs, Joe descended from his perch, and deliberately shutting off steam, stopped.

We were still in sight of them, though at a tolerably safe distance, and now saw a group of them standing near several men who had been wounded, perhaps some killed, by that "irrepressible" stick of wood.

Our damages were a few bruises each, but no serious hurts. Our engine suffered the loss of the pilot or cowcatcher and headlight, the front of the smoke-bow was stove in, besides sundry dents and bruises

on the brass casings of the cylinders, but for running purposes absolutely uninjured; the rebels having piled the logs squarely across the top of the track, the point of the cow-killer had gone under them, and, though broken by the shock, had raised them sufficiently to keep them from under the wheels, while the engine dashed them right and left into the gorge.

The rebels seeing us stop, started in pursuit, but as we found nothing serious to impede our further progress, and, as in their case, "distance lent enchantment to the view," we were off again in high spirits, and without further adventure worth recounting, arrived safely at our destination.

Poor Joe, after being shot at so often as to have acquired a sovereign contempt for rebel bullets, was shot dead about the close of the war while running a government engine near Chattanooga.

A MILITARY PIGEON.



THE following is a true and singularly remarkable story of a pigeon captured by Mr. Tinker, a teamster of the Forty-second New York Volunteers, while the regiment was encamped at Kalorama Heights, Va. Mr. Tinker made a pet of him, and kept him in camp until they started for Poolesville. Strange to say, the pigeon followed on with the train, occasionally flying away at a great distance, but always returning, and, when weary, would alight on some wagon of the train.

At night he was sure to come home, and watching his opportunity, would select a position, and quietly go to roost in Tinker's wagon.

Many of the men in the regiment took a fancy to him, and he soon became a general favorite. From Poolesville he followed to Washington, and down to the dock, where Tinker took him on board the steamer; so he went to Fortress Monroe, thence to Yorktown, where he was accustomed to make flights over and beyond the enemy's works, but was always sure to return at evening, to roost and receive his food at Tinker's wagon. From there he went all through the Peninsular campaign, afterwards to Antietam, and Harper's Ferry, witnessing all the battles fought by his regiment.

By this time he had gained so much favor that a friend offered twenty-five dollars to purchase him, but Tinker would not sell him at any price, and soon after sent him home as a present to some friend. It might have been interesting to trace the future movements of this remarkable specimen of the feathered tribe, but none will doubt his instinctive loyalty and attachment to the old Tammany regiment.

SELF-PRESERVATION BEFORE BRAVERY.

NOTICED upon the hurricane-deck an elderly darkey with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted upon his bundle, toasting his shins against the chimney and apparently plunged in a state of deep meditation. Finding upon inquiry that he belonged with the Ninth Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavily losing regiments at the Fort Donelson battle, and part of which was aboard, I began to interrogate him upon the subject. His philosophy was so much in the Falstaffian vein that I will give his views in his own words, as near as my memory serves me.

"Were you in the fight?"

"Had a little taste of it, sah."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sah, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sah, and I would have run soona', had I knowed it war comin'."

"Why that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line, sah—cookin's my profeshun."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputashun's nofin' by de side of life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sah."

"Then you must value it very highly!"

"Yes, sah, I does—more dan all dis world—more dan a million ob dollars, sah, for what would that be wuth to a man wid de bref out o' him? Self-preserbashum am de first law wid me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"Because different men set different values upon dar lives—mine is not in de market."

"But, if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfacshun would dat be to me when de power ob feelin' was cl'ar done gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin' whatever, sah—I regard them as among de vanities."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance."

"Yes, sah, dar would have been no help for it. I wouldn't put my

head in de scale 'gainst no gobernment dat eber existed, for no gobernment could replace de loss to me."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

"May be not, sah—a dead white man ain't much to dese sogers, let 'lone a dead niggah—but I'd a miss myself, and dat was de pint wid me, sah."

It is safe to say that the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

JOE PARSONS, THE MARYLAND BOY.

IOE enlisted in the First Maryland regiment, and was plainly a "rough" originally. As we passed along the hall we first saw him crouched near an open window, lustily singing, "I'm a bold soldier boy," and observing the broad bandage over his eyes, I said:

"What's your name, my good fellow?"

"Joe, sir," he answered, "Joe Parsons."

"And what is the matter with you?"

"Blind, sir, blind as a bat."

"In battle?"

"Yes, at Antietam; both eyes shot out at one clip." Poor Joe was in the front at Antietam Creek, and a Minié ball had passed directly through his eyes, across his face, destroying his sight forever. He was but twenty years old, but he was as happy as a lark!

"It is dreadful," I said.

"I'm very thankful I'm alive, sir. It might ha' been worse, yer see," he continued. And then he told us his story.

"I was hit," he said, "and it knocked me down. I lay there all night, and the next day the fight was renewed. I could stand the pain, yer see, but the balls was flyin' all around, and I wanted to get away. I couldn't see nothin', though. So I waited and listened; and at last I heard a feller groaning' beyond me.

"'Hello!' says I.

"'Hello, yourself,' says he.

"'Who be yer?' says I—'a rebel?'

"'You're a Yankee,' says he.

"'So I am,' says I. 'What's the matter with you?'

"'My leg's smashed,' says he.

“‘Can’t yer walk?’

“‘No.’ ‘Can’t yer see?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘Well,’ says I, ‘you’re a —— rebel, but will you do me a little favor?’

“‘I will,’ says he, ‘ef I ken.’

“Then I says: ‘Well, ole butternut, I can’t see nothin’. My eyes is knocked out; but I ken walk. Come over yere. Let’s git out o’ this. You p’int the way, an’ I’ll tote yer off the field on my back.’

“‘Bully for you,’ says he.

“And so we managed to get together. We shook hands on it. I took a wink outen his canteen, and he got on to my shoulders.

“I did the walkin’ for both, an’ he did the navigatin’. An’ ef he didn’t make me carry him straight into a rebel colonel’s tent, a mile away, I’m a liar! Hows’ever the colonel came up, an’ says he, ‘Whar d’yer come from? who be yer?’ I told him. He said I was done for and couldn’t do no more shoot’n; and he sent me over to our lines. So, after three days, I came down here with the wounded boys, where we’re doin’ pretty well, all things, considered.”

“But you will never see the light again, my poor fellow,” I suggested, sympathetically.

“That’s so,” he answered, glibly, “but I can’t help it, you notice. I did my dooty—got shot, pop in the eye—an’ that’s my misfort’n, not my fault—as the old man said of his blind hoss.

“But—I’m a bold soldier boy,” he continued, cheerily renewing his song; and we left him in his singular merriment. Poor, sightless, unlucky, but stout-hearted Joe Parsons.

THE FIGHT AT HAMPTON ROADS.

ON Saturday, March 8, 1862, about noon, the United States frigate Cumberland lay off in the Roads at Newport News, about 300 yards from shore, the Congress being 200 yards south of her. The morning was mild and pleasant, and the day had opened without any noteworthy incident.

Soon after eleven o’clock a dark-looking object was seen coming round Craney Island through Norfolk Channel, and making straight for the two Union war vessels. It was instantly recognized as the much talked of and dreaded Merrimac. The officers of the Cumberland and of the Congress had been on the lookout for her for some

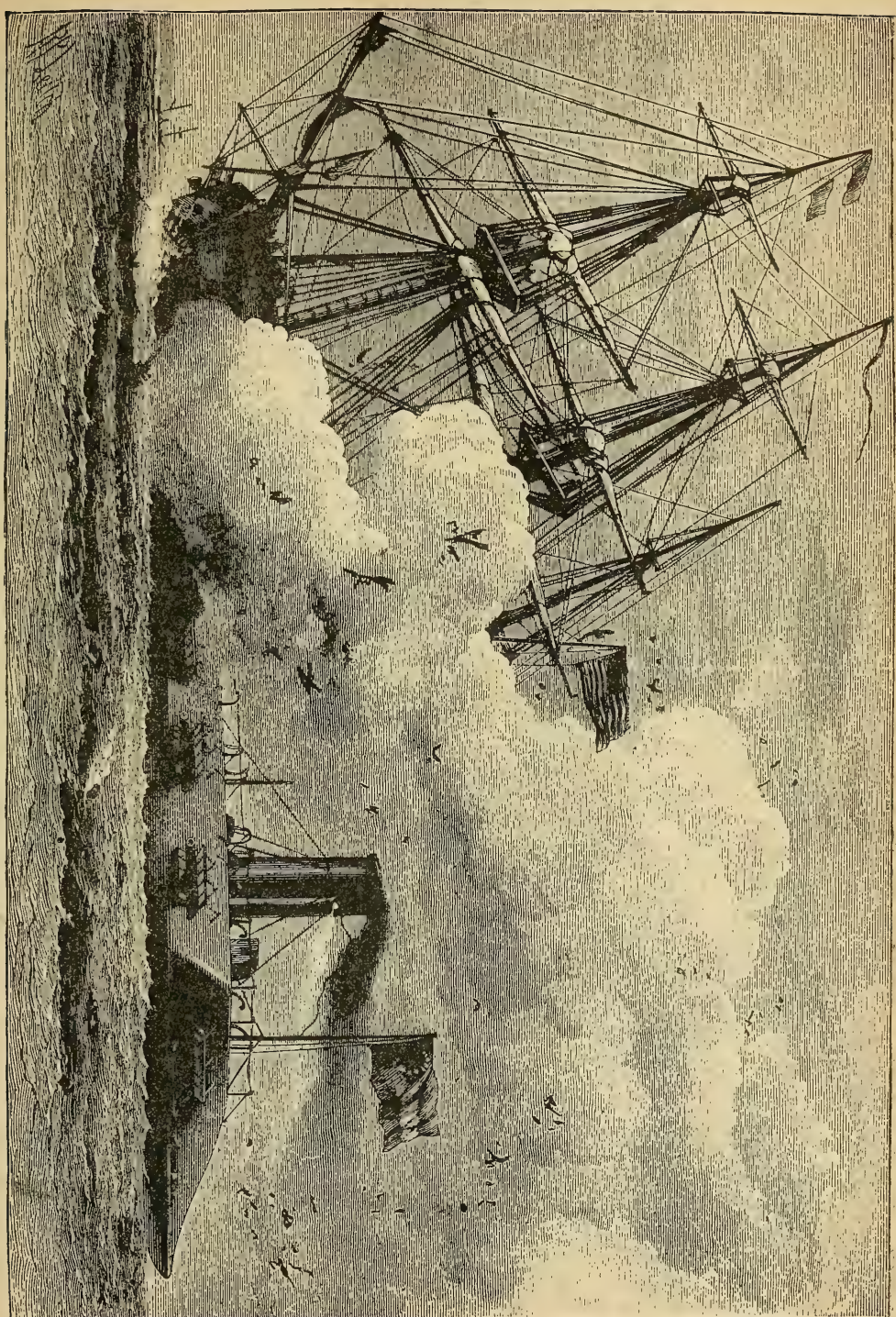
time and were as well prepared for the impending fight as was possible, considering that they had only wooden vessels to meet their iron antagonist.

As the strange-looking craft came ploughing through the water right onward towards the port bow of the Cumberland, she resembled a huge half-submerged crocodile. Her sides were of solid iron, except where the guns pointed from the narrow ports and rose slantingly from the water like the roof of a house, or the arched back of a tortoise. Her entire height above the water line was probably ten feet perpendicular. At her prow could be seen the iron ram projecting straight forward somewhat above the water's edge. Small boats were slung or fastened to her sides. The rebel flag floated from one staff, and a pennant from another at the stern. There was a smoke-stack near her middle; but no side-wheels nor machinery were visible, and all exposed parts of the formidable craft were heavily mailed with iron.

Immediately on the appearing of the Merrimac, both Union vessels made ready for action. All hands were ordered to places, and the Cumberland was swung across the channel so that her broad-side would bear on the hostile craft. The armament she could use against the Merrimac was about eleven nine- and ten-inch Dahlgren guns, and two pivot guns of the same make. The enemy came on at the rate of four or five knots an hour. When within a mile, the Cumberland opened on her with her pivot guns, and soon after with broad-sides. Still she came on, the balls bounding from her sides like rubber balls, making apparently no impression, except to cut away the flag-staff.

The Merrimac passed the Congress, discharging a broadside at her, one shell from which killed and disabled every man at gun No. 10 but one, and made directly for the Cumberland, which she struck on the port bow just starboard of the main chains, knocking a hole in her side near the water line as large as the head of a hogshead, and driving the vessel back upon her anchors with great force. The water at once commenced pouring in through the hole, and rose so rapidly as to reach in five minutes the sick-bay on the berth-deck. Almost at the moment of the collision, the Merrimac discharged from her forward gun an eleven-inch shell. This shell raked the whole gun-deck, killing ten men at gun No. 1, among whom was Master-Mate John Harrington, and terribly mutilating Quarter-gunner Wood. The water rushed in from the hole made below, and in five minutes the ship began to sink by the head. Shell and solid shot from the Cumberland were rained on the Merrimac as she passed ahead, but they glanced harmlessly from the incline of her iron-plated sides and roof.

THE REBEL RAM MERRIMAC AND THE CUMBERLAND.



As the Merrimac rounded to and came up, she again raked the Cumberland with a heavy fire. Advancing with increased momentum, the Merrimac struck the starboard side, smashing her upper works and cutting another hole below the water-line.

SINKING OF THE CUMBERLAND.

The ship now began to sink rapidly, and the scene became most horrible. The cockpit was filled with the wounded, whom it was impossible to bring up. The forward magazine was under water, but powder was still supplied from the after magazine, and the firing kept steadily up by men who knew that the ship was sinking under them. They worked desperately and unremittingly, and amid the din and horror of the conflict gave cheers for their flag and the Union, which were joined in by the wounded. The decks were slippery with blood, and arms and legs and chunks of flesh were strewed about. The Merrimac lay off at easy point-blank range, discharging her broadside alternately at the Cumberland and the Congress. The water by this time had reached the after magazine of the Cumberland. The men, however, kept at work, and several cases of powder were passed up, and the guns kept in action. Several men in the after shell-room lingered there too long, in their eagerness to pass up shell, and were drowned.

The water had at this time reached the berth or main gun-deck, and it was felt hopeless and useless to continue the fight longer. The word was given for each man to save himself; but after this order was issued gun No. 7 was fired. At this moment the adjoining gun, No. 6, was actually under water. This last shot was fired by an active little fellow named Matthew Tenney, whose courage had been conspicuous throughout the action. As his port was left open by the recoil of the gun, he jumped to scramble out; but the water rushed in with so much force that he was washed back and drowned. When the order was given to cease firing, and to look out for personal safety in the best way possible, numbers scampered through the port-holes, whilst others reached the spar-deck by the companionways. Many were unable to get out by either of these means, and were carried down by the rapidly sinking ship. Of those who reached the upper deck, some swam off to the tugs that came out from Newport News.

The Cumberland sank in water nearly to her cross-trees. She went down with her flag still flying—a memento of one of the bravest, most daring, and yet most hopeless defences that has ever been made by any vessel belonging to any navy in the world. The men fought with a courage that could not be excelled. There was no flinching, no thought of surrender.

The Cumberland being thoroughly demolished, the Merrimac left her, not—to the credit of the rebels be it said—firing either at the men clinging to the rigging, nor at the small boats which were busily employed rescuing the survivors of her crew, and proceeded to attack the Congress. The officers of the Congress, seeing the fate of the Cumberland, and aware that their own vessel would also be sunk if she remained within reach of the iron beak of the Merrimac, had got all sail on the ship, with the intention of running her ashore. The tug-boat Zouave also came out and made fast to the Cumberland, and assisted in towing her ashore.

The whole number lost of the Cumberland's crew was one hundred and twenty.

THE CONGRESS BURNED.

The Merrimac then forged ahead and gave the Congress a broadside, receiving one in return; and getting astern, raked the ship fore and aft. This fire was terribly destructive, a shell killing every man at one of the guns except one. Coming again broadside to the Congress, the Merrimac ranged slowly backward and forward, less than one hundred yards distant, and fired broadside after broadside into the Congress. The latter vessel replied manfully and obstinately, every gun that could be brought to bear being discharged rapidly, but with little effect upon the iron monster. Some of the balls caused splinters of iron to fly from her mailed roof, and one shot, entering a port-hole, dismounted a gun. The guns of the Merrimac appeared to be specially trained on the after magazine of the Congress, and shot after shot entered that part of the ship.

Thus slowly drifting down with the current and again steaming up, the Merrimac continued for an hour to fire into her opponent. Several times the Congress was on fire, but the flames were kept down. Finally the ship was on fire in so many places, and the flames gathering such force, that it was hopeless and suicidal to keep up the defence any longer. The national flag was sorrowfully hauled down, and a white flag hoisted at the peak.

After it was hoisted the Merrimac continued to fire, perhaps not discovering the white flag; but soon after the firing ceased.

A small rebel tug, that had followed the Merrimac out of Norfolk, then came alongside the Congress, and a young officer, gaining the gun-deck through a port-hole, announced that he came on board to take command, and ordered the officers on board the tug. The officers of the Congress refused to go on board, hoping from the nearness to the shore that they should be able to reach it, being unwilling to become

prisoners while the least chance of escape remained. Some of the men, supposed to number about forty, thinking that the tug was one of our vessels, rushed on board. At this moment the members of an Indiana regiment, at Newport News, brought a Parrott gun down to the beach and opened fire upon the rebel tug. The tug hastily put off, and the Merrimac again opened fire upon the Congress. The fire not being returned from the ship, the Merrimac commenced shelling the woods and camps at Newport News, fortunately, however, without doing much damage, only one or two casualties occurring.

By the time all were ashore it was seven o'clock in the evening, and the Congress was in a bright sheet of flame, fore and aft. She continued to burn until twelve o'clock at night, her guns, which were loaded and trained, going off as they became heated. A shell from one struck a sloop at Newport News, and blew her up. At twelve o'clock the fire reached the magazine, and with a tremendous concussion her charred remains blew up. There were some five tons of gunpowder in the magazine.

ATTACK ON THE MINNESOTA.

After sinking the Cumberland and firing the Congress, the Merrimac, with the Yorktown and Jamestown, stood off in the direction of the steam-frigate Minnesota, which had been for some hours aground, about three miles below Newport News. This was about five o'clock on Saturday evening. The rebel commander of the Merrimac, either fearing the greater strength of the Minnesota, or wishing, as it afterwards appeared, to capture this splendid ship without doing serious damage to her, did not attempt to run the Minnesota down, as he had ran down the Cumberland. He stood off about a mile distant, and with the Yorktown and Jamestown threw shell and shot at the frigate. The Minnesota, from being aground, was unable to manœuvre, or to bring all her guns to bear, but she was handled splendidly. She threw a shell at the Yorktown, which set her on fire, and the burning rebel craft was towed off by her consort, the Jamestown. From the appearance of the Yorktown the next day, the fire must have been suppressed without serious damage. The after-cabins of the Minnesota were torn away, in order to bring two of her large guns to bear from her stern ports, the position in which she was lying enabling the rebels to attack her there with impunity. She received two serious shots; one, an eleven-inch shell entered near the waist, passed through the chief engineer's room, knocking both rooms into ruins, and wounding several men. Another shot went clear through the chain plate, and another passed through the mainmast. Six of the crew were killed

outright on board the Minnesota, and nineteen wounded. The men, though fighting at a disadvantage, stuck manfully to their guns, and exhibited a spirit that would have enabled them to compete successfully with any ordinary vessel.

About nightfall, the Merrimac, satisfied with her afternoon's work of death and destruction, steamed in under Sewall's Point. The day thus closed most dismally for the Union side, and with the most gloomy apprehensions of what would occur the next day. The Minnesota was at the mercy of the Merrimac; and there appeared no reason why the iron monster might not clear the Roads of the fleet, destroy all the stores and warehouses on the beach, drive the troops into Fortress Monroe and command Hampton Roads against any number of wooden vessels the government might send there. Saturday was a terribly dismal day at Fortress Monroe.

THE MERRIMAC ENCOUNTERS THE MONITOR.

About nine o'clock Saturday evening, Ericsson's new craft, the Monitor, arrived at the Roads; and upon her arrival it was felt that the safety of their position in a great measure depended. Never was a greater hope placed upon apparently more insignificant means; but never was a great hope more triumphantly fulfilled. In appearance the Monitor was the reverse of formidable, lying low on the water, with a plain structure amidships, a small pilot-house forward, a diminutive smoke-pipe aft. At a mile's distance she might be taken for a raft with an army ambulance amidships.

When Lieutenant Worden was informed of what had occurred, though his crew were suffering from exposure and loss of rest from a stormy voyage around from New York, he at once made preparations for taking part in whatever might occur next day.

Before daylight on Sunday morning the Monitor moved up and took a position alongside the Minnesota, lying between the latter ship and the Fortress, where she could not be seen by the rebels, but was ready with steam up to slip out.

Up to this time, on Sunday, the rebels gave no indication of what were their further designs. The Merrimac lay up toward Craney Island, in view, but motionless. At one o'clock she started her engines and came out followed by the Yorktown and Jamestown, both crowded with troops. The object of the leniency toward the Minnesota on the previous evening thus became evident. It was the hope of the rebels to bring the ships along side of the Minnesota, overpower her crew by the force of numbers and capture both vessel and men.

As the rebel flotilla came out from Sewall's Point, the Monitor stood

out boldly toward them. It is doubtful whether the rebels knew what to make of the strange-looking battery; probably they despised it. Even the Yorktown kept on approaching until a thirteen-inch shell from the Monitor sent her to the right about. The Merrimac and the Monitor kept on approaching each other, the latter waiting until she could choose her distance, and the former apparently not knowing what to make of her funny-looking antagonist. The first shot from the Monitor was fired when about one hundred yards distant from the Merrimac, and this distance was subsequently reduced to fifty yards, and at no time during the furious cannonading that ensued were the vessels more than two hundred yards apart.


It is impossible to reproduce the animated description given of this grand contest between two vessels of such formidable offensive and defensive powers. The scene was in plain view from Fortress Monroe, and in the main facts all the spectators agree. At first the fight was very furious, and the guns of the Monitor were fired rapidly. As she carried but two guns, whilst the Merrimac had eight, of course she received two or three shots for every one she gave. Finding that her antagonist was much more formidable than she looked, the Merrimac attempted to run her down. The superior speed and quicker turning powers of the Monitor enabled her to avoid these shocks and to give the Merrimac, as she passed, a shot. Once the Merrimac struck her nearly amidships, but only to prove that the Monitor could not be run down nor shot down. She spun round like a top; and as she got her bearing again, sent one of her formidable missiles into her huge opponent.

The officers of the Monitor, at this time, had gained such confidence in the impregnability of their vessel, that they no longer fired at random, nor hastily. The fight then assumed the most interesting aspect. The Monitor ran around the Merrimac, repeatedly probing her sides, seeking for weak points, and reserving her fire with coolness, until she had the right spot and the exact range, and made her experiments accordingly. In this way the Merrimac received a number of shots which seriously damaged her. None of the shots rebounded at all, but cut their way clear through iron and wood into the ship. Soon after receiving several shots, the Merrimac turned toward Sewall's Point and made off at full speed. The Monitor followed the Merrimac until she got well under Sewall's Point, and then returned to the Minnesota.


The Merrimac then took the Patrick Henry and Jamestown in tow, and proceeded to Norfolk. In making the plunge at the Monitor, she had lost her enormous iron beak and damaged her machinery beyond repair, and was leaking considerably.

Thus ended one of the most terrific naval engagements of the war. But the providential arrival of the Monitor robbed the rebel craft of its terrors, and the destruction of that one Saturday afternoon in March was the only serious mischief the Merrimac ever did.

NOTABLE SURVIVORS OF WILSON'S CREEK.

T the battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo., there were at least nine officers who afterwards achieved great fame on the battlefield and reached the rank of Major-General, viz: Captains Frederick Steele, F. J. Herron, D. S. Stanley and Gordon Granger; Majors P. J. Osterhaus, S. D. Sturgis and J. M. Schofield—the latter being now the senior major-general of the United States army; and Colonels Franz Sigel and R. B. Mitchell. Seven more reached the rank of brigadier-general viz: Captains J. B. Plummer, James Totten, E. A. Carr, T. W. Sweeney; Major I. F. Shephard, Lieutenant-Colonel George L. Andrews and Colonel George W. Deitzler. That little army under General Lyon contained some first-class material, as events proved.

CAPTURING A GUN.

HERE was an old chap in the Berdan Sharpshooters, when stationed near Yorktown, known as "Old Seth." He was quite a character, and a crack shot—one of the best shots in the regiment. His "instrument," as he termed it, was one of the heaviest telescopic rifles. One night at roll-call, "Old Seth" was *non est*. This was somewhat unusual, as the old chap was always up to time. A sergeant went out to hunt him up, he being somewhat fearful that the old man had been hit. After perambulating around in the advance of the picket line, he heard a low "halloo."

"Whose there?" inquired the sergeant.

"It's me," responded Seth, "and I've captured a secesh gun."

"Bring it in," said the sergeant.

"Can't do it," exclaimed Seth.

It soon became apparent to the sergeant that "Old Seth" had the exact range of one of the enemy's heaviest guns, and they could not load it for fear of being picked off by him. Again the old man shouted:

"Fetch me a couple of haversacks full of grub, for this is my gun, and the cussed varmints shan't fire it again while the scrimmage lasts."

This was done, and the old patriot kept good watch over that gun. It was, in fact, a captured gun.

SHERIDAN'S FIRST BATTLE.



HE enemy has ten regiments under Chalmers. I want support, particularly artillery. I have been cut up some little, but am still strong."

This was Sheridan's first appeal in a grave emergency. He met it with a fearlessness and show of military sagacity that thus early in war demonstrated his fitness for high command. He was only a colonel then and had led the Second Michigan Cavalry but little more than a month, when suddenly called upon to meet the serious responsibilities of a battle under as exacting conditions as were ever imposed upon a soldier.

It was 2.30 in the afternoon of July 1, 1862, when he sent the above dispatch to General Asboth, his division commander. He had then been fighting against overwhelming odds since early morning. At 3 o'clock, as the combat waxed more intense, he hastily penned this message to the same authority:

"I have been holding a large force of the enemy prisoners—say ten regiments in all—all day. Am considerably cut up, but am holding my camp."

These were the first echoes from a desperate combat that reached the larger army twenty miles in the rear.

It has been truly said that "mighty events turn upon small hinges." Sheridan's first experience as an independent commander illustrates the truth of this adage. His primary test in the stroke and strategy of battle gave decisive promise of that inspiration in danger and fertility of resource which, in the short space of two years, placed him in the lead among the group that achieved greatness during the Civil War. It was in the second year of the Rebellion—the acute stage of the colossal struggle: the awful "battle summer of 1862"—that Sheridan emerged from the obscurity of staff duty into the stirring arena of command and combat.

There was a pause in the death grapple of the contending armies of Halleck and Beauregard when Sheridan was appointed colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. McClellan was then before Richmond. Halleck was preparing a new campaign. The eyes of the world were watching the Chickahominy, while the western armies for the moment were inactive. The new colonel found his regiment well trained, and composed of stalwart men, skilled in woodcraft and inured to the hardships of open-air life. The man and the instrument were well suited to each other and the dangerous work before them.

RAID ON BOONEVILLE.

Sheridan was no sooner in command than he was in the saddle and taking part in an adventurous errand. Two days after he was made a colonel, he, with his regiment, joined an expedition under Colonel W. L. Elliott, of the Second Iowa Cavalry. These two regiments cut loose from the main army and pushed southward, to the rear of the confederate lines. With but little halt or rest, this small command scoured the debatable land between the armies. It harassed the confederate outposts, tore up the Mobile and Ohio railroad, and burned supplies at Booneville, Mississippi, clearing the country for future operations. This was the first successful raid of the war.

The cavalry is called the eye of the army. Sheridan made his the right arm, as well. In a short time after his promotion his irresistible dash and ceaseless activity was the talk of the meagre force of horsemen attached to the army before Corinth, to whom he was a wonder. Shortly after his first promotion, Beauregard's army fell back, leaving Halleck free to concentrate his forces in the confederate stronghold. Following the retreating enemy, Sheridan found himself again at Booneville. On the 1st of July, 1862, he was encamped there, while the main body of the confederates lay at Tupelo and Guntown, fifteen miles or more to the southward.

The sluggish advance of Halleck's army left Sheridan's force isolated. Though nominally in command of the Second Brigade of the cavalry division, his force at Booneville consisted of but eleven companies of the Second Michigan and eleven of the Second Iowa—in all, about seven hundred and forty men. With the main army under Halleck twenty miles in the rear, and Beauregard about the same distance in front, Sheridan operated in a hostile country, watching and reporting every movement of the enemy, and making his map of the country as he marched.

Booneville is a small town on the Mobile and Ohio railroad. Situated at the conjunction of three or four converging highways, it was a natural vantage point, the value of which the enemy promptly acknowledged by the effort he made to dislodge Sheridan and his handful of cavalry. None but the most audacious would, under the circumstances, have dreamed of holding the place unless assured of a large command. There were deep woods which covered the rolling hills on the immediate outskirts of the place, while beyond cleared plantations gave the enemy admirable ground for deploying lines of battle and surrounding the town.

Beauregard was not slow in discovering the poverty of the force intrusted with such important functions as holding forty miles of

debatable territory. So long as Sheridan held Booneville, many miles of country with abundant supplies and many needed railroad facilities were cut off from his control. Sheridan's forces, his resources, to the minutest detail, were known to the southern commander, for every man in the country was an emissary of his cause. Taking prompt advantage of the situation, General Chalmers—a man destined to be well known in war and politics afterwards—was placed at the head of eight regiments of cavalry, with orders to clear the country of Sheridan's meagre force.

He made an energetic attempt to execute these orders. The dispatches above quoted show the spirit with which that attempt was resisted.

Telegrams like these were something new at headquarters at the time, and though momentous movements under Rosecrans, Grant and Sherman were going on, the outcome of Sheridan's first fight was watched with eager interest by Halleck, and the result thought important enough to be telegraphed to President Lincoln. But no soldiers ever better deserved commendation than did this little band for the heroic work of that day.

TWO REGIMENTS AGAINST A WHOLE DIVISION.

Unable to retreat and almost hopeless of success, Sheridan, when attacked, made his dispositions with almost preternatural foresight. The enemy was at least 4,000 strong. To strike this large force *en masse* would have been certain defeat. That was not the new colonel's plan. He strengthened the picket posts on the several roads leading into Booneville and then held the main body in hand to await Chalmers' attack. This fell early in the day upon Lieutenant Scranton, of the Second Michigan, who commanded the outpost on the Blackland road, three miles and a half from the town. Although set upon by ten times their number, the pickets fought for every inch of the ground, falling back so slowly that the enemy supposed they had come upon a much larger force than they had expected.

Scranton's men had retreated a mile or more to a point where the road the enemy were advancing on intersected another. Here Sheridan had reinforcements at hand, and, under cover of a natural barricade, the attacking force was brought to a halt. The contest became stubborn and the fighting superb, but finding the confederates gaining ground, three more companies were sent to the point, under command of Captain Campbell, also of the Second Michigan. Confident now that the Union force was at bay, Chalmers deployed two regiments on the right of the road. This imposing line overlapped the Union front so far that

by merely curving the wings inward, the whole force would have been surrounded. Sheridan saw the danger. He quickly sent word to Captain Campbell to hold the ground at all hazards until he could be reinforced, but if pushed beyond endurance to fall back slowly. Colonel Hatch, of the Second Iowa, was then sent quickly to Campbell's support and was ordered to charge the enemy wherever he could strike him best. Meanwhile the Michigan men were engaged in a terrible and uncertain combat. In the open field the gray-coated horsemen, in well-closed ranks, waited until the skirmishers had driven the Union troops well together, then, with shouts, they swept down, each man eager to be first in at the capture.

The sorely pressed Federals were ordered to reserve their fire until the enemy was within twenty-five or thirty yards' range, and well did they obey this command. On came the solid confederate battalions, certain of victory, and the order to surrender was ringing out. A storm of bullets, which withered the first line, was the reply. Another and another followed, for the smallness of the Union force was to some extent made up by their efficient Colt's revolving rifles, which carried five shots without reloading, and in the hands of good marksmen were full of death.

In this onset they were so well used that the charge was stayed. But the columns were soon re-formed, and the confederate commander closed up his lines and brought them on the flank of the struggling Wolverenes. Still fighting, inch by inch, they fell slowly back, keeping at bay the overwhelming enemy. Again Chalmers threw his regiments in line and charged with wild yells as of assured victory. But he was again beaten off, and the Union men, having no time to reload, used their guns as clubs to ward off their over-confident enemies. It was a desperate moment. Sheer weight of numbers must have gained the coveted road and captured the indomitable defenders had Sheridan not now sent in another timely supply of men from his slender line.

The combat began again. It had lasted from daylight. It was now afternoon. Angered by the obstinacy of his opponents, Chalmers now made a wide sweep and came in on the left of the Union camp, almost within gun-shot of the tents. There was no sign of reinforcements by rail, for which Sheridan had asked. There was hardly a hope of holding out another hour against such disproportionate numbers. Still there was no thought of giving up, and the young colonel resolved "to eke out the lion's skin with the fox's tail." But his resources were wofully slender for either valor or strategy; yet, meagre as they were, they sufficed him. While 2,000 confederates were besetting the 400 men on the Blackland road, and 2,000 more were swing-

ing into line at the very gates of the camp on the east, Sheridan hurried to the tent of Captain Alger, who was lying sick with camp fever. The situation was made known to him and he was asked if he would take charge of a desperate venture. He readily agreed to do his share in the crisis, and never did soldier do his duty better.

CAPTAIN RUSSELL A. ALGER'S FORLORN HOPE.

Sheridan had already parked his wagon train on the low ground to the west and north of the town, and prepared for a last desperate stand. Besides this, he had hurried two companies into line, one from the Second Michigan and one from the Second Iowa. There were ninety-two men in all in this little band, which he intrusted to Captain Alger upon as mad an exploit as was ever known in war. To better inspire the men with the spirit of rivalry, he had taken one company from each regiment in his command, instead of taking both companies from the same regiment. When Alger was mounted, Sheridan directed him to move off to the right and strike the enemy in the rear. To this officer he spoke privately of the desperate risks to be taken, and indicated the exact moment at which he should strike the rear of the enemy. He was to leave



GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER.
(From a Recent Photograph.)

Booneville by a wood road running westward. After a mile or more, he would reach a point in a covered lane where an old negro would be found to guide him to the point of attack. Sheridan's instructions were so minute, and showed such perfect familiarity with the country, that he inspired unusual confidence in the officer to whom he had intrusted this dangerous errand.

Thus early in Sheridan's career, did he give evidence of that wonderful power which was the keynote to his success as a soldier. Short as had been his stay in Booneville, he knew more of the country than the rebels themselves. Like Napoleon, he made it his first duty to memorize every foot of the territory that he might be called upon to defend or contest. All capable soldiers do this to a greater or less extent, but some have the geographical faculty better developed than others. Sheridan, as all his campaigns attest, had this important gift.

He had not been twenty-four hours at Booneville before he had mapped in his mind every road, lane, farm, hill, or natural impediment that might play an important part in action. It was during a visit to the neighborhood of Waterloo, long before he confronted Napoleon, that Wellington owed his escape from the French after his defeat at Quatre Bras. Given equal numbers in combat, the man who knows his map best is almost certain to win the battle. Sheridan knew his by heart. He knew the character of the people and the nature of all his surroundings. The attack he was now called upon to resist found him thoroughly equipped with every possible resource, except men, that the craft and energy of a soldier could command.

Besides a thorough knowledge of the country, he had a trusty scout who lived in the neighborhood—a light-complexioned, long-haired Mississippian, with a keen eye and cadaverous form. Reticent and modest, this partisan had the confidence of both officer and men. To him was intrusted the conduct of Captain Alger's "forlorn hope" to the rendezvous where the negro waited. Nothing was left to chance. Captain Alger knew that the salvation of the whole command depended upon his courage, activity and vigor. Perhaps it was just as well that the men did not appreciate the madness of the undertaking. It takes more than ordinary courage for ninety-two men to assault 4,000, especially when, as in this case, every chance was against them. They were to traverse an unknown country by divers roads, through deep woods, and they were to meet at the end of the march an overwhelming enemy, in the midst of a treacherous population.

In this fearful emergency tactics and dash were the two important requisites of success. There must be no mistake as to the one and no lack of the other. As the men moved off, Sheridan said to Captain Alger:

"Don't dismount your men in any event! Don't deploy them, or you will show the enemy the weakness of your force. Charge in column, and if possible, come through and join me. When you make the assault, shout and make all the noise possible. When I hear you I will strike them in front. I have carefully gauged the time, and whether I hear from you or not, in one hour I shall charge them."

There were no cheers as the little band filed off through the deserted streets; no outward sign that the sorely pressed commander was taking his last desperate chance for success. In the woods to the south and east the volleys still rang out defiantly; but the deliberation of the rebels showed that they were confident of capturing the town and its defenders. With this possibility staring the "forlorn hope" in the

face, it moved through the solemn pines, beyond the dark marshes, and over narrow plantation roads, the commander and his men impressed with the importance of the stroke they were to deal. It was an hour of terrible suspense, but the scout knows his road, and all comes to pass as Sheridan had planned. At the appointed place the negro is found, and under orders of Captain Alger, he guides them onward. The column has now turned eastward and is now moving upon the rear of the enemy. Every instant it draws nearer and nearer. Now comes the supreme moment. The troopers emerge from the sheltering woods. They are under the eyes of the compact masses of gray troopers that line the crest of the hill. The negro guide takes fright and runs away.

"Forward men!" Captain Alger commands.

In column of fours the audacious handful rush up the Blackland road from a point where the confederates have never dreamed of the presence of an enemy. In an instant they are in the group about the commander's headquarters. But there is no time for spoils, not even for prisoners. Beyond the hill is the point of attack. At the main line Alger dashes, leaving Captain Schuyler to look after those in and to the left of the road.

At this time Sheridan had been counting the minutes. Each one seemed an hour. Human endurance was taxed to the uttermost. The young colonel was now realizing for the first time the intensity of Wellington's longing at Waterloo:

"Oh for night or Blucher!"

The hour had nearly passed and Captain Alger had given no sign. The enemy's line to the east was now deploying to surround the wagons, and the fire to the south was increasing.

Where was Alger? There were no shots, no shouts; none of the clamor that usually accompanies the onsets of cavalrymen.

True to his promise, when the hand pointed to the last moment of the hour, Sheridan prepared for the charge. Just as he moved out for the final stroke, a train of cars came down the railroad and drew into Booneville, sounding its shrill whistle as a warning, and a welcome to those who were in battle. Every one in the Union lines knew that Sheridan had sent for reinforcements, and the arrival of the train thrilled the struggling soldiers with a new hope. They began to cheer, and the train men joined with a will. Sheridan made prompt use of the timely incident. He sent word to the engineer to keep up whistling, and to the train hands to cheer and make such clatter as would imply fresh men. The civilians took the hint. There was a pandemonium of yells and huzzas.

DESPERATE CHARGE OF THE MICHIGAN AND IOWA TROOPERS.

At this moment Sheridan swung his tired battalions into line. The men caught the inspiration of their commander and felt with him the responsibilities of the moment. Half a mile in front of them were the gray masses, moving in and out in busy preparation for the final onset.

The scene on both sides was a spirited one, and to the Federal troops the moment was big with fate. But there was no time for reflection. Sheridan is in front. He shouts to his troops "Forward!" The squadrons sweep across the fields in close order. As they draw near, dropping shots from the confederate artillery and carbines empty a saddle here and there. Still on they go. No one has thought for any but the enemy. The excitement of the charge thrills every nerve. The lust of battle shines in every eye. They draw closer and closer to the foe. Each blue-coat singles out his man, and with a crash as of meeting waters, and a yell as of contending demons, the two forces come together. The confederate line wavers and then breaks before the force of Sheridan's first charge.

At this instant Alger's handful of men rushed upon the confederate rear. The attack was so unexpected that they were thrown into utter confusion. They broke at every point. Audacity and courage had won. But danger to the "forlorn hope" was not yet past. Sheridan had not seen nor heard of it, but the enemy had. Alger was not within "yelling" distance of his commander when he attacked. His force had made noise enough, but it had all been drowned in the horrible confusion of the moment. The tumult of his own movement had drowned all the rest of the battle to Sheridan's ears. He knew that the confederate masses had broken in front of him, but he could not tell whether the shouts he heard were confederate or Union. He pushed on to see. Soon the situation was under his eye. His stratagem had been successful. The "forlorn hope" had done its work and done it well, but in the confusion of the moment it was in a desperate scramble with the flying confederates. It was still beyond the reach of aid from Sheridan, and in a running fight with the enemy. As the confederates broke to the rear, they tried in their flight to punish the force in its way for its temerity. In the *melée* which then ensued each side sought to do all the damage it could to the other, while getting out of danger itself. Alger and his little command were rushing to the rear with as much speed as their enemy. They had emptied their revolvers into a confused mass of confederates which they had driven off by the roadside.

Their ammunition was gone and they plied the sabre unsparingly.

The confederates were now on an equality with them, and in point of numbers, vastly their superior. But they pushed off the field, fighting as they ran. The race was a singular one, but serious as it was, it had its ludicrous aspects. Each side was trying to get away from the other and man by man they separated whenever a by-road or a bit of woods opened a chance for escape. Many a hand-to-hand conflict took place. Alger rode for a half a mile side by side with a confederate soldier, each emptying his revolver at the other without doing any injury. Just as Alger had finished his last shot, he was carried, partly by the antics of his fractious, lank, gray horse, so familiar to the men of his command, and partly by the ruse of those about him, beyond his own forces and into the timber, where the enemy was seeking shelter. His horse, now unmanageable, ran through the clustering branches, until a limb tore the luckless rider from his saddle, breaking his ribs as he swung violently against the tree. He had barely strength to parry a vicious blow from a flying cavalryman, as he fell into the thick underbrush, unconscious. How long he lay there he never knew; but when he recovered consciousness, all was quiet about him. The confederates had disappeared and so had his own command. He dragged himself from his shelter, crawled to the road, and had entered an open field when the clatter of horses' hoofs reached his ears. He thought it was the enemy's forces, and again concealed himself. But as they neared him he recognized them. They were from the Second Iowa. Sheridan had sent them out to seek for his body, for it was thought that he had been killed. Indeed, a number of the men having seen his helpless plight in the wild stampede, had reported him dead or captured. They put him on a horse and returned to camp. It was after dark when Sheridan greeted him with "Old fellow, you have done well."

Then the two sat down to talk over the incidents of the remarkable engagement. Captain Alger lost more than half of his command, and the confederates were many more men short from the effects of Sheridan's first charge.

This day's work made Sheridan a brigadier-general before he had even been commissioned a colonel. Captain Alger was promoted to the rank of major for his gallant leadership of the "forlorn hope." It was a great day's work for both officers and men, and not only his own regiment, but the whole army was taught a wholesome respect for the soldierly qualities of Sheridan.

This brilliant description is taken from Colonel Burr's "Life of Sheridan," by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. J. A. & R. A. Reid.

A DARING ADVENTURE.

IT was late in the summer of 1864. The veteran and heroic army of Sherman had commenced in May that wonderful series of battles and marches which lasted while the rebellion continued, and which were the fatal and finishing blows by which the rebellion was crushed. By degrees, and after marking every mountain pass and almost every mile with blood, the rebel army had been pushed back and dislodged from one position after another, till now they had settled sullenly around the doomed city of Atlanta. The cautious and able Johnson was displaced in favor of the madcap and brainless fighter, Hood, who, in the language of the insurgent chief, "was determined to strike one manly blow for Atlanta." While the antagonists lay thus at bay, and Sherman was perfecting the details of that splendid manœuvre by which the stronghold became ours, a youthful soldier in the Union army, by the name of Ira B. Tuttle, with four of his men, performed a feat of military daring which equals the exploits of Morgan or any of the famous soldiers of the war. The small village of Villa Rica lies about twenty-seven miles south by west of Atlanta, and about ten miles south of Dallas; near it is another little village, not inappropriately called Dark Corner.

In this village of Villa Rica the rebel general had established a principal magazine of supplies. As the greater part of his force lay between that point and the Federals, he regarded the point as entirely safe, and had left no guard on the spot except a lieutenant-colonel, a captain and the sergeants detailed to deliver the subsistence stores to the army wagons as they came for them. Rebel camps were, in fact, all around the point, in front and in rear, not more than a mile distant. Tuttle and his four men, in their scouting adventures, had penetrated very near the place, and resolved on making a bold dash upon it, thus running an immense risk; while, on the other hand, they might inflict on the enemy a great loss, and make good their escape. Putting spurs to their horses, they rode directly up to the largest building, where fifty thousand bushels of corn and a large amount of bacon were stored. The officers and enlisted men at the magazine were taken wholly by surprise, not even having side arms. Tuttle made them mount their horses, while he and his men fired the buildings, and five wagons were loaded with bacon for the army. As soon as the flames were well started, he ordered his five prisoners to ride on in front, while he with his four men rode behind, with hands on their pistols.

As they rode away with their prisoners, the smoke of the burning storehouses was observed at the rebel camp a mile distant, and men were seen rushing to save the stores, if possible. But it was too late. The material was highly combustible, the weather hot and dry, and water was distant. While the astonished rebels were running toward the fire, in the vain hope of "saving their bacon," Tuttle and his brave companions, who had the fear of Andersonville before their eyes, put spurs to their horses, and drove their five prisoners before them into the Union camp.

CLEANING OUT THE ALABAMA GUERRILLAS.

DURING the spring of 1862, North Alabama was thrown into a terrible state of excitement by the report, which rapidly gained credence, that General Hardee would be compelled to abandon the line of defences on Duck River, as he had already done the line on the Tennessee.

The confederate army, broken, dispirited, and almost demoralized, passed Huntsville, and scarcely halting, took the cars for Corinth, at which point the Federal army was concentrated under the matchless leadership of Grant. Buell was craftily seeking to out-general the confederates and hurl his magnificent army upon the same point. In this he was perfectly successful. To accomplish this end, he sent the impetuous Mitchell down on Huntsville with one of the best appointed divisions in the West. His march was one continued success, and on the morning of the 11th day of April, 1862, he charged the town, capturing a portion of the rear guard of the rebel army, besides an immense amount of military and other stores.

While this retreat was being made by the confederates, the Union men suffered everything but death, and many of them suffered even that, for they died from the effects of exposure in hiding out in the mountains, or were killed in their numerous encounters with the guerrillas, who were continually on the alert to catch them and drag them to the army.

PERSECUTION OF THE UNIONISTS.

Gurley's, DeMorse's, Davis', Tom Pike's and Long's guerrillas infested the country at this time, visiting every house, searching every hiding place to find men subject to military duty. Often a single one of them would pass from house to house, in some impenetrable disguise, in order to see if the men were at home, or ascertain where they were

secreted. Sometimes he would go to a man's house and tell his family a pitiful tale of persecution, avow the most heartfelt Union sentiments, and beg to be fed; then, affecting to be alarmed for his safety, or to be overcome by fatigue, he would beg the people to show him some hiding place. Perhaps he would be secreted in the same old house, in the same loft, or under the same floor, taken to the same mountain cave in which was hidden a father, a husband or a brother.

No sooner would the desired information be obtained, than it would be dispatched to some guerrilla chief, and in an unexpected moment the unhappy man would be surprised and dragged away in irons to the conscript prison; or, if the least resistance were offered or a flight attempted, he would be shot down in the presence of an agonized family. Should he by chance have some reputation as a politician and a Union man, more frequently they would hang him to the nearest tree; sometimes even in his own door-yard. How many widows, how many orphans these murdering miscreants made, only God in heaven can know.

Gathering in small parties, or scattering singly through the mountains, the Union men hid themselves and prayed for the day when the Union army should deliver them. Often the echoes of the mountains would be awakened by the deep-mouthed baying of the bloodhounds running on the track of some unlucky fugitive, who was almost sure to be caught or killed when these merciless messengers were let loose on him.

Two of my neighbors, says a noted Unionist of that region, named Hedges and Glenn, were hiding with me one day in the mountains on Hurricane Creek, when we were suddenly surprised by six of De Morse's men. We were well armed, and so were they; we retreated into the mouth of the small cave, where we were in the habit of hiding. The guerrillas must have thought that we were only indifferently armed, for they advanced boldly and called upon us to come out and surrender.

FIGHT AT THE CAVE.

The cave was situated upon a high ledge of rock, with a narrow shelf or "bench" traversing the face of the ledge in front of our cave. The guerrillas advanced along that shelf in file, for it was too narrow for two to walk abreast, until they arrived within a few yards of the cave, when they ordered us to come out or they would "smoke us out." We knew that this was no idle threat, for they often carried the means for "smoking" caves with them. There were three alternatives for us to choose from, viz: to come out and surrender and be dragged away to

the conscript prison, to stay in the cave and be suffocated with smoke and eventually be killed or captured, or to fight. I chose the latter, and the other two agreed to fight if I would fire the first shot; to this I agreed, and we sallied out, and on turning an abrupt angle in the cliff, I came upon the foremost one. The path ran in such a zigzag shape that I was on him before he had time to resist. When I first got sight of him his head was turned and he was speaking to a comrade behind him, when I reached out suddenly, caught him by the collar of the coat, and gave him a quick jerk towards me, which had the effect to throw him off his balance, and his gun slipping from his hand, went clattering down the face of the cliff into the deep gorge below. Grasping the projecting rock with my right hand to steady myself, with my left I swung him around the angle of the rock and threw him on the ground.

"Spare my life! I will surrender!" he shouted. "O men, don't kill me! O, spare me, spare——"

"Silence, villain, or I will hurl you over the cliff."

As I pulled this man round the point, Hodges and Glenn thrust their guns beyond me and fired, and the next instant a man bounded off the cliff in plain view, and fell crashing through the branches of the trees below. It was a terrible sight; we could see one side of his face, which seemed to be shot away. Crash, crash, he went, as he fell from bough to bough, and at last struck the rocks below with a violence that must have crushed every bone in his body, for the sound echoed through the cliffs with a dull thud as loud as the report of a gun. We had no time to look after him, however, for now the other four engaged our attention. Hastily they fired their guns at random around the projecting rock at us, and fled along the giddy precipice, steadying themselves by laying their hands upon the rocks as they ran. Drawing our pistols we pursued; as we were mountaineers, while they were from the level country about Nashville, we had a decided advantage in that aerial sort of chase. Presently, on coming to a narrow place in the path, where it was obstructed by a huge rock, we fired a pistol shot, when another of their number staggered, dropped his gun, clutched wildly at the air, and fell headlong over the cliff with one last fearful yell, and in an instant was crashing through the projecting scrub growth below.

"Hold, hold, men, we will surrender; don't kill us," the others plead.

"Throw down your guns," I yelled.

"We will; we are your prisoners, and will do whatever you tell us to."

"All right, then; toss those guns over the cliff there, for we don't want them."

"We will," said one, and suiting the action to the word, they each tossed over the cliff a gun which went clanging to the bottom; as they fell two of them were discharged, and their contents whizzed past us high up into the air. When this was done, I bade one of my comrades go back and bring our other prisoners. He did so, and then we marched them along before us until we got to a place wide enough for one of us to pass them without danger, where we halted, and putting one man before and two behind them, we marched back to the cave in the cliff. When we had entered the cave we struck a light, having many conveniences there, as it was an old hiding place. This was the first time it had been discovered; even now it must have resulted more from accident than design.

THE FOUR GUERRILLA PRISONERS.

The light flashed up and revealed four pretty solid-looking men, rather past the meridian of life, for their hair and beards were thickly sprinkled with gray. They were sun-browned from exposure, and appeared to have seen hard service. They were strangers in our part of the country, for they did not seem to know any of us, nor did we remember to have ever seen any of them before. In order to satisfy myself upon this point, I stood out before them in the glare of the light and said:

"Gentlemen, look at me, do you know me?"

They scanned my features closely, but shook their heads; they were badly frightened, and two of them trembled perceptibly. Thinking that it might be to my advantage to make an imposing impression, I said a little roughly:

"So you don't know me? Then I will tell you who I am; I am Wild Paul, the king of the mountain." They looked in mute astonishment at me; I could see that they were sorely frightened; "and now, sir," I continued, addressing one of them, "what is your name?"

"Thomas Couch," he faltered.

"And yours?" addressing another.

"Hiram Davis, sir."

"And yours?"

"Abner Wilson," he answered, in a faint tone.

"And your name?" addressing the fourth and last man.

"Is Samuel De Morse," he replied, defiantly.

"*Guerrillas!*" I said, or rather hissed, for all the contempt I felt for them seemed to embody itself in that one word, which I believe means

a "petty warrior," in the Spanish language; the termination *rilla* means diminutive, and at the same time is expressive of contempt.

"Yes, guerrillas," he answered, somewhat proudly.

"Well, now, Mr. Guerrilla, do you know what your fate is?"

"Death, I suppose."

"Very right, sir; unless you accept your lives on my conditions."

"Name them," he said.

"You must take an oath of allegiance to the United States of America, and you must swear never to reveal this hiding place or the names of any of these men, or speak of this affair to any living soul or——"

"What!" he gasped.

"You shall surely die," I continued, looking every man in the eye as I slowly scanned each face.

"Give us a little time to consider?" he said.

"Five minutes," I answered, looking at my watch, and stepping to the mouth of the cave. I placed my forefingers in my mouth and gave a shrill whistle, as though for a signal. The guerrillas whispered together for a few moments, when three of them turned to me, and one said:

"We accept your terms, and will take the oath."

"And you," I said, turning to De Morse, "what have you to say?"

"That I defy you," and his lip writhed in a scornful smile.

"Very well, sir," I said; "it is a free thing, you have your choice."

"Do your worst," he said.

"Be patient, sir; there is time enough to shoot a thousand traitors before night." I was astonished at my own heartlessness, in thus cavilling with a man whom self-preservation imperatively demanded me to kill.

"Hodges," I said, addressing a comrade, "keep your eye upon that man while I attend to these;" then producing a small memorandum, I tore out a blank leaf, and with a pencil wrote the following oath of allegiance:

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

"We, the undersigned citizens of Davidson County, Tennessee, do hereby swear, that we will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America for the rest of our natural lives; and that we will defend them from all enemies and opposers whomsoever, under any and all circumstances; and we also swear that we will never reveal the whereabouts of this cave, nor the name of any man concerned in this capture to any living soul; and also that we will ever befriend these

men who have captured us; and this we do solemnly swear, without any equivocation or mental reservation whatever, in the presence of Almighty God."

After reading it to them, I said: "What do you say, men, will you swear?" and immediately they answered:

"We will."

"Then take off your hats and hold up your right hands;" and I again read the oath, and one of them responded:

"I do, in the name of God," and his words were taken up and repeated by the other two.

"Now, men," I said, "you will sign this oath, and you will be at liberty." One of them signed the oath in a tolerably legible hand, and the others made their marks after their comrade had written their names, for they were unable to write. "You can go now or stay with us, just as you please.

"And now, sir, Mr. De Morse, I would have a few words with you," I said, turning to the remaining guerrilla. "Why do I find you following my track like a hound, seeking for my blood; you do not even recognize me, now that we have met. Tell me, sir, for I would know who it was that set you on my track!"

"That I will never tell you," he answered, as he returned my look with a steady gaze.

"As you please," I said; "but you will rue the day that you fell upon this unlucky errand. You have refused my mercy; you have shown me by refusing to accept mercy that you never grant it yourself; but tell me why it is that you choose the life of a guerrilla in preference to that of a soldier in the field."

"That I will with pleasure. It is because I do not care to follow the hardships of a soldier's life, nor to submit to the rigid discipline of the army; still I desire to serve my country to the extent of my ability. It is a free and easy devil-may-care life, full of fun and frolic, and not a little adventure. We hang upon the rear of a column of Yankees, pick off stragglers, bushwhack pickets, capture isolated wagon trains, tear up railroad tracks, interrupt their communications, fire into railroad trains, capture couriers, catch conscripts and deserters, penetrate the enemy's lines and obtain information, and various other things too tedious to mention; but all of which have a tendency to cripple the enemy, besides giving us a chance to make a little extra once in a while. We are independent and free, and that is what we most desire. We serve our country for the love of country, and we boast among our numbers the proudest chivalry of the land."

"And let me add, you are a band of midnight assassins and mur-

derers; stealing upon railroad trains, and firing upon defenceless non-combatants, women and children, all fare equally in that; a brave deed truly, and those women and children your own people, perhaps those women are the wives of Southern soldiers, and those their children. You think that is chivalry, do you?"

"It is the fate of war, and is to be deplored; but we must cripple the enemy."

"It is the fate of war, is it? You track Union men to their hiding places as you did me, and smoke them out and murder them in cold blood, or drag them away to the conscript-pen to be sent to the field and shot down like dumb beasts by men who are better friends to them to-day than the men who force them into this unholy war, and lead them when they are there. It is chivalry, is it, to drag away husbands and fathers to fight in a cause for which they have no sympathy, and leave their wives and children to starve, or to live from the bounty of the government that you are seeking to overthrow; and this you call chivalry?"

"We are not responsible for consequences; we must do our duty."

"Very well, sir, and I must do mine; follow me. Glenn, keep a sharp eye on him."

"Don't you intend to give me a chance for my life, at all?"

"Give you a chance, certainly; take the oath I offered you."

"No, by my soul I'll die first; you may do your worst."

"Young man, you had better reflect; I cannot turn you loose to watch my footsteps day and night, and finally to catch me unaware some time, perhaps to capture me, or send me to the other world. No, sir, if you were a soldier and possessed of a soldier's honor, I might offer you different terms."

At this moment a step was heard outside the cave; a man was advancing toward us with long, rapid strides; he was familiar with the spot, for turning the angle of the rock, he walked into the cave in the off-hand manner of a familiar friend.

"Ho, Perry, is that you? I am glad to see you," I said, and, extending my hand, welcomed him back to the cave, as did Hodges and Glenn. The three paroled men stood aloof from us in the end of the cave, while the guerrilla confronted me. As soon as Perry's eyes became accustomed to the light, for he had recognized us more by voice than sight, he started as if an adder had stung him, and shouted, "Sam De Morse! Oh, thanks for this," and before we could divine his intention, he drew a pistol from his belt; the guerrilla saw the motion, and knew the man; with the quick instinct of self-preservation he bounded for the door; but ere he reached it Perry caught a running sight of his

body, and fired; with one last desperate bound the guerrilla reached the cliff and fell headlong upon its very brink. With a loud yell of delight Perry sprang to the writhing form, and placing his foot against the guerrilla's side, he spurned him from the cliff, and with a wild shriek he went whirling down the frowning chasm.

Then turning to us, he said, "How did that man come here?"

We briefly explained the affair, when he went on to explain his own sanguinary conduct.

"You never heard me mention the affair, perhaps, for it is a sad story, and one that almost drives me mad as it comes into my mind. I had a bright eyed boy, a pet child, hung to death by that villain, and I swore not to rest, day or night, until I had avenged the death of that child. I had been hiding out in the hills on Harpeth river to keep from being dragged away to the army, and this child, my oldest boy, was the only person that knew where I was concealed. The little fellow was manly, far beyond his years, for it was he who used to wander out alone and bring out provisions to eat, and I should have starved many a time had it not been for his ingenuity in getting me food unobserved. One day this De Morse, with a squad of his men, went to my house, and after threatening my wife until she had convulsions, they took my little innocent boy out into the hills, and threatened to hang him if he did not tell where I was hidden. The child refused, for he said they would kill his pa; they then put a rope around his neck, and throwing the other end over a limb, they hauled him up and kept him there a full minute, when they let him down and revived him. They then stormed at and cursed him as a little villain, and told him if he did not tell where his father was hid, they would hang him for good. It is my opinion that his throat was hurt so badly that he could not speak, for it don't stand to reason that a child could have such resolution; they could get him to tell nothing, so they pulled him up again. This time they held him up till the child's limbs ceased to move, when they let him down; they tried to revive him but they could not—my boy was dead! The whole affair was witnessed by an old negro man and his daughter; but what of that? their evidence would not be received in any court in a slave state. They were hoeing in a field near by; but they were afraid to approach as there was no other help near. That man, De Morse, ordered the child hung; I am satisfied now; I have had revenge enough; but there were a dozen concerned in the affair, but I hope I may never meet them, for I am afraid it will go hard with them. Oh, I can't forgive them for hanging my child; I have tried, and I can't do it."

His words had made a deep impression on us; we now remembered

hearing of the affair just after it occurred. The strong man leaned against the rocks and wept great scalding tears of grief. Presently we rallied, and all of us re-entered the cave. Our new-made friends seemed frightened when we went in again, but when we assured them of our friendship, and gave them the privilege of going their way or remaining with us, they asked a little time to consider the matter.

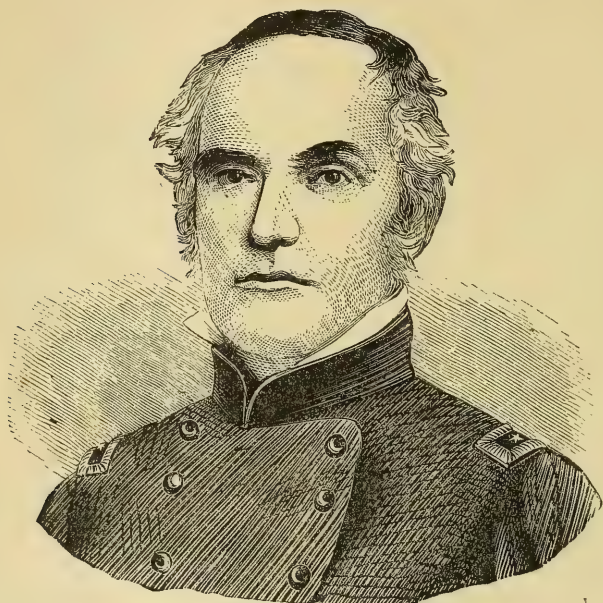
That night we all sallied out to the foot of the cliff and found the dead bodies, and placing them in the head of a ravine, we covered them with a pile of loose stones and such other rubbish as we could gather with our hands; we gathered up the fragments of the guns, ascended the mountain, and took a narrow trail, which we followed for nearly a mile, until we came to an old shanty built of logs that had at one time been occupied by one of my slaves, who used to herd my cattle in the mountains; entering it, we closed the door and Glenn struck a light, and I raised up a loose board in the floor, and there, in a hole scooped out in the ground was a large basketful of provisions, which I lifted out, uncovered, and bade my comrades eat. The basket had been placed there by my boy, Jep, who often used that place to hide provisions for me. After a very hearty supper, and a long conversation with our paroled men, in which they fully satisfied us that their intentions were good, they decided to cast their fortunes with us until better times; we all stretched ourselves on the floor of the cabin and indulged in a sound sleep.

A SHARPSHOOTERS' DUEL.

A DISTINGUISHED duel occurred on the battle-field of Fort Donelson, between one of Col. Birge's sharpshooters and a crack shot inside the enemy's fortifications. Both fired accurately, but both concealed their persons as much as possible, and endeavored to deceive each other by putting their hats on their ramrods, and thrusting their coats from behind the fortifications or trees. Whatever was exposed, almost invariably received a bullet; but the two were so wary and skillful that it seemed they might fire until doomsday without danger to either. About four o'clock in the afternoon, however, the rebel, forgetful of prudence, thrust his head over the breastworks, thinking, no doubt, as his enemy had not fired for five minutes, that he might be dead. The movement was fatal. His head was not exposed five seconds, but in that brief period the sharpshooter's ball passed into the rebel's brain, and stretched him out a corpse, before the unfortunate fellow had been able to determine where his enemy was lurking, or by whose hand he was destined to fall.

DEATH OF COLONEL E. D. BAKER.

IT was a gloomy night in Washington. One of the unexpected and heart-chilling disasters which befell the Union arms in the early history of the war had that day happened at Ball's Bluff (October 21, 1861). Our forces had been routed and slaughtered, and the gallant Colonel Baker, who had left the Senate-chamber to lead his splendid California Regiment to the war, had fallen, dying instantly, pierced at the same second by seven bullets. This was a *national* loss. His place in the army, in the Senate, in the



COLONEL EDWARD D. BAKER.

hearts of the people of California and Oregon, in the admiration of his companions-in-arms in Mexico, and in the realms of eloquence, would remain vacant. No man living was invested with all these rare and great attributes in so eminent a degree. The apparently well-founded suspicion that he had fallen a victim to the foulest treason subsequently mingled the intensest indignation with inconsolable grief for his cruel and untimely death.

It was late in the evening when the news reached Willard's; but a large crowd was still there, among whom, as always, were many well-known public men. In those days secession was more popular in

Washington than it has since been or is likely ever to become again. Not only was some slimy spy lurking within earshot of every man worth tracking, but there were scores of strong sympathizers with the rebellion, who caught with avidity the first rumor of disaster to the national arms.

These abettors and agents of Davis wore the mask as closely as they could; and although the *habitués* of the capital could tell them at a glance, and, by an instinct of loyalty nearly infallible, knew when one of them entered the room, yet on some occasions the sudden announcement of bad news for our cause threw them off their guard, and the gleam of fiendish delight flashed from their faces.

"Baker was killed at Ball's Bluff this afternoon."

Never did news transform men's countenances quicker. One class received it with blank amazement and horror, the other with demoniac exultation.

Words fell which neither party could restrain; and the blood of the coolest began to boil when they heard the murdered Baker's name insulted. A movement was made which bolder men than traitors would not have attempted to resist. The villains started, by a common impulse, for the two doorways, or that mosaic pavement would have worn another color within ten seconds. A minute later, the place was cleansed; the unclean spirit had gone out!—all but one, perhaps.

A very red-faced, stalwart man, who had stood by and seen all that had been going on without saying a word, finally remarked, with a very determined air, that "as for himself he didn't care much about the fight. He lived on the Lower Mississippi, and the people down his way could take care of themselves. As long as they owned the Mississippi, the d—d abolitionists could make all the muss they pleased. We hold the Gulf of Mexico, and the Northwest and the Yankees may be d—d."

A very tall, lean, awkward, bony-looking man sidled quietly up to the Mississippian, and, putting his nose, by a stoop, quite close to his face, said, in unmistakable *far-Western* brogue:

"Look here, stranger," and gently emphasizing his remark by taking the stranger's left ear between his thumb and finger; "now you may not know it, but I live in Minnesoty, and we make that Mississippi water you call youarn, and we kalkilate to use it some."

The stranger's hand moved pretty quick for a side-pocket, but not *quite* quick enough. I saw a movement, I heard a blow, and the blood spattered surroundings slightly. In less time than such enterprises usually require, the stranger had fallen heavily on the marble floor, striking his head against an iron column, and remaining in a con-

dition which rendered it desirable to have his friends look after him, if he had any.

The Western gentleman was congratulated—when he apologized. “I didn’t want to hurt the feller, and I didn’t care about his bowie-knife going through me, nother. But the tarnal traitor must let the old country alone, and *partickilarly* that big river. We want to use that *thar*, out West.”

Baker’s body was brought across the Potomac the evening he fell. It rested all day, and then by ambulance was conveyed to Washington, and carried through the same hospitable doorway of his friend Colonel Webb, from whose steps I had parted with him as he mounted his horse and gave us his warm, earnest hand only two or three mornings before! Oh, how radiant was his face! how athletic and symmetrical his form! how unsullied his ambition! how pure his devotion to God and country!

“God spare *his* life, at least!” we said, as we saw him disappear around the corner! This prayer Heaven could not grant.

The following day, when the last preparations for the tomb had been made, we went to gaze once more, and forever, on what of earth remained of the form which so lately enshrined the noble spirit.

“Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o’er the grave.”

California claimed her hero and statesman, and his ashes now repose on the calm shore of that ocean which washes the western base of the empire for whose glory he lived and died. His body lies in Lone Mountain Cemetery, near the city of San Francisco.

AN INCIDENT OF ROMNEY.



WHILE the National forces were standing under the enemy’s fire, on the day of the battle of Romney, Va., and the shot and shell were flying in every direction around us, a little incident occurred which is worthy of notice.

Captain Butterfield, of the Eighth Ohio Regiment, (being one of the ranking captains), acted as major upon that occasion, and was obliged to ride upon an old sorrel horse, which had been used as a team horse, and required both spurs and whip, which the Captain had provided himself with, the latter cut from a tree and about five feet long.

It was found that our small six-pound guns would not reach the enemy’s battery, and Colonel Mason ordered Captain Butterfield to

bring forward a brass twelve-pounder which was in the rear. Off sped the old sorrel and his brave rider, and in a few moments up came the gun. Its position was assigned and it was made ready for the match, but the captain came dashing back in front of the gun, and the smell of powder, or something else, had made the old sorrel almost unmanageable, for in trying to wheel him from the front of the gun the more the captain applied the whip and spur, the more the old sorrel would not go. This kept the gunners in terrible suspense, for much depended upon that shot. Finally, the captain finding his efforts to move his steed fruitless, he sang out at the top of his voice, "Never mind the old horse, blaze away;" and, sure enough they did blaze away, and it caused the rebels to limber up their battery and take to their heels. At that moment orders came to charge, and off dashed the old sorrel, frightened at the noise of the explosion which had scorched his tail, and mingled in the charge. He was lost to view until he arrived in the town, where he was brought to a halt, and Captain Butterfield, standing in his stirrups, with his cap flying, cheered for the glorious victory that had been achieved.

CAVALRY FIGHT AT BEVERLY FORD.

IT was the prettiest cavalry fight that you ever saw," said the adjutant, stretching his legs, and lighting a fresh cigar.

"It was just my luck to lose it," I answered. "Here have I been lying, growling and grumbling, while you fellows have been distinguishing yourselves. It was miserable to be taken sick just when the army got in motion, and still worse not to hear a word of what was going on. I almost wished that we had been a newspaper regiment, so that I could learn something about our share in that day's work. Be a good fellow, and play reporter for my benefit. Freshen hawse, as the nautical novelist say, and begin."

"Well, we were lying at Warrenton Junction, making ourselves as comfortable as possible after the raid, when, on the morning of the 8th of June, the whole division was ordered out in the very lightest marching order. That night we lay close to Kelly's Ford, in column of battalions, the men holding their horses as they slept, and no fires being lighted.

"At four o'clock on the morning of the 9th we were again in motion, and got across the ford without interruption or discovery. Yorke, with the third squadron, was in advance, and as we moved he managed so well that he bagged every picket on the road. Thus we had got

almost upon the rebel camp before we were discovered. We rode right into Jones' brigade, the First Jersey and First Pennsylvania charging together; and before they had recovered from the alarm we had 150 prisoners. The rebels were then forming thick upon the hillside by the station, and they had a battery playing upon us like fun. Martin's New York Battery on our side galloped into position, and began to answer them. Then Wyndham formed his whole brigade for a charge, except a squadron of the First Maryland, left to support the battery. Our boys went in splendidly, keeping well together, and making straight for the rebel battery on the hill behind the station. Wyndham himself rode on the right, and Broderick charged more toward the left, and with a yell we were on them. We were only 280 strong, and in front of us was White's battalion of 500. No matter for that. Wyndham and Broderick were leading, and they were not accustomed to count odds.

"As we dashed fiercely into them, sabre in hand, they broke like a wave on the bows of a ship, and over and through them we rode, sabering as we went. We could not stop to take prisoners, for there in front of us was the Twelfth Virginia, 600 men, riding down to support White. By Jove, sir, that was a charge! They came up splendidly, looking steadier than we did ourselves after the shock of the first charge. I do not know whether Wyndham was still with us, or if he had gone to another regiment; but there was Broderick, looking full of fight, his blue eyes in a blaze, and his sabre clenched, riding well in front. At them we went again, and some of them this time met us fairly. I saw Broderick's sabre go through a man, and the rebel gave a convulsive leap out of his saddle, falling senseless to the ground. It seemed but an instant before the rebels were scattered in every direction, trying now and then to rally in small parties, but never daring to await our approach.

"Now, there were the guns plain before us, the drivers yelling at their horses, and trying to limber up. We caught one gun before they could move it, and were dashing after the others, when I heard Broderick shouting in a stormy voice. I tell you, it was a startling sight. The fragments of White's battalion had gathered together toward the left of the field, and were charging in our rear. The First Maryland was there, and Broderick was shouting at them in what their colonel considered a 'very ungentlemanly manner,' to move forward to the charge. At the same time two fresh regiments, the Eleventh Virginia, and another, were coming down on our front. Instead of dashing at White's men, the First Maryland wavered and broke, and then we were charged at the same time in front and rear. We had to let the

guns go, and gather together as well as possible to cut ourselves out. Gallantly our fellows met the attack. We were broken, of course, by the mere weight of the attacking force, but, breaking them up too, the whole field was covered with small squads of fighting men. I saw Broderick ride in with a cheer, and open a way for the men. His horse went down in the melee; but little Wood, the bugler of Company G, sprang down, and gave him his animal, setting off himself to catch another. A rebel rode at the bugler, and succeeded in getting away his arms before help came. As Wood still went after a horse, another fellow rode at him.

"The boy happened at that moment to see a carbine where it had been dropped after firing. He picked up the empty weapon, aimed it at the horseman, made him dismount, give up his arms, and start for the rear. Then he went in again. Lucas, Hobensack, Brooks and Beekman charged with twelve men into White's battalion. Fighting hand-to-hand they cut their way through, but left nine of the men on the ground behind them. Hughes was left almost alone in a crowd, but brought himself and the men with him safe through. Major Shelmire was seen last lying across the dead body of a rebel cavalryman. None of us thought anything of two-to-one odds, as long as we had a chance to ride at them. It was only when we got so entangled that we had to fight hand-to-hand that their numbers told heavily. It was in such a place that I lost sight of Broderick. The troop horse that he was riding was not strong enough to ride through a knot of men, so that he had to fight them. He struck one so heavily that he was stunned by the blow, but his horse was still in the way; swerving to one side, he escaped a blow from another, and, warding off the thrust of a third, managed to take him with his point across the forehead; just as he did so, however, his sabre, getting tangled with the rebel's, was jerked from his hand.

"He always carried a pistol in his boot. Pulling that out, he fired into the crowd, and put spurs to his horse. The bullet hit a horse in front of him, which fell. His own charger rose at it, but stumbled, and as it did Broderick himself fell, from a shot fired within arm's length of him and a sabre stroke upon his side.

"I saw all this as a man sees things at such times, and am not positive even that it all occurred as I thought I saw it; for I was in the midst of confusion, and only caught things around by passing glimpses. You see I was myself having as much as I could do. The crowd with whom Broderick was engaged was a little distance from me; and I had just wheeled to ride up to his help when two fellows put at me. The first one fired at me and missed. Before he could

again cock his revolver I succeeded in closing with him. My sabre took him just in the neck, and must have cut the jugular. The blood gushed out in a black-looking stream; he gave a horrible yell and fell over the side of his horse, which galloped away. Then I gathered up my reins, spurred my horse, and went at the other one. I was riding that old black horse that used to belong to the signal sergeant, and it was in fine condition. As I drove in the spurs it gave a leap high in the air. That plunge saved my life. The rebel had a steady aim at me; but the ball went through the black horse's brain. His feet never touched ground again. With a terrible convulsive contraction of all his muscles the black turned over in the air, and fell on his head and side stone dead, pitching me twenty feet high. I lighted on my pistol, the butt forcing itself far into my side; my sabre sprung out of my hand, and I lay, with arms and legs all abroad, stretched out like a dead man. Everybody had something else to do than to attend to me, and there I lay where I had fallen.

"It seemed to me to have been an age before I began painfully to come to myself; but it could not have been many minutes. Every nerve was shaking; there was terrible pain in my head, and a numbness through my side which was even worse. Fighting was still going on around me, and my first impulse was to get hold of my sword. I crawled to it and sank down as I grasped it once more. That was only for a moment; for a rebel soldier seeing me move, rode at me. The presence of danger roused me, and I managed to get to my horse, behind which I sank, resting my pistol on the saddle and so contriving to get an aim. As soon as the man saw that, he turned off without attacking me. I was now able to stand and walk; so, holding my pistol in one hand and my sabre in the other, I made my way across the fields to where our battery was posted, scaring some with my pistol and shooting others. Nobody managed to hit me through the whole fight. When I got up to the battery I found Wood there. He sang out to me to wait and he would get me a horse. One of the men, who had just taken one, was going past, so Wood stopped him and got it for me.

"Just at that moment White's battalion and some other troops came charging at the battery. The squadron of the First Maryland, who were supporting it, met the charge well as far as their numbers went; but were, of course, flanked on both sides by the heavy odds. All of our men who were free came swarming up the hill, and the cavalry were fighting over and around the guns. In spite of the confusion, and even while their comrades at the same piece were being sabred, the men at that battery kept to their duty. They did not even look

up or around, but kept up their fire with unwavering steadiness. There was one rebel, on a splendid horse, who sabred three gunners while I was chasing him. He wheeled in and out, would dart away and then come sweeping back and cut down another man in a manner that seemed almost supernatural. We at last succeeded in driving him away, but we could not catch or shoot him, and he got off without a scratch.

"In the meantime the fight was going on elsewhere. Kilpatrick's brigade charged on our right. The Second New York did not behave as well as it has sometimes done since, and the loss of it weakened us a great deal. The Tenth New York, though, went in well, and the First Maine did splendidly, as it always does. In spite of their superior numbers (Stuart had a day or two before reviewed thirty thousand cavalry at Culpepper, according to the accounts of rebel officers), we beat them heavily, and would have routed them completely if Duffie's brigade had come up. He, however, was engaged with two or three hundred men on the left; the aide-de-camp sent to him with orders was wounded and taken prisoner.

"So now, they bringing up still more reserves, and a whole division of theirs coming on the field, we began to fall back. We had used them up so severely that they could not press us very close, except in the neighborhood of where the Second New York charged. There some of our men had as much as they could do to get out, and the battery had to leave three of its guns. We formed in the woods between a quarter and half a mile of the field, another moved back to cover the left of Buford, who was in retreat toward Beverly Ford. Hart and Wynkoop tried hard to cover the guns that were lost, but they had too few men, and so had to leave them. The rebels were terribly punished. By their own confession they lost three times as many as we did. In our regiment almost every soldier must have settled his man. Sergeant Craig, of Company K, I believe, killed three. Slate, of the same company, also went above the average. But we lost terribly. Sixty enlisted men of the First Jersey were killed, wounded or missing. Colonel Wyndham was wounded, but kept his saddle; Lieutenant-Colonel Broderick and Major Shelmire were killed; Lieutenant Brooks was wounded; Captain Sawyer and Lieutenant Crocker were taken prisoners; and I, as you see, have had to come in at last and refit.

"I have spun you a pretty long yarn, and you must feel pretty tired; but when the memory of the fight comes over me I get almost as enthusiastic and excited as when it was going on. I am so proud of the regiment, officers and men, that I am almost sorry for the promo-

tion that takes me out of it. Of course, I have had to be egotistical, and tell you what occurred to myself, as that was to me the most intensely interesting; but I do not want you to fancy that I think I did any better, or fought any harder than the others. In fact, I know that most of the others did a good deal more than I did; but not having seen it, of course I could not describe their share of the fight quite so well as that which occurred in my own neighborhood and to my own person."

THE EVACUATION OF RICHMOND.

DURING the conflagration the scene in the city is said to have been perfectly appalling. The sound of bursting shells in the government arsenals, the roar of the flames, the volcano-like eruptions caused by the upheaval of immense masses of debris through the explosion of powder in the laboratory, arsenals and adjoining storehouses, the dense masses of smoke, the shrieks and yells of the populace, combined to make such an impression as can never be effaced from the memory of any one who witnessed the fearful scene. Over the Bank of Virginia a handsome confederate flag floated, sometimes concealed by the clouds of smoke, at other times standing out against a clear sky over the leaping flames that vainly sought to gather it within their embrace; and only when the massive walls of the structure fell in did the defiant emblem sink into the crater beneath. There were but few flags flying when the Union troops entered, but shortly afterwards a great deal of star-spangled banner patched the sky, and it would seem, if the view in the perspective be any evidence, that, as judged by the amount of Federal bunting, Richmond must be a very "loyal" city. But three other "rebel" ensigns, beside that I have alluded to, I am informed, were visible at the time of the occupation of the city by the Federal soldiery.

None of the buildings on Capitol Square were burned, although the structure used as the office of the confederate war department, directly opposite the capitol, was destroyed. St. Paul's church, which stands on Ninth Street, next to the site of the war department building, was untouched. In this church President Davis was sitting at the time General Lee's telegram, announcing the turning of the confederate right on the White Oak road, was received. The clergyman had nearly finished his sermon when an orderly entered the church, passed straight to the president's pew, and handed to him the fatal dispatch. Mr. Davis immediately proceeded to the war department, thence to

the capitol, and thence to the Richmond and Danville Railroad depot, where he made the necessary preparations for the conveyance of his family to a place of safety. He remained in the city until near night-fall, when he left in the 5.30 train. Much of his household and personal property was sent away several weeks since, and when he took his final departure from Richmond he had very little baggage with him.

The success of the Federals on their left wing was made known to the entire population of Richmond within an hour from the time that Mr. Davis received the news, and from this moment until the occupation of the city by the United States soldiery, incessant and indescribable confusion prevailed. During the forenoon of Sunday the town had been unusually quiet, the movement of scattered detachments of troops alone marring the stillness of the day. A little after noon people began to congregate in the streets, and knots grew rapidly in all the corners, crossings and sidewalks. Soon carts, trucks, drays, hay-ricks, ambulances, army wagons, vehicles, in short, of all descriptions, loaded with household goods and government stores, began to pour out of the alleys and by-ways into the main thoroughfares, and even on towards the South Side, the government wagons proceeding directly to the Danville depot. The alarm spread, and thousands of excited individuals, with arms full of property of all portable sorts, rushed headlong toward the vital avenue of escape. These were the persons who had determined to cast their fortunes with the confederate government, and hoped to save something, if only a little, from the general wreck. Others took the matter more coolly; unable or unwilling to move, or having nothing to save, they preferred to trust to the mercies of the Northern soldiers.

All that hot Sunday afternoon the streets were filled with gangs of negroes carrying bundles and boxes, articles of every imaginable character that might be transported on the shoulders or heads of men, rushing hither and thither, and adding to the general tremendous confusion by an incessant chorus of witless yells and outcries. The better class of the Richmond white population acted with what seemed, under the circumstances, extraordinary calmness, for, although they had expected the evacuation, they had one and all fondly hoped, even against hope, that they might be spared the last crushing humiliation of giving up the city their friends and brethren in the trenches had so long and gallantly protected. Nobody went to bed on Sunday night. The streets were filled with masses of armed men, with long lines of government wagons, with hurrying citizens and laboring negroes, while the tumult was incessant. Long trains were constantly

departing over the Danville road, and the shrill shriek of the locomotive whistle was almost continuous from night until morning. At the commissary depot, situated at the head of the government dock, heavy detachments of men were hard at work from two o'clock on Sunday afternoon until six o'clock on Monday morning, filling hundreds upon hundreds of government wagons with the stores provided for the great armies of Lee; and a throng of men and women carrying baskets, pots, pans and utensils of all sorts, surrounded the buildings, waiting in frantic eagerness for the signal to help themselves.

The banks were open all night and crowded with depositors anxiously waiting their turn to withdraw their specie; and closely guarded vans were loaded both here and at the treasury building with the government bullion, to be transported over the Danville road. Millions of dollars in confederate and State notes were cast into the streets, cut to pieces by order of the government officials and bank directors; while bales of unsigned notes were scattered broadcast all about the treasury building. There was nothing like the indiscriminate plundering which might have been expected in a city left to the care of its most lawless population. It is true that many persons amassed sudden wealth through their efforts in "saving" the goods devoted to destruction by the flames; but this property was, in many instances, ultimately restored to its owners. The confederate authorities adopted one very wise precaution against robbery and pillage. They effectually prevented general drunkenness and riot by destroying all the commissary whiskey in the city. At the depot in the government dock two thousand barrels were turned into the river early on the morning of Monday; and at other places great quantities of liquor were thrown upon the ground.

DEATH OF J. WILKES BOOTH.



THE vision of a hard and grizzly countenance appears before me as I write these lines—the receding forehead crowned with sandy hair, the deep concavity of the long, insatiate jaws almost hidden by a dense red beard, a mouth betokening stern decision, and searching eyes of spotted gray which pierce one through and through. It is the face of Colonel Lafayette C. Baker, chief of the United States Secret Service during the latter days of the war; a man who played many perilous parts in that conflict, and the captor of the assassin of President Lincoln. Though many years have passed since this feared and trusted officer crossed the Dark

River, the memory of his strongly marked visage haunts me still. His connection with the capture of Booth, the murderer of President Lincoln, has led me to make this preliminary mention of Colonel Baker.

When the murder occurred Colonel Baker was absent from Washington. He returned on the third morning, and was at once brought by Secretary Stanton to join the hue and cry against the escaped Booth. The sagacious detective found that nearly 10,000 cavalry and one-fourth as many policemen had been meantime scouring, without plan or compass, the whole territory of southern Maryland. They were treading on each others' heels and mixing up the thing so confoundedly, that the best place for the culprits to have gone would have been in the very midst of their pursuers. Baker at once possessed himself of the little the war department had learned, and started immediately to take the usual detective measures, till then neglected, of offering a reward, and getting out photographs of the suspected ones. He then dispatched a few chosen detectives to certain vital points, and awaited results.

The first result was the capture of Atzeroth. Others, like the taking of Dr. Mudge, simultaneously occurred. But the district suspected being remote from the railway routes, and broken by no telegraph station, the colonel, to place himself nearer the theatre of events, ordered an operator, with the necessary instrument, to tap the wire running to Point Lookout, near Chappell's Point, and send him prompt messages.

The same steamer which took down the operator and two detectives, brought back one of the same detectives and a negro. This negro, taken to Colonel Baker's office, stated so positively that he had seen Booth and another man cross the Potomac in a fishing boat, while he was looking down upon them from a bank, that the colonel was at first skeptical; but, when examined, the negro answered so readily and intelligently, recognizing the man from the photographs, that Baker knew at last that he had the true scent.

Straightway he sent to General Hancock for twenty-five men, and while the order was going drew down his coast survey maps with that quick detective intuition amounting almost to inspiration. He cast upon the probable route and destination of the refugees, as well as the point where he would soonest strike them. Booth, he knew, would not keep along the coast, with frequent deep rivers to cross, nor, indeed in any direction east of Richmond, where he was liable at any time to cross our lines of occupation; nor, being lame, could he ride on horseback, so as to place himself very far westward of his point of debarkation in Virginia. But he would travel in a direct course from

Bluff Point, where he crossed to eastern Maryland, and this would take him through Port Royal, on the Rappahannock river, in time to be intercepted there by the outgoing cavalry men.

When, therefore, twenty-five men, under one Lieutenant Dougherty, arrived at his office-door, Baker placed the whole under control of his former Lieutenant-Colonel, E. J. Conger, and of his cousin, Lieutenant L. B. Baker—the former of Ohio, the latter of New York, and bade them go with all dispatch to Belle Plain, on the Lower Potomac, there to disembark and scour the country faithfully around Port Royal, but not to return unless they captured their men.

Quitting Washington at two o'clock P. M., on Monday, the detectives and cavalymen disembarked at Belle Plain, on the border of Stafford County, at ten o'clock, in the darkness. Belle Plain is simply the nearest landing to Fredericksburg, seventy miles from Washington city, and located upon Potomac Creek. It is a wharf and warehouse merely, and here the steamer John S. Ide stopped and made fast, while the party galloped off in the darkness. Conger and Baker kept ahead riding up to farm-houses and questioning the inmates, pretending to be in search of the Maryland gentlemen belonging to the party. But nobody had seen the parties described, and after a futile ride on the Fredericksburg road, they turned shortly to the east, and kept up their baffled inquiries all the way to Port Conway, on the Rappahannock.

On Tuesday morning they presented themselves at the Port Royal ferry, and inquired of the ferryman, while he was taking them over in squads of seven at a time, if he had seen any two such men. Continuing their inquiries at Port Royal, they found one Rollins, a fisherman, who referred them to a negro, named Lucas, as having driven two men a short distance towards Bowling Green, in a wagon. It was found that these men answered to the description, Booth having a crutch, as previously ascertained.

The day before Booth and Harold had applied at Port Conway for the general ferry-boat, but the ferryman was then fishing, and would not desist for the inconsiderable fare of only two persons; but to their supposed good fortune a lot of confederate cavalymen just then came along, who threatened the ferryman with a shot in the head if he did not instantly bring across his craft and transport the entire party. These cavalymen were of Mosby's disbanded command, returning from Fairfax Court House to their homes in Caroline county. Their captain was on his way to visit a sweetheart at Bowling Green, and he had so far taken Booth under his patronage, and when the latter was haggling with Lucas for a team, he offered both Booth and Harold the use of his horse to ride and walk alternately.

This is the court-house town of Caroline county, a small and scattered place, having within it an ancient tavern, no longer used for other than lodging purposes; but here they hauled from his bed the captain aforesaid, and bade him dress himself. As soon as he comprehended the matter he became pallid, and eagerly narrated the facts in his possession. Booth, to his knowledge, was then lying at the house of one Garrett, which they had passed, and Harold had departed the existing day with the intention of rejoining him.

Taking this captain along for a guide, the worn-out horsemen retraced, though some of the men were so haggard and wasted with travel that they had to be kicked into intelligence before they could climb to their saddles. The objects of the chase thus at hand, the detectives, full of sanguine purpose, hurried the cortege so well along that by two o'clock early morning all halted at Garrett's gate. In the pale moonlight, three hundred yards from the main road, to the left, a plain, old farm-house looked grayly through the envioning locusts. It was worn, and white-washed, and two-storied, and its half-human windows glowered down upon the silent cavalrymen like watching owls, which stood as sentries over some horrible secret asleep within.

Dimly seen behind, an old barn, high and weather-beaten, faced the roadside gate, for the house itself lay to the left of its own lane; and nestling beneath the barn a few long corn-cribs lay with a cattle shed at hand.

In the dead stillness, Baker dismounted and forced the outer gate. Conger kept close behind him, and the horsemen followed cautiously. They made no noise in the soft clay, nor broke the all-foreboding silence anywhere, till the second gate swung open gratingly, yet even then nor hoarse nor shrill response came back, save distant croaking, as of frogs or owls, or the whiz of some passing night-hawk. So they surrounded the pleasant old homestead, each horseman, carbine in poise, adjusted under the grove of locusts, so as to inclose the dwelling with a circle of fire. After a pause, Baker rode to the kitchen door on the side, and dismounting, rapped and halloed lustily. An old man, in drawers and night-shirt, hastily drew the bolts, and stood on the threshold, peering shiveringly into the darkness.

Baker seized him by the throat at once, and held a pistol to his ear.

"Who, who is it that calls me?" cried the old man.

"Where are the men who stay with you?" challenged Baker. "If you prevaricate, you are a dead man!"

The old fellow, who proved to be the head of the family, was so overawed and paralyzed that he stammered and shook and said not a word.

"Go light a candle," cried Baker sternly, "and be quick about it."

The trembling old man obeyed, and in a moment the imperfect rays flared upon his whitening hairs, and bluishly pallid face. Then the question was repeated, backed up by the glimmering pistol. "Where are these men?"

The old man held to the wall, and his knees smote each other. "They are gone," he said. "We haven't got them in the house; I assure you that they are gone."

In the interim Conger had also entered, and while the household and its invaders were thus in weird tableaux, a young man appeared, as if he had risen from the ground. The eyes of everybody turned upon him in a second; but, while he blanched, he did not lose loquacity. "Father," he said, "we had better tell the truth about the matter. Those men whom you seek, gentlemen, are in the barn, I know. They went there to sleep." Leaving one soldier to guard the old man—and the soldier was very glad of the job, as it relieved him of personal hazard in the approaching combat—all the rest, with cocked pistols at the young man's head, followed on to the barn. It lay a hundred yards from the house, the front barn door facing the west gable, and was an old and spacious structure, with floors only a trifle above the ground level.

The troops dismounted, were stationed at regular intervals around it, and ten yards distant at every point, four special guards placed to command the door, and all with weapons in ample preparation, while Baker and Conger went direct to the door. It had a padlock upon it, and the key of this Baker secured at once. In the interval of silence that ensued, the rustling of planks and straw was heard inside, as of persons rising from sleep.

At the same moment Baker hailed:

"To the persons in this barn I have a proposal to make. We are about to send in to you the son of the man in whose custody you are found. Either surrender to him your arms and then give yourselves up, or we'll set fire to the place. We mean to take you both, or to have a bonfire and a shooting match."

No answer came to this of any kind. The lad, John M. Garrett, who was in deadly fear, was here pushed through the door by a sudden opening of it, and immediately Lieutenant Baker locked the door on the outside. The boy was heard to state his appeal in under tones. Booth replied.

"—you. Get out of here. You have betrayed me."

At the same time he placed his hand in his pocket as for a pistol. A remonstrance followed; but the boy slipped on and over the re-

opened portal, reporting that his errand had failed, and that he dare not enter again. All this time the candle brought from the house to the barn was burning close beside the two detectives, rendering it easy for any one within to have shot them dead. This observed, the light was cautiously removed, and everybody took care to keep out of its reflection. By this time the crisis of the position was at hand; the cavalry exhibited very variable inclinations, some to run away, others to shoot Booth without a summons, but all excited and fitfully silent. At the house near by, the female folks were seen collected in the doorway, and the necessities of the case provoked prompt conclusions. The boy was placed at a remote point, and the summons repeated by Baker:

"You must surrender inside there. Give up your arms and appear. There's no chance for escape. We give you five minutes to make up your mind."

A bold, clarion reply came from within, so strong as to be heard at the house door:

"Who are you, and what do you want with us?"

Baker again urged:

"We want you to deliver up your arms, and become our prisoners."

"But who are you?" hallooed the same strong voice.

"That makes no difference. We know who you are, and we want you. We have here fifty men, armed with carbines and pistols. You cannot escape."

There was a long pause, and then Booth said:

"Captain, this is a hard case, I swear. Perhaps I am being taken by my own friends."

No reply from the detectives.

"Well, give us a little time to consider."

"Very well. Take time."

Here ensued a long and eventful pause. What thronging memories it brought to Booth we can only guess. In this little interval he made the resolve to die. But he was cool and steady to the end. Baker, after a lapse, hailed for the last time:

"Well, we have waited long enough; surrender your arms and come out, or we'll fire the barn."

Booth answered thus:

"I am but a cripple, a one-legged man. Withdraw your forces 100 yards from the door, and I will come. Give me a chance for my life, captain. I will never be taken alive."

"We did not come here to fight, but to capture you. I say again appear, or the barn shall be fired."

Then, with a long breath, which could be heard outside, Booth cried, in sudden calmness, still invisible, as were to him his enemies :

"Well, then, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me."

There was a pause repeated, broken by low discussions within between Booth and his associate, the former saying, as if in answer to some remonstrance or appeal, "Get away from me. You are a—— coward, and mean to leave me in my distress; but go, go. I don't want you to stay. I won't have you stay." Then he shouted aloud :

"There's a man inside who wants to surrender."

"Let him come, if he will bring his arms."

Here Harold, rattling at the door, said: "Let me out; open the door; I want to surrender."

"Hand out your arms, then."

"I have not got any."

"You are the man who carried the carbine yesterday; bring it out."

"I haven't got any."

This was said in a whining tone, and with an almost visible shiver. Booth cried aloud at this hesitation :

"He hasn't got any arms; they are mine, and I have kept them."

"Well, he carried the carbine, and must bring it out."

"On the word and honor of a gentleman, he has no arms with him. They are mine, and I have got them."

At this time Harold was quite up to the door, within whispering distance of Baker. The latter told him to put out his hands to be handcuffed, at the same time drawing open the door a little distance. Harold thrust forth his hands, when Baker, seizing him, jerked him into the night, and straightway delivered him over to a deputation of cavalrymen. The fellow began to talk of his innocence and plead so noisily that Conger threatened to gag him unless he ceased. Then Booth made his last appeal in the same clear, unbroken voice :

"Captain, give me a chance. Draw off your men and I will fight them singly. I could have killed you six times to-night, but I believe you to be a brave man, and would not murder you. Give a lame man a show."

It was too late for parley. All this time Booth's voice had sounded from the middle of the barn.

Ere he ceased speaking, Colonel Conger slipped around to the rear, drew some loose straws through a crack, and lit a match upon them. They were dry, and blazed up in an instant, carrying a sheet of smoke and flame through the parted planks, and heaving in a twinkling a world of light and heat upon the magazine within. The blaze lit up the black recesses of the great barn till every wasp's nest and cobweb

in the roof were luminous; flinging streaks of red and violet across the tumbled farm-gear in the corner, ploughs, harrows, hoes, rakes, sugar-mills, and making every separate grain in the high bin adjacent gleam like a mote of precious gold. They tinged the beams, the upright columns, the barricades, where clover and timothy, piled high, held toward the hot incendiary their separate straws for the funeral pile. They bathed the murderer's retreat in a beautiful illumination, and while in bold outline his figure stood revealed, they rose like an impenetrable wall to guard from sight the hated enemy who lit them.

Behind the blaze, with his eye to a crack, Conger saw Wilkes Booth standing upright upon a crutch. He likens him at this instant to his brother Edwin, whom, he says, he so much resembled that he half believed, for the moment, the whole pursuit to have been a mistake. At the gleam of the fire Booth dropped his crutch and carbine, and on both hands crept to the spot to espy the incendiary and shoot him dead. His eyes were lustrous like fever, and swelled and rolled in terrible beauty, while his teeth were fixed, and he wore the expression of one in the calmness before frenzy. In vain he peered, with vengeance in his look; the blaze that made him visible concealed his enemy. A second he turned glaring at the fire as if to leap upon it and extinguish it, but it had made such headway that this was a futile impulse, and he dismissed it. As calmly as upon the battle-field a veteran stands amidst the hail of ball, and shell, and plunging iron, Booth turned at a man's stride and pushed for the door, carbine in poise, and the last resolve of death, which we name despair, sat on his high, bloodless forehead.

And so he dashed, intent to expire not unaccompanied. A disobedient sergeant, Corbett, at an eyehole drew upon him the fatal bead. The barn was all glorious with conflagration, and in the beautiful ruin this outlawed man strode like all that we know of wicked valor, stern in the face of death. A shock, a shout, a gathering up of his splendid figure as if to overtip the stature God gave him, and John Wilkes Booth fell headlong to the floor, lying there in a heap, a little life remaining.

"He has shot himself," cried Baker, unaware of the source of the report, and rushing in he grasped his arm to guard against any feint or strategy. A moment convinced him that further struggle with the prone flesh was useless. Booth did not move, nor breathe, nor gasp. Conger and the two sergeants now entered, and taking up the body they bore it in haste from the advancing flames and laid it without upon the grass, all fresh with heavenly dew.

"Water," cried Conger, "bring water."

When this was dashed into his face he revived a moment and stirred his lips. Baker put his ear close down and heard him say:

"Tell mother—and—die—for my country."

They lifted him again, the fire encroaching in hotness upon them, and placed him on the porch before the dwelling.

A mattress was brought down, on which they placed him and propped his head, and gave him water and brandy. The women of the household, joined meantime by another son, who had been found in one of the corn-cribs, watching, as he said, to see that Booth and Harold did not steal the horses, were nervous, but prompt to do the dying man all kindnesses, although waved sternly back by the detectives. They dipped a rag in brandy and water, and this being put between Booth's teeth, he sucked it greedily. When he was able to articulate again, he muttered to Col. Baker the same words, with an addenda: "Tell mother I died for my country. I thought I did for the best." Baker repeated this, saying at the same time, "Booth, do I repeat it correctly?" Booth nodded his head. By this time the grayness of dawn was approaching; moving figures inquisitively coming near were to be seen distinctly, and the cocks began to crow gutturally, though the barn by this time was a hulk of blaze and ashes, sending towards the zenith a spiral line of dense smoke.

The women became importunate at this time that the troops might be ordered to extinguish the fire, which was spreading toward their precious corn-cribs. Not even death could banish the call of interest. Soldiers were sent to put out the fire, and Booth, relieved of the bustle around him, drew near to death apace. Twice he was heard to say, "Kill me, kill me." His lips often moved, but could complete no appreciable sound. He made a motion once, which the quick eye of Conger understood to mean that his throat pained him. Conger put his finger there, when the dying man attempted to cough, but only caused the blood at his perforated neck to flow more lively. He bled very little, although shot quite through, beneath and behind the ears, his collar being severed on both sides.

A soldier had been meanwhile dispatched for a doctor, but the route and return was quite six miles, and the assassin was sinking fast. Still the women made efforts to get to see him, but were always rebuffed, and all the brandy they could find was demanded by the assassin, who motioned for strong drink every two minutes. He made frequent desires to be turned over, not by speech, but by gesture, and he was alternately placed upon his back, breast and side. His tremendous vitality evidenced itself almost miraculously. Now and then his heart would cease to throb, and his pulse would be as quiet as a dead

man's. Directly life would begin anew, the face would flush up effulgently, the eyes open and brighten, and soon relapsing, stillness reasserted, would again be dispossessed by the same magnificent triumph of man over mortality. Finally the fussy little doctor arrived, in time to be useless. He probed the wound to see if the ball were not in it, and shook his head sagely, and talked learnedly.

Just at his coming Booth had asked to have his hands raised and shown him. They were so paralyzed that he did not know their location. When they were displayed, he muttered, with a sad lethargy, "Useless, useless." These were the last words he ever uttered. As he began to die the sun rose and threw its beams over the tree-tops. It was at a man's height when the struggle of death twitched and lingered in the fading bravo's face. His jaw drew spasmodically and obliquely downward; his eyeballs rolled toward his feet, and began to swell; lividness, like a horrible shadow, fastened upon him, and with a sort of gurgle and sudden check, he stretched his feet and threw his head back and gave up the ghost.

They sewed him up in a saddle blanket. This was his shroud—too like a soldier's. Harold, meantime, had been tied to a tree, but was now released for the march. Colonel Conger pushed on immediately for Washington; the cortege was to follow. Booth's only arms were his carbine, knife and two revolvers. They found about him bills of exchange, Canada money and a diary. A venerable old negro living in the vicinity had the misfortune to possess a horse. This horse was the relic of former generations, and showed by his protruding ribs the general leanness of the land. He moved in an eccentric amble, and when put upon his speed was generally run backwards. To this old negro's horse was harnessed a very shaky and absurd wagon, which rattled like approaching dissolution, and each part of it ran without any connection or correspondence with any other part. It had no tail-board, and its shafts were sharp as famine; and into this mimicry of a vehicle the murderer was to be sent to the Potomac river, while the man he had murdered was moving in state across the mourning continent. The old negro geared up his wagon by means of a set of fossil harness, and when it was backed to Garrett's porch, they laid within it the discolored corpse. The corpse was tied with ropes around the legs, and made fast to the wagon side.

Harold's legs were tied to stirrups, and he was placed in the centre of four murderous-looking cavalrymen. The two sons of Garrett were also taken along, despite the sobs and petitions of the old folks and women, but the rebel captain who had given Booth a lift, got off amidst the night's agitations, and was not rearrested. So moved the

cavalcade of retribution, with death in its midst, along the road to Port Royal. When the wagon started, Booth's wound, now scarcely dribbling, began to run anew. It fell through the crack of the wagon, and fell dripping upon the axle, and spotting the road with terrible wafers. It stained the planks and soaked the blankets; and the old negro, at a stoppage, dabbled his hands in it by mistake; he drew back instantly, with a shudder and stifled expletive, "Gor-r-r, dat 'll never come off in de world; it's murderer's blood." He wrung his hands, and looked imploringly at the officers, and shuddered again; "Gor-r-r, I wouldn't have dat on me for tousand, tousand dollars!"

The progress of the team was slow, with frequent danger of shipwreck altogether, but toward noon the cortege filed through Port Royal, where the citizens came out to ask the matter, and why a man's body, covered with sombre blankets, was going by with so great escort. They were told that it was a wounded confederate, and so held their tongues. The little ferry, again in requisition, took them over by squads, and they pushed from Port Conway to Belle Plain, which they reached in the middle of the afternoon. All the way the blood dribbled from the corpse in a slow, incessant, sanguine exudation. The old negro was niggardly dismissed with two paper dollars. The dead man untied and cast upon the vessel's deck, steam gotten up in a little while, and the broad Potomac shores saw this skeleton ship flit by, as the bloody sun threw gashes and blots of unhealthy light along the silver surface.

All the way associate with the carcass went Harold, shuddering in so grim companionship, and in the awakened fears of his own approaching ordeal, beyond which it loomed, already the gossamer fabric of a scaffold.


At Washington, high and low turned out to look on Booth. Only a few were permitted to see his corpse for purposes of recognition. It was fairly preserved, though one side of the face was distorted, and looked blue like death, and wildly bandit-like, as if beaten by avenging winds.

Finally, the secretary of war, without instructions of any kind, committed to Colonel Lafayette C. Baker, of the Secret Service, the stark corpse of J. Wilkes Booth. The Secret Service never fulfilled its vocation more secretly. "What have you done with the body?" said I to Baker. "That is known," he answered; "to only one man living besides myself. It is gone, I will not tell you where; the only man who knows is sworn to silence; never till the great trumpeter comes shall the grave of Booth be discovered." And this is true. On the 27th of April, 1865, a small row-boat received the carcass of the murderer; two men were in it; they carried the body off into the darkness,

and out of that darkness it will never return ; in the darkness, like his great crime, may it remain forever ; impalpable, invisible nondescript, condemned to that worse than damnation—annihilation.

The river bottom may ooze about it laden with great shot and drowning manacles. The earth may have opened to give it that silence and forgiveness which man will never give to its memory. The fishes may swim around it, or the daisies grow white above it ; but we shall never know. Mysterious, incomprehensible, unattainable, like the dim times through which we live, and think upon it as if we only dreamed them in a perturbed fever ; the assassin of a nation's head rests somewhere in the elements, and that is all ; but if the indignant seas or the profaned turf shall ever vomit this corpse from their recesses, and it receives Christian burial from some one who does not recognize it, let the last words those decaying lips ever uttered be carved above them with a dagger, to tell the history of a young and once promising life—*useless ! useless !*

A WONDERFUL RECOVERY.

N a cold day about the close of 1862, a pitiful sight was witnessed by the writer. A batch of prisoners, just released (by exchange) from Belle Isle, had reached Washington. Among them was one poor young fellow whose appearance was more that of a corpse than of a living man. He was literally reduced to skin and bones ; eyes dull and heavy, cheeks sunken and ashen—quaking and trembling in every limb—it seemed impossible that he should live from hour to hour. He was met by his father and brother, and by them escorted to his home. The extreme emaciation and deathlike appearance of this ex-prisoner was so marked, even among hundreds of other physical wrecks, that the writer made inquiry about him, and learned that he was Private W. O. Johnson, of the Fourth New Jersey Volunteers. We are informed that he afterwards recovered, in a great measure, his former health and strength, but no one who saw him that day would have imagined that he had twenty-four hours to live.

This is one case among a thousand equally sad. Although many years have passed since the occurrence above related, I can still see as vividly as ever, the hopeless, pleading faces of the silent sufferers, and my blood boils with indignation even at this late day, and in spite of my efforts to forgive and forget.

BATTLE OF THE MULES.



HERE was a ludicrous side to the very bloody battle of Wauhatchie, described on page 421 of this volume. During the height of this engagement a lot of mules belonging to Hooker's army became terrified by the awful din and shock of battle, and stampeded in the direction of the enemy. Rushing pell-mell through the woods and fields the terrified mules encountered a part of Longstreet's forces, who, mistaking the stampede for a cavalry dash in force, fled in disorder leaving the mules masters of the situation. The humor of the scene has been neatly embalmed in verse, as follows:

CHARGE OF THE MULE BRIGADE.

Forward, the mule brigade;
 Was there a mule dismayed?
 Not when the long ears felt
 All their ropes sundered.
 Theirs not to make reply—
 Theirs not to reason why—
 Theirs but to make them fly—
 Broke the two hundred.

Mules to the right of them—
 Mules to the left of them—
 Mules all behind them—
 Pawed, neighed and thundered;
 Breaking their own confines—
 Breaking through Longstreet's lines,
 Testing chivalric spines;
 Into the Georgia troops
 Stormed the two hundred.

Wild all their eyes did glare,
 Whisked all their tails in air,
 Scattering the chivalry there,
 While the world wondered;
 Not a mule back-bestraddled,
 Yet how they all skedaddled,
 Scattered and sundered!

When can their glory fade?
 Oh, the wild charge they made!
 Not a mule blundered.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Mule Brigade,
 Long-eared two hundred!

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.



SHADOW of gloom seemed to rest upon the National cause during the early autumn days of 1862. After more than a year of bloody conflict the cause of the Union seemed to be all but hopeless, and there were many loyal and true men who felt that the contest had better be abandoned. The Army of the Potomac had not only failed to accomplish the results that had been promised, but it was now practically out of existence as a distinct body, and the exultant rebels were literally knocking at the gates of Washington. Two months before, the Army of the Potomac had been lying before Richmond, with every prospect of taking speedy possession of the confederate capital; but now it had been driven steadily back through Virginia and lay, in a merely defensive attitude, behind the fortifications of Washington. The Army of Virginia, which had promised to do what the Army of the Potomac had failed to accomplish, was in an exactly similar plight. No wonder that hope lay dead in the Northern heart.

But, while this sentiment of despair prevailed widely throughout the North, there were enough resolute hearts to keep alive the fires of patriotism; enough sources of revenue untouched to renew the "sinews of war;" so that the Union cause, though imperilled, was not by any means desperate.

The withdrawal of Pope's army had left Lee a clear field, and he decided to make a bold stroke for victory. Two plans were open for him—to make a direct assault upon the defenses of the National capital, or to cross over into Maryland and assail the National rear. Lee adopted the latter course as the easier of accomplishment; besides, there were many who thought that the presence of a large confederate force in that State at this juncture would be followed by the secession of the State, and thus, both directly and indirectly, benefit the cause of the Confederacy.

Lee crossed the Potomac, near Point of Rocks, on the 4th and 5th of September, 1862, and encamped upon the fertile plains surrounding Frederick. He issued a stirring proclamation to the people of Maryland, which was intended to enlist their sympathy and support; but this was a dismal failure. The governor of Maryland instantly issued

a call for volunteers to repel the invaders, and Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, did likewise. In a few hours seventy-five thousand new troops crowded Harrisburg and Washington, but still the boastful confederates expressed their determination to press on to Philadelphia and dictate terms of peace under the shadow of the old Liberty Bell in Independence Hall.



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

(From a War Time Photograph.)

General McClellan, who had been placed at the head of the reconstructed army, was ordered to pursue and intercept Lee. He set his columns in motion, and by September 12th was at Frederick, having marched in haste by five nearly parallel roads. McClellan's army, comprising his own old forces and those of Burnside and Pope, numbered almost 88,000 effective men. By the most wonderful good fortune, McClellan captured a copy of Lee's general orders for this

campaign, the possession of which was of priceless value to the Union commander. Lee's plan was undoubtedly bold, and might have been successful had not McClellan learned thus early of his exact plans.

As it was, the confederates were surprised beyond measure when they beheld the bold lines of blue streaming down the western side of the Catoctin Hills on the morning of September 14th. This apparition caused Lee to abandon his aggressive policy for one of self-preservation, for he saw that his original plan of invasion was now unpracticable.

AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

The rival forces came in collision on the morning of the 14th. McClellan knew that the garrison at Harper's Ferry was sorely distressed, and earnestly tried to press forward to its relief, while Lee, anxious to hold him back until Harper's Ferry should be captured, made a desperate resistance.

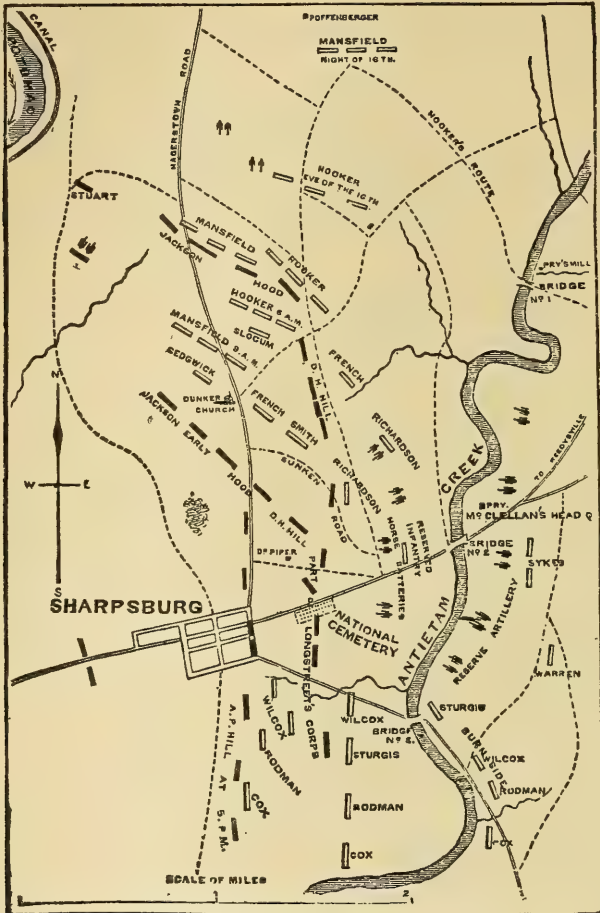
The advance guard of Burnside's column came upon the enemy at a little bridge not far from Middletown, and forced the confederates, under D. H. Hill, steadily back up the mountain, where he endeavored to make a stand by fortifying the three roads leading through Turner's Gap. But Burnside's troops drove Hill before them, the boys of Reno's corps, under Cox, Rodman, Sturgis and Wilcox, doing wondrous fighting. At one o'clock the National forces had Hill pretty well in hand, and an hour later Hooker's corps came up and struck the confederates on their left. About this time Longstreet came upon the field and took command, but the battle was practically decided. The fighting had been desperate all day, and continued far into the night. At nine o'clock the battle ceased, the last scene being the gallant assault of Gibbon's brigade upon the confederate center. The Nationals had won a complete victory, but the loss was heavy and the death of the gallant Reno was a serious blow to the cause.

While this struggle was in progress at Turner's Gap, Franklin was driving the rebel general Cobb from Crampton's Gap, six miles further south. His force comprised the flower of the volunteers from Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, and, after a sharp action of three hours' duration, they sent Cobb flying down the western slope of the mountain, leaving four hundred prisoners, three thousand stand of arms, and some cannon behind.

Meantime, Harper's Ferry had fallen, and Lee was massing his forces on the west bank of Antietam creek. He knew the danger of engaging in a great battle with a wide river in his rear, but after all his boasts he could not gracefully recross the Potomac without, at least, one general engagement.

BATTLEFIELD OF ANTIETAM.

The view from the crest of South Mountain, looking west, is beautiful in the extreme, especially when the early frosts are tinging the forests with hues of flame. Westward, some ten to twelve miles, rolls the dark current of the Potomac in its tortuous bed. Midway flows



MAP OF THE ANTIETAM BATTLE-GROUND.

the Antietam creek, which, flowing almost due south, enters the Potomac eight miles above Harper's Ferry, forming with that river an irregular acute angle. Between the two streams is a "flat-iron" shaped space, widening toward the north. On this space was fought the great battle of Antietam.

From the western bank of Antietam creek the ground rises boldly to an elevation of considerable height, the hillside being composed of

cultivated fields and groves of timber ; from the crest the surface slopes toward the Potomac in rugged, rocky masses. Near the center of this "triangle," and just west of the central ridge, lies the little town of Sharpsburg.

When the Union advance reached the eastern margin of Antietam creek the army of Lee was found to be well posted behind the summit of the ridge on the opposite side of the creek. Lee was actually waiting for the arrival of reinforcements from Harper's Ferry, but he made such a show of strength that McClellan was deceived, and delayed the attack until the 17th.

The intervening day was passed without an important incident, neither side apparently being ready for action. During the day the whole of the Union army came upon the scene, except Franklin's command, which did not arrive from Pleasant Valley until the following day. But Lee was also reinforced by Jackson, who brought with him nearly the whole rebel force that had been operating at Harper's Ferry ; so that the day's delay gave McClellan no advantage.

Longstreet held the confederate right, his right flank resting in a curve of the Antietam. Next, to the left, was D. H. Hill, and then a division commanded by Hood, whose line formed an angle extending across and commanding the Hagerstown road. From this point Jackson's troops extended to the Potomac, in reserve, supported by Stuart with cavalry and artillery. Walker's two brigades were on Longstreet's right. Lee's headquarters were on the hill where the National Cemetery is now.

McClellan's forces were placed as follows : on the right, near bridge No. 1, Hooker's Corps ; to the left of Hooker came Sumner. Porter's corps held the center, opposite bridge No. 2, and Burnside was on the left, commanding bridge No. 3. Mansfield was stationed in the rear of Hooker.

McClellan's idea was to fight this battle with his right wing, Burnside to strike the enemy's right after the rebel left had been demoralized by the first onset, and thus "roll up" the confederate line from right to left, at the same time throwing Porter's corps upon the center. Had Burnside carried out his part of the programme on time, the army of Lee might never have recrossed the Potomac ; but for some reason the demonstration on the enemy's right was too long delayed, and eventually failed in its purpose.

During the afternoon of the 16th Hooker crossed the creek at bridge No. 1, with his entire corps, the divisions being commanded by Ricketts, Meade and Doubleday. Mansfield was ordered to follow Hooker in the morning, and Sumner was to cross at daylight and support Hooker's attack.

HOOKER'S ATTACK ON JACKSON.

Hooker encountered no opposition, and after crossing the creek he advanced in a southerly direction as far as the Miller house, where a sharp engagement occurred late in the afternoon between Meade's Pennsylvania Reserves and the advance guard of the enemy. This contest lasted until dark, when the confederates fell back, while Hooker's troops rested on their arms on the field they had won. Green and Williams, of Mansfield's corps, had successfully transferred their divisions across Antietam creek, and rested for the night on the Poffenberger farm.

At the first streak of day the fiery and impatient Hooker reopened the fight, and Meade's Reserves were soon engaged in a sharp contest. Very shortly the whole of Hooker's corps was involved in a fearful struggle with the hosts of Jackson. With a sweep like that of a hurricane the valiant Nationals advanced—Doubleday on the right, Ricketts in the center, and Meade on the left, with Hooker in command of all. The onslaught was terrific, and Jackson's forces, torn by the devastating fire of the Union batteries on the bluff east of the creek and rent by a storm of lead from the blue wall before them, were driven through the cornfield, back across the Hagerstown road, and into the woods behind the Dunker church, where their reserves were posted.

Hooker, seeing the advisability of following up the advantage thus gained, threw forward his center and left, hoping to clear the woods and drive Jackson back to the Potomac; but as Meade and Ricketts charged up the elevation before them they were met by a murderous fire at short range, and a fearful carnage ensued. Jackson re-formed his broken brigades and brought up his reserves, throwing his whole force on Hooker's staggering line. On both sides the men fought like demons, seeming to be imbued with all the bravery and heroism of their respective commanders. It was verily a fight to the death.

Finding that these two divisions were in danger of destruction, Hooker called upon Doubleday for aid, and Hartsuff's brigade was sent forward on a run. Crossing the cornfield in the face of a galling fire, Hartsuff's brave boys strove to turn the tide which had now set so strongly against the Union cause; but in the space of twenty minutes one-half their number lay prone upon the field and the gallant Hartsuff was borne from the scene severely wounded. Hooker's corps was cut to pieces; the opposing force was literally torn to shreds.

But reinforcements now came up on both sides. Hood's division of Longstreet's corps took the place of the Stonewall division, and Mansfield moved up to the support of Hooker. It was now nearly eight o'clock.

MANSFIELD COMES TO THE RESCUE.

Mansfield's fresh troops came upon the scene of action with ringing cheers, while the defiant yells of the enemy, the hoarse roar of the cannon, the sharp crackling of the musketry and the ghastly procession of the wounded, as they came out of the sulphurous canopy of death, made up a scene of thrilling horror. Mansfield was attempting to deploy his corps when D. H. Hill's division, issuing from the woods by the Dunker church, fell upon him with crushing force. In the fierce struggle which ensued, brave old Mansfield was killed, and his corps was driven back to the woods, the command now devolving upon General Williams, while Crawford took command of Williams' division.

Hooker still thought he could win success; Doubleday had silenced one of the most aggressive batteries of the enemy, and Ricketts, though unable to advance, assured his chief that he could hold his ground. A wood-crowned hill near the Dunker church seemed to be the key of the situation, and this Hooker determined to take by assault. Placing himself at the head of two chosen brigades—those of Gordon and Crawford, of Mansfield's corps—"Fighting Joe" called upon these brave fellows to follow him. With a cheer they sprang forward, although the air was literally alive with rebel bullets. In a few minutes the gallant Hooker was severely wounded in the foot, and was compelled to leave the field; but not until he felt sure that the battle was won, so far as the right wing was concerned.

Crawford and Gordon carried out their orders with great gallantry. They reached the woods and were holding them against fearful odds, when, at nine o'clock, General Sumner came upon the field and assumed chief command. Seeing that the Mansfield brigades were in imminent danger of annihilation, in spite of their gallantry, Sumner ordered Sedgwick to move up to their support. Sedgwick's division charged swiftly across the blood-stained corn-field, while French and Richardson moved upon the enemy a little more to the left. Through a perfect hurricane of shot and shell these brave troops charged to the support of their beleaguered comrades, and soon the ground about the Dunker church was held in undisputed possession by the Nationals. For the time it seemed as though victory had perched upon our banners; but fresh troops coming up on the other side, our boys were shortly driven away from the church, back across the gory corn-field and into the shelter of the woods again. Affairs on the National right now had a gloomy appearance. The headquarters of the Union commander were now back upon the spot where Hooker had begun the fight at daybreak. We had gained not a foot of ground, and our losses had been frightful. Hooker's corps had practically disappeared

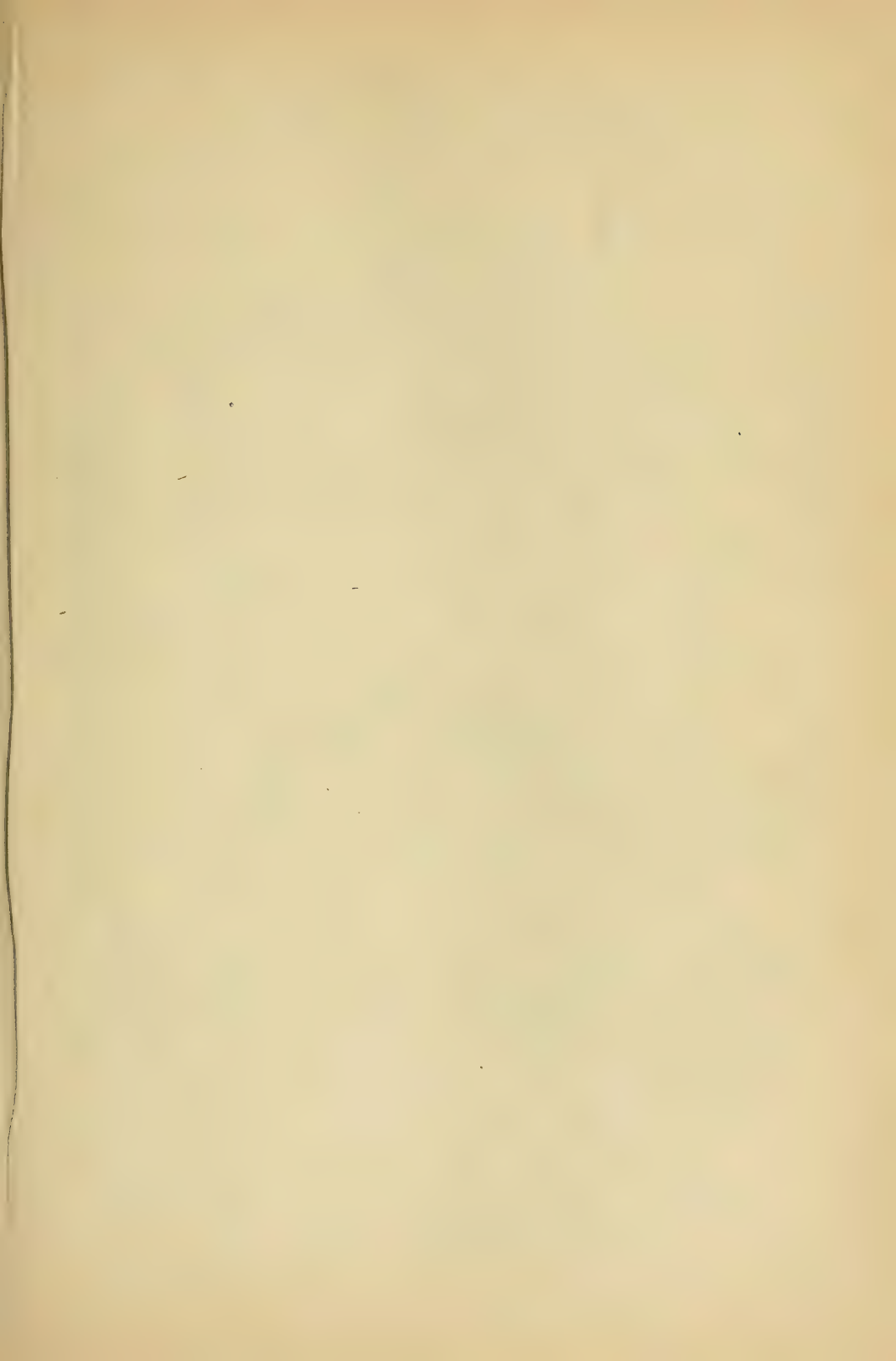
and Hooker himself was disabled; Mansfield was killed, and the wreck of his corps was in little better shape than Hooker's; but the rebels were in a similar plight, having suffered terribly from our awful artillery fire. The fighting slackened, and the enemy gradually withdrew to his original position near the Dunker church, while Doubleday, who was holding his ground with great tenacity, kept up a hot artillery fire upon the foe. But the rebels had not given up the fight by any means; and shortly after noon an attack was made upon Battery A, of the Fourth United States Artillery, commanded by Lieutenant Thomas.

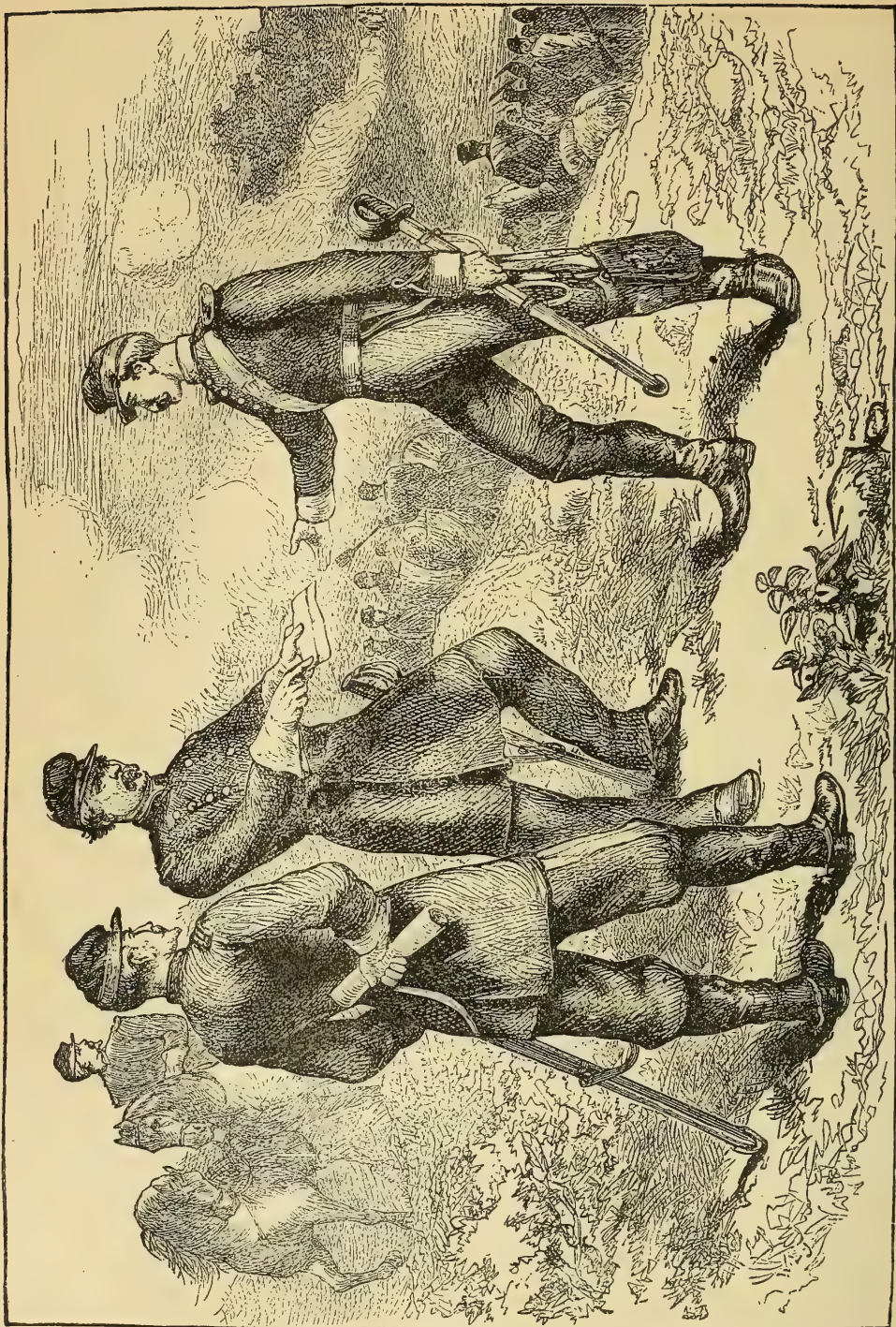
FRANKLIN'S GALLANT BOYS.

For a while it looked as though the battery would be captured; but, in a most opportune moment, the splendid corps of General Franklin, who had left Crampton's Gap at six o'clock in the morning, came upon the field led by Smith's division, Smith being followed by Slocum.

Perceiving the threatened danger, Franklin threw Smith's division forward on the double-quick, and in a few minutes Battery A was saved, Hancock's brigade coming gallantly to its rescue. Smith had general instructions to re-take the ground that had been won and lost during the morning. Although the enemy was confident and inclined to be aggressive, the boys in blue gave no heed to caution, but dashed at the over-confident foe with a spirit that was irresistible, rushing forward with ringing cheers, shouting as they ran. Smith's intrepid division passed across the gory cornfield in the teeth of a withering fire, and drove the rebels back again beyond the Hagerstown road, past the church, and into the woods. Nothing in this bloody battle excelled in heroism and daring this charge of Smith's division. The "Yankee" regiments of Maine and Vermont again proved their sterling quality. In less than fifteen minutes they reclaimed the lost ground, and the field and the ghastly harvest which the reaper had gathered in those fatal hours remained with the Nationals.

In the meantime the troops on Sumner's left had not been idle. French had been ordered to attack vigorously, so as to make a diversion in favor of the right. Weber, Kimball and Morris, with their brigades, were engaged with D. H. Hill, supported on the left by the brigades of Meagher, Caldwell and Brooks, of Richardson's division. The battle raged furiously all along this line, and among the regiments which particularly distinguished themselves were the "fighting" Fifth New Hampshire, under Colonel Cross, and the Eighty-first Pennsylvania. The rebels were finally driven back to Piper's house, near





GENERAL MC CLELLAN SENDING COLONEL KEY TO GENERAL BURNSIDE.

the Sharpsburg road, where they made an obstinate stand. General Richardson was killed at this point, being struck by a cannon ball while in the act of placing his own batteries. General Hancock took command, and made a brilliant charge on the enemy, driving him from the Piper house, and pressing him so hard that the confederate line was all but severed. A little more persistent effort at this juncture would probably have settled the fight, but no one seemed to rise to the occasion. When night fell the Union army held possession of the field it had so gallantly won.

ON THE CENTER AND LEFT.

It will be remembered that the National center was held by the corps of General Fitz John Porter, whose force lay opposite bridge No. 2. It was McClellan's intention to attack the confederate left so vigorously as to draw the enemy's forces away from his right and center, and then to throw Burnside or Porter, or both, upon this weakened line and thus crush Lee's army out of existence. The plan was no doubt a good one; but, as will be seen, it failed in the execution.

After Hooker and Mansfield had been cut to pieces, and Sumner seemed to be in danger of sharing the same fate, McClellan reluctantly detached two of Porter's brigades and sent them to Sumner's assistance; he also sent six battalions of Sykes' regulars across bridge No. 2, to attack and dislodge a force of rebel sharpshooters who had proved very destructive to Pleasanton's horse batteries; and a little later he detached Warren's brigade and sent it to the support of Burnside's right and rear, so that Porter's corps was at last reduced to about four thousand men. This corps, therefore, as a whole, did not participate in the engagement.

ON THE UNION LEFT.

Burnside's corps had been stationed, on the evening of the 16th, in a position close by bridge No. 3. The commander-in-chief had notified Burnside that he would probably be called upon to attack the confederate right early in the morning, and directed him to be ready. Burnside was also instructed to make a careful survey of the ground, and to reconnoitre it thoroughly. The division commanders of the left wing were Generals Rodman, Cox, Sturgis and Wilcox; the division of the latter being held in reserve.

Shortly after eight o'clock on the morning of the 17th, Hooker being in the midst of his bloody encounter with Jackson, McClellan ordered Burnside to cross the bridge in force, gain possession of the heights beyond, and force his way along the ridge toward Sharpsburg. The idea was to relieve Hooker by diverting the confederate strength

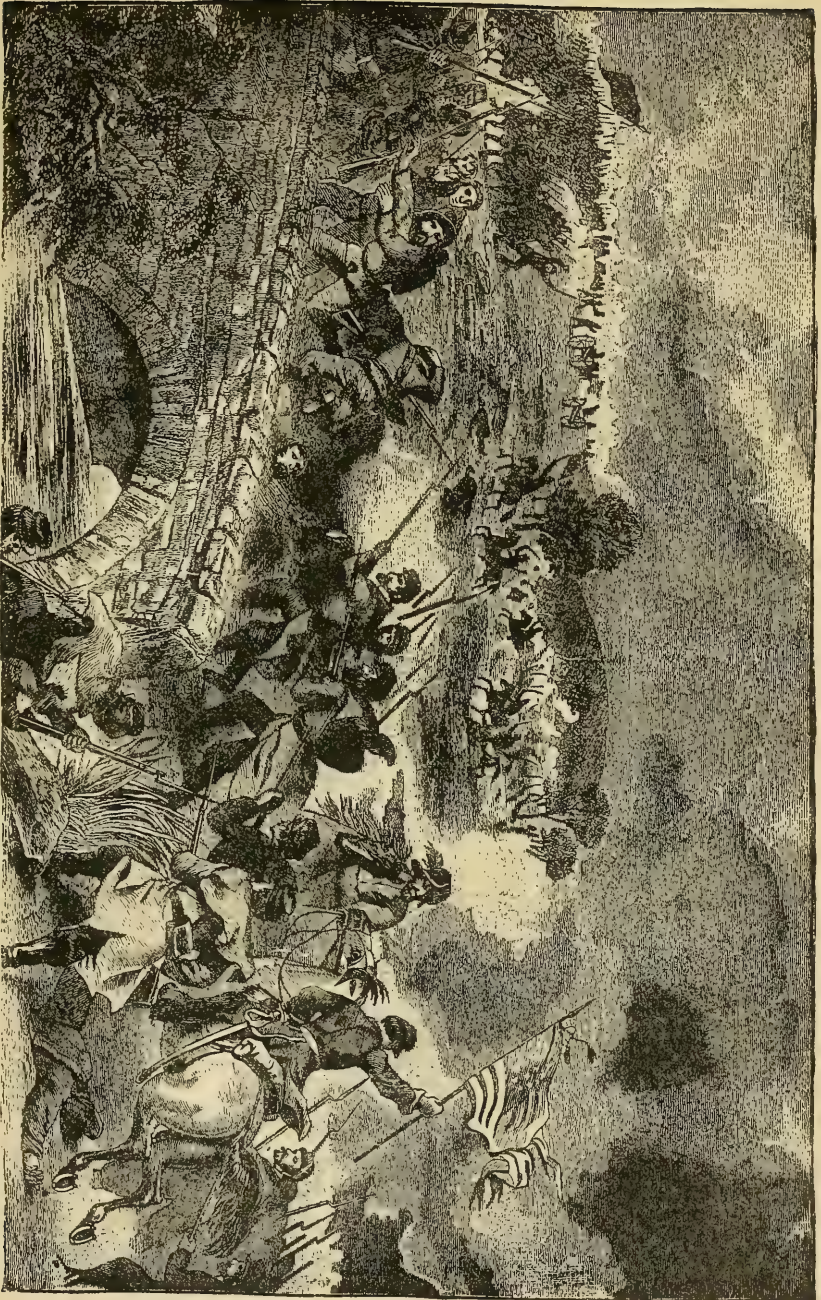
from the Union right. The position which Burnside was to assault was held by Toombs' rebel brigade. The approaches to the bridge were narrow, and perfectly commanded by the rebel batteries; hence, the work assigned to Burnside was of a most difficult character. He made a few feeble attempts to carry the bridge, but failed to do so, being evidently impressed with the idea that the sacrifice of life could not be made up by the advantage that might possibly be gained—a fatal error of a kindly heart, that afterward cost many scores of lives. Once and again did McClellan order Burnside to carry the bridge; but the orders were not executed.

About one o'clock the general-in-chief dispatched Colonel Sackett with instructions to order the assault to proceed, and remain and see that the effort was vigorously made. Then came the gallant charge of those two noble regiments, the Fifty-first Pennsylvania and the Fifty-first New York, who flung themselves like demons through the narrow defile, breasting the fiery storm of screaming shells, driving the confederates from the bridge in disorder, and capturing the heights beyond at the point of the bayonet. Other troops came swiftly to their support, across the bridge, now slippery with the blood of heroes, and the coveted position was secured.

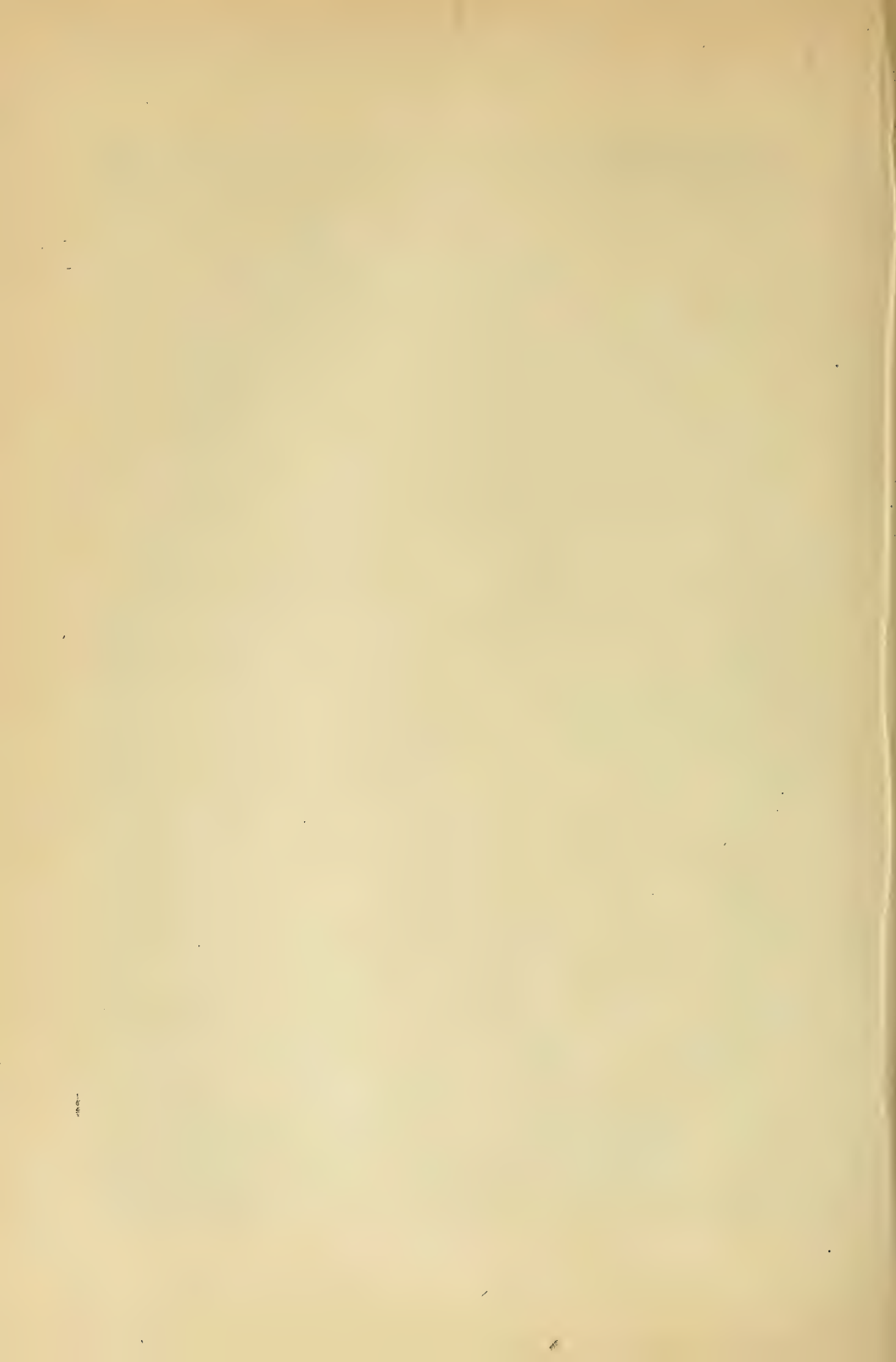
But three precious hours had been wasted. Had this charge been made at ten o'clock instead of one o'clock, success on the National right would surely have been attained; and even now, had Burnside pushed forward vigorously along the crest, Lee's army would probably have been forced back into the Potomac.

But three o'clock came, and Burnside was in the same position as at one. Longstreet had made such a show of strength that Burnside was deceived and feared to attack him; while the fact was that the rebel leader had so weakened his forces by sending reinforcements to his left that Burnside might have crushed him had he pressed right on after crossing the bridge. McClellan sent Colonel Key to Burnside with imperative instructions to proceed without an instant's further delay, entreating him to strike vigorously and without counting the probable cost.

At last the attack is resumed, and gallantly is it made. The heights are carried, the guns are captured, the confederates are fleeing for their lives, and the advance of Burnside's command is already in the outskirts of Sharpsburg. But now is reaped the bitter fruit of the delay; for at this supreme moment, when victory seems to light upon our standard, the prize is swept from our grasp. A new army rises like magic before the astonished Union host. A. P. Hill, who has just come up from Harper's Ferry, has formed his fresh troops across Burn-



CHARGE OF THE FIFTY-FIRST REGIMENTS, NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA.



side's path, and as our victorious legions press eagerly forward to pluck the fruits of their gallant efforts, Hill throws his full ranks upon them. The blow is all the more staggering, because it is totally unexpected. Under cover of a heavy artillery fire, the rebels charge down from the heights upon Burnside's left flank. The Nationals make a bitter, stubborn resistance; but all their valor will not now avail. They are forced back, torn and bleeding, but fighting desperately at every step, to the old stone bridge, where they re-form under the fire of the Union batteries on the eastern side of the creek. Here Burnside holds his ground with but little effort, for the confederates are too badly punished to make any further aggressive movement.

During this last struggle the loss of life was terrible. General Rodman was mortally wounded and the rebel general Branch was killed. The battle of Antietam was ended—the bloodiest battle, so far, of the war, and one which had not yielded a victory to either side.

On that narrow triangle of ground between the dark Potomac and the placid Antietam lay heaps of bloody corpses. Within the borders of this narrow field were twenty thousand brave men dead or bleeding, their comrades so worn and weary with their bloody work that they had not the physical strength to care for the dead or minister to the wounded.

STEALING A LOCOMOTIVE.



More thrilling story has been told than that of the survivors of the great locomotive stealing enterprise, which reads more like a romance than a reality. That the bold attempt proved unsuccessful only shows more plainly the intrepid valor of its projectors, who knew and realized how great was the danger that surrounded them.

In April, 1862, the rebel forces in the West, under Beauregard, were concentrated at Corinth, Miss., with smaller detachments scattered along the railroad to Chattanooga, Tenn. The railroads on which he relied for supplies and reinforcements, as well as for communication with the eastern portion of rebeldom, formed an irregular parallelogram, of which the northern side extended from Memphis, Tenn., to Chattanooga; the eastern from Chattanooga to Atlanta, Ga.; the southern from Atlanta to Jackson, Miss.; and the western, by a network of roads, from Jackson to Memphis. The great East Tennessee and Virginia railroad intersected this parallelogram at Chattanooga.

By the obstruction of the northern and eastern sides of this parallelogram Beauregard was isolated, and East Tennessee, then in possession of the rebels, was made readily accessible to the government forces.

A second military expedition was accordingly set on foot in that month, under the authority and direction of Gen. O. M. Mitchell, whose division was then at Shelbyville, Tenn., for the purpose of destroying the communication on the Georgia State railroad, between Atlanta and Chattanooga. The expedition comprised twenty-three men, under the lead of J. J. Andrews, a Kentuckian and the originator of the enterprise, who, with a single exception of one Kentuckian who acted as the substitute of a soldier, had been selected from different companies in Gen. Mitchell's division for their known courage and discretion.

The mode of operation proposed was to reach a point on the road where they could seize a locomotive and train of cars, and then dash back in the direction of Chattanooga, cutting the telegraph wires and burning the bridges behind them as they advanced, until they reached their own lines.

All understood that the service was secret and dangerous, and that if they were caught, hanging would probably be their lot. The whole party, accordingly, were disguised in citizen's dress, and on the 7th of April left camp at Shelbyville, and made for Manchester, Tenn. Great difficulty was experienced in passing their own pickets, and several were near being shot. At Manchester they represented themselves as Kentuckians on their way to Chattanooga to join the rebel army. After leaving that point they fell in with rebel sympathizers, who furnished them with letters and passes to their friends in Chattanooga. At this time the party divided into squads of two and four, and started ahead of each other, all, however, with the same story as to their ultimate object.

After five days the party met at Chattanooga, and at once took the cars for Marietta, Ga. Before leaving, Andrews divided among them seven hundred dollars of confederate script, and told them that they were soon to enter upon their dangerous duty, but the first man that got drunk or flinched in the least, he would shoot him dead on the spot; that the object must be accomplished, or they must leave their bones in Dixie.

After a journey of about eighteen hours, they arrived at Marietta, Ga., and put up at a tavern. The next morning before daylight they again took the cars, and went back the same road to a place called Big Shanty, a refreshment saloon on the line of the Georgia and Atlanta State road, where were encamped about 20,000 confederate troops.

It was the general rendezvous for recruits and the organization of regiments. The train contained a number of soldiers as well as citizens, together with a quantity of provisions, and an iron safe containing a large amount of confederate script, to pay the troops at Corinth. This portion of the road is built over innumerable creeks and rivers, and crosses the Tennessee River at Bridgeport, where a fine bridge is erected.

The whole party, consisting of twenty, left the cars and divided into squads of three and four, taking positions on each side of the train, Andrews stationing himself at the coupling-pin of the third car. A number of the party were engineers, and thoroughly understood the business on hand. One of the engineers was at his post, and found everything all right. All hands now mounted the cars, although the guard was within three feet of them; the word was given, Andrews drew the coupling-pin, and cried "all right."

The train, now consisting of three cars and the engine, was started off with as little noise as possible. They soon lost sight of the lights at Big Shanty, and at the first curve the train was stopped, and one of the party climbed the telegraph-pole and cut the wires. They then started, and at the next point tore up the track, and took a rail with them on the car; and thus they continued, tearing up the track and cutting the wires on the other side, after passing a town. Unfortunately, however, the train was running on a very slow schedule, and they were compelled to switch off and let the down-train pass. At the first station this occurred, the engineer of the road made his appearance, and was about to step on the engine, when Andrews told him he could not come on board, as this was an extra train to run through to Corinth, and the present party were engaged to carry it there, and in support of the assertion the iron safe was shown. This apparently satisfied the engineer, and they took in wood and water, and again started. A second time they were compelled to switch off, and in order to get the switch-keys, Andrews, who knew the road well, went into the station and took them from the office. This caused considerable excitement, but it was quieted in a measure by stating that the train contained gunpowder for Beauregard, at Corinth, and soon after they again started.

About twenty miles south of Dalton, Ga., they came to a bridge, and here set fire to one of the cars, piled on wood, and left it on the bridge, designing to set it on fire also. At this time the engineer of the Rome branch, suspecting that all was not right, started up the track, found the rails torn up, and immediately returned to the junction, and took on board a quantity of loose rails, and followed after. Where they

had torn up the rails he immediately laid one, and without stopping to fasten it, started over slowly, and gave chase. Soon he came to the bridge with the burning car, which had not yet caught the bridge. In the meantime they had switched off to let an express pass, which train was duly informed of their character by discovering the track torn up, and stopped, but was soon joined by the Rome engineer, who had succeeded in throwing the burning car off the bridge. They then both started in pursuit, laying the track as they went along, which they could do in a much shorter time than the expedition could tear it up.

Thus it was the Federals were overtaken at work ; and as soon as they found themselves discovered, speed was their only hope, and at it they went ; but unfortunately their fuel was out, and it was then determined to leave the engine and take to the woods. Accordingly, they stopped and reversed her, intending she should run back upon their pursuers ; but in this they failed, as she had not sufficient steam to turn her over, and the object of the adventure thus failed, from a combination of unfortunate circumstances. Ten minutes more would have set the bridge on fire, and the Rome engineer, with the rails, could not have followed them, and the down express was entirely useless. It was their intention to have destroyed all the bridges, run into Chattanooga, wait until the evening train had passed, and then go on to Bridgeport, destroying the bridge over the Tennessee river, and then away for Huntsville, to join General Mitchell.

Their troubles now commenced, and the greatest of all their disasters was the division of their party ; it was now every man for himself.

As soon as they had left the cars, and dispersed themselves in the woods, the population of the country around turned out in their pursuit, employing for this purpose the dogs which were trained to hunt down the fugitive slaves of the south. The whole twenty-two were captured. Among them was private Jacob Parrot, of Co. K, Thirty-third Regiment Ohio Volunteers. When arrested, he was, without any form of trial, taken possession of by a military officer and four soldiers, who stripped him, bent him over a stone, and while two pistols were held over his head, a lieutenant in rebel uniform inflicted with a rawhide upwards of a hundred lashes on his bare back. This was done in the presence of an infuriated crowd, who clamored for his blood, and actually brought a rope with which to hang him. The object of this prolonged scourging was to force this young man to confess to them the objects of the expedition and the names of his comrades, especially that of the engineer who had run the train. Their

purpose was, no doubt, not only to take the life of the latter if indentified, but to do so with every circumstance of humiliation and torture which they could devise.

Three times, in the progress of this horrible flogging, it was suspended, and Mr. Parrot was asked if he would not confess; but steadily and firmly to the last, he refused all disclosures, and it was not until his tormentors were weary of their brutal work that the task of subduing their victim was abandoned as hopeless.

The twenty-two captives, when secured, were thrust into the negro-jail of Chattanooga. They occupied a single room, half under ground, and but thirteen feet square, so that there was not space enough for them all to lie down together, and a part of them were, in consequence, obliged to sleep sitting and leaning against the walls. The only entrance was through a trap-door in the ceiling, that was raised twice a day to let down their scanty meals, which were lowered in a bucket. They had no other light or ventilation than that which came through two small triple-grated windows. They were covered with swarming vermin, and the heat was so oppressive that they were often obliged to strip themselves entirely of their clothes to bear it. Added to this, they were all handcuffed, and, with trace-chains secured by padlocks around their necks, were fastened to each other in companies of twos and threes. Their food, which was doled out to them twice a day, consisted of a little flour wet with water and baked in the form of bread, and spoiled pickled beef. They had no opportunity of procuring any supplies from the outside, nor had they any means of doing so—their pockets having been rifled of the last cent by the confederate authorities, prominent among whom was an officer wearing the rebel uniform of a major. No part of the money thus basely taken was ever returned.

During this imprisonment at Chattanooga their leader, Mr. Andrews, was tried and condemned as a spy, and was subsequently executed at Atlanta, on the 7th of June. They were strong and in perfect health when they entered this negro-jail, but at the end of something more than three weeks, when they were required to leave it, they were so exhausted from the treatment to which they had been subjected, that they were scarcely able to walk, and several staggered from weakness as they passed through the street to the cars.

Finally, twelve of the number were transferred to the prison at Knoxville, Tenn. On arriving there, seven of them were arraigned before a court-martial, charged with being spies. Their trial of course was summary. They were permitted to be present, but not to hear either the argument of their own counsel or that of the judge-advocate.

Soon thereafter all the prisoners were removed to Atlanta, and they left Knoxville under a belief that their comrades, who had been tried, either had been or would be acquitted.

On the 18th of June, after their arrival at Atlanta, where they rejoined the comrades from whom they had been separated at Chattanooga, their prison-door was opened, and the death-sentences of the seven who had been tried at Knoxville were read to them. No time for preparation was allowed them. They were told to bid their friends farewell, "and to be quick about it." They were at once tied and carried out to execution. Among the seven was Private Samuel Robinson, Co. G, Thirty-third Ohio Volunteers, who was too ill to walk. He was, however, pinioned like the rest, and in this condition was dragged from the floor on which he was lying to the scaffold. In an hour or more the cavalry escort, which had accompanied them, was seen returning with the cart, but the cart was empty—the tragedy had been consummated!

On that evening and the following morning the prisoners learned from the provost-marshal and guard that their comrades had died as all true soldiers of the Republic should die, in the presence of its enemies. Among the revolting incidents which they mentioned in connection with this cowardly butchery, was the fall of two of the victims from the breaking of the ropes after they had been for some time suspended. On their being restored to consciousness, they begged for an hour in which to pray and to prepare for death, but this was refused them. The ropes were readjusted, and the execution at once proceeded.

Among those who thus perished was private Alfred Wilson, Co. C, Twenty-first Ohio Volunteers. He was a mechanic from Cincinnati, who, in the exercise of his trade, had travelled much through the States, north and south. Though surrounded by a scowling crowd, impatient for his sacrifice, he did not hesitate while standing under the gallows to make them a brief address. He told them that though they were all wrong, he had no hostile feelings towards the southern people, believing that not they but their leaders were responsible for the rebellion; that he was no spy, as charged, but a soldier regularly detailed for military duty; that he did not regret to die for his country; but only regretted the manner of his death; and he added, for their admonition, that they would yet see the time when the old Union would be restored, and when its flag would wave over them again. And with these words the brave man died. He, like his comrades, calmly met the ignominious doom of a felon—but, happily, ignominious for him and for them only so far as the martyrdom of the patriot and the hero can be degraded by the hands of ruffians and traitors.

The remaining prisoners, now reduced to fourteen, were kept closely confined under special guard, in the jail at Atlanta, until October, when, overhearing a conversation between the jailer and another officer, they became satisfied that it was the purpose of the authorities to hang them, as they had done their companions. This led them to form a plan for their escape, which they carried into execution on the evening of the next day, by seizing the jailer when he opened the door to carry away the bucket in which their supper had been brought. This was followed by the seizure also of the seven guards who were on duty, and before the alarm could be given eight of the fugitives were well on their way to the north. Six of these, after long and painful wanderings, succeeded in reaching the Union lines. The fate of the other two still remains a mystery.

The remaining six of the fourteen were captured and confined in the barracks until December, when they were removed to Richmond. There they were shut up in a gloomy room in Castle Thunder, where they shivered through winter and suffered to the end of eleven months, at the expiration of which time they were regularly exchanged.

A BOY HERO.



CAPTAIN BOGGS, of the *Varuna*, tells a story of a brave boy who was on board his vessel during the bombardment of the forts on the Mississippi River. The lad, who answered to the name of Oscar, was but thirteen years of age but he had an old head on his shoulders, and was alert and energetic. During the hottest of the fire he was busily engaged in passing ammunition to the gunners, and narrowly escaped death when one of the terrific broadsides of the *Varuna's* rebel antagonist was poured in. Covered with dirt and begrimed with powder, he was met by Captain Boggs, who asked "where he was going in such a hurry?"

"To get a passing-box, sir; the other one was smashed by a ball!" And so, throughout the fight, the brave lad held his place and did his duty.

When the *Varuna* went down, Captain Boggs missed his boy, and thought he was among the victims of the battle. But a few minutes afterwards he saw the lad gallantly swimming towards the wreck. Clambering on board of Captain Boggs' boat, he threw his hand up to his forehead, giving the usual salute, and uttering only the words, "All right, sir! I report myself on board," passed coolly to his station.

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.



HAD the confederate General Bragg been a Napoleon, the Army of the Cumberland would have been destroyed in the Chickamauga valley. On the 10th of September, 1863, Rosecrans' army was divided into three distinct bodies, under McCook, Crittenden and Thomas, and these three bodies were scattered, widely sundered, so that Bragg, with his concentrated army, might have crushed them one after another had he not neglected his opportunity. But Bragg was not a Napoleon, and he lay inactive until Rosecrans had gathered his forces together and was ready to give him battle.

In the Indian tongue the word Chickamauga means "River of Death"—a name which became terribly and literally appropriate.

On Friday, September 18th, Rosecrans' army lay on the west side of the West Chickamauga river, interposed between Bragg's forces (which occupied the opposite bank of the river) and Chattanooga. The Union army occupied the roads leading north through Rossville, and thus covered and commanded the approaches to Chattanooga.

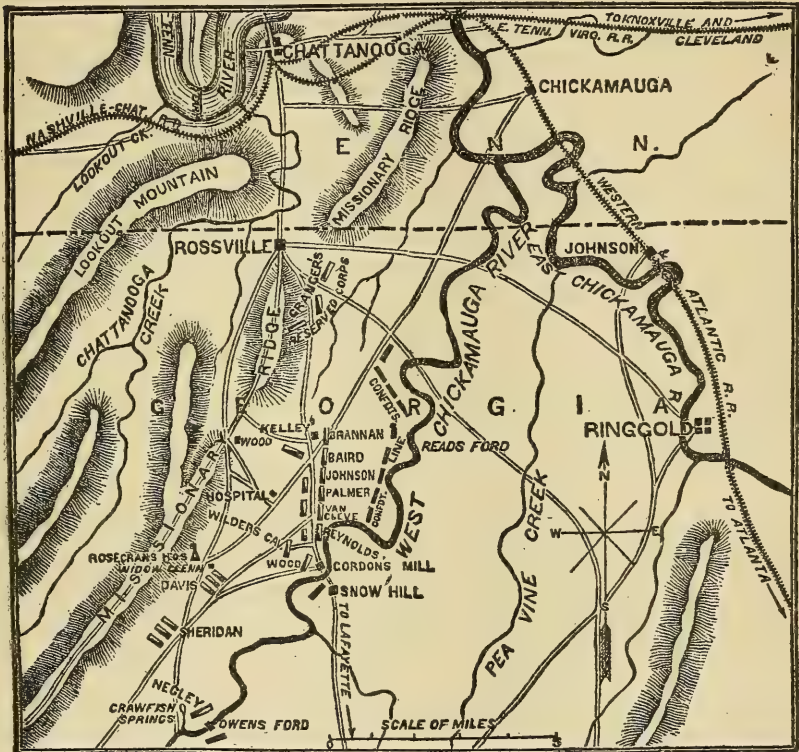
There was no heavy fighting on Thursday, although the opposing armies lay close together. Bragg sent Wheeler's cavalry division to threaten the Union right, but this was done solely to divert Rosecrans' attention from the real purpose of the confederate leader, namely, to throw his main strength upon the Union left, and, by a flanking movement, regain possession of Chattanooga. Bragg had been strongly reinforced by Buckner, who had come in from East Tennessee, and Hood's division of Longstreet's corps; while the remainder of Longstreet's command was rapidly approaching.

But Rosecrans was busy preparing his lines. Thomas was assigned to the left, and Crittenden took his place in the center, while McCook held the right.

SATURDAY'S BATTLE.

A crisp, bright morning was that of Saturday, the 19th. A glistening white frost covered the face of nature, and the air was clear and keen. Thomas had his corps well settled in its position, but McCook and Crittenden were still moving into line when the battle opened. During the night Bragg had moved a force of 30,000 men across the river, and they now lay in front of Thomas, but partially concealed from view.

Colonel Dan McCook reported to Thomas that "a brigade" of the rebels had crossed the stream, and, as the bridge behind them had been burned, he (McCook) thought that the brigade could easily be captured. Thomas ordered Generals Brannan and Baird to advance and make the attempt, when it was discovered that the enemy was in strong force, and not unsupported, as McCook supposed. A bloody engagement ensued, in which the Union army was decidedly worsted.



CHICKAMAUGA—FIRST DAY.

The storm which had struck Baird and Brannan with such destructive energy, now rolled along our line from left to right. Bragg threw his whole force against our entire front, hoping to pierce it at some point or other. Ranks of living men and grim batteries stood face to face for a space of four full miles. Cleburne descended upon Thomas' right, but was driven back in a demoralized condition. McCook sent Johnson to the aid of Thomas, while Negley supported Wood. The vigor of the enemy's assault was transferred from our beleaguered left to the centre, where Reynolds and Johnson were struggling desperately to maintain their ground. Thomas rallied the broken lines of Baird

and Brannan and hurled them again on the foe. Riding headlong up and down his wavering lines, Thomas once more got them into position, and ordered a general advance. The now steady and firm-set battalions moved sternly forward, grand and awful in their terrible earnestness. Longstreet's sturdy veterans, flushed with their well-earned success, strove in vain to stop this steady, onward march. The rebel batteries hurled their shot and shell into the close formations in vain. The rebel leaders pleaded with their now yielding men to stand firm, but to no purpose. Before the face of this determined onset the rebel ranks melted away like dew before the morning sun, and on swept the glorious, unbroken line of blue. For nearly a mile the rebel hordes were driven, when Thomas, perceiving that Davis and Van Cleve, on his right, were in great danger of being overwhelmed, was forced to withdraw his victorious legions to their former position.

From this time until dark the battle raged along our right and center, and when night fell neither side could claim a victory. Hazen, Wood, Negley, Sheridan, Wilder, Brannan, and others of our fighting generals, covered themselves with glory and baffled Bragg's every attempt to break our line. The rebel army withdrew without having gained any decided advantage, and the curtain of night descended upon the bloody field.

A GORY SABBATH DAY.

Then followed a night of busy preparation. Every man knew that the rising of the morning sun would herald a new day of even greater carnage. Rosecrans strengthened his position by shortening his line. Thomas still held the left, strengthened by Johnson's and Palmer's divisions; McCook, forming the right, was ordered to close in on Thomas' right, while Crittenden held two divisions in reserve in the rear of the center. Brannan and Negley lay in reserve behind Thomas. General Granger formed our principal reserve toward Rossville, and our cavalry forces were massed on the extreme right.

Bragg divided his army into two wings, the right under Polk and the left under Longstreet, who had arrived upon the field.

The rebel order of battle, from right to left, was as follows: in the first line, Breckenridge, Cleburne, Cheatham and Stewart, Hood, Hindman and Preston; in the second line (reserves) Walker, Johnson and McLaws.

At daybreak on Sunday an impenetrable mist covered the field, obscuring the mighty combatants; but the blood-red sun was gilding the mountain tops, and in a short time his bright rays dispelled the vapors in the valley. Rosecrans intended to make the first attack,

and had concentrated his forces more to the left, which Bragg was still determined to flank. But finding that, at daybreak, his men were not yet through with the building of their rude defences, Rosecrans wisely remained quiescent. Bragg had also intended to open at dawn with his right, his left to take up and push the assault all along the line, and his rage was terrible when Polk failed, for some reason, to execute this plan. The delay gave the Union troops an opportunity to complete a formidable line of breastworks, *abatis*, etc.; and thus Bragg's misfortune was Rosecrans' great gain.

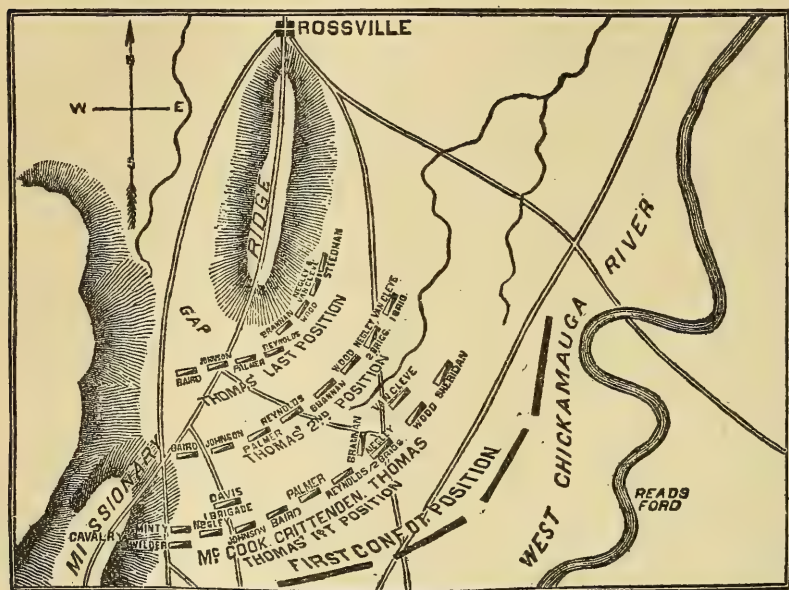
At nine o'clock the thunder of artillery was heard on our extreme left. Polk was about to commence the attack. The fog was lifting and the enemy was coming into view. The attack fell upon the left, and was led by Breckenridge's division of Hill's corps. Like a mighty billow the host of rebels came on—not haltingly or hesitatingly, but with overwhelming force and undaunted mien. The uproar became so tremendous that the stoutest hearts quailed. From Thomas' breastworks a sheet of flame leaps forth and a crashing volley of bullets meet the oncoming foe; cannon thunder forth their death dealing missiles, and as the gray lines come into range they are mown down and crumbled away; but new men fill the ranks again and on the line advances over the ground where the last line disappeared. The rebel leaders see the ruin wrought by Thomas' deadly muskets, and they determine to quench the fiery volcano with human blood and choke it with living victims. But with all their daring valor, the rebel hosts are held in check by the equally valiant boys of the Fourteenth.

For three hours the battle raged along Thomas' front. Thomas was fighting gallantly but the heavy lines of gray were pressing him steadily back and were beginning to envelop his left flank. Bragg was determined to gain his point and interpose his right between Rosecrans and Chattanooga. Reinforcements were hurried up on both sides, and the battle at noon raged with increasing fury. The rebels seemed undismayed by the horrible carnage, but kept up their fierce assaults, now by regiments, then by brigades, but always with the utmost gallantry. Victory inclined first to one side and then to the other; but the final result was at this hour as far from being determined as when the battle opened. Charge after charge was made, only to be met with bloody repulse, but after a time there occurred one of those terrible mistakes that are all the more dangerous because they cannot be foreseen and guarded against.

It happened in this way: Reynolds being hard pressed and in danger of falling to pieces, Rosecrans ordered Wood to his support, at the same time ordering Davis and Sheridan to move up so as to close the

break made by the withdrawal of Wood. But in executing this order, Wood led his troops around the rear of Brannan, who was to the right and rear of Reynolds, thus creating a gap through which the hosts of Longstreet poured in a resistless torrent. We had broken our own center, and for a time it looked as though utter destruction would overwhelm Rosecrans' army.

Like a thunderbolt Hood's division was hurled through our broken line. Davis, who was striving to wheel into position from the right, was struck and literally cut to pieces; Van Cleve and Palmer, of



CHICKAMAUGA—SECOND DAY.

Crittenden's corps, shared the fate of Davis. Sheridan, the unconquered, was left alone on the extreme right and he made a gallant fight for a time against overwhelming odds. But he too was compelled to give way. The Union right and center was now in a pitiable plight—shattered to fragments, and fleeing for life. The road leading to Rossville was a mass of flying fugitives, who left behind a field piled thick with dead and dying. The officers struggled manfully to stem the tide, but not until the pass was reached could even a semblance of a rally be made. At this point, the pass being rather narrow, McCook was able to halt and reform his shattered Twentieth Corps, and by herculean efforts, in which he was nobly aided by Sheridan, Crittenden and Davis, he made a bold stand once more. But the

wearied, exhausted left wing—the glorious battalions of the lion-hearted Thomas—had not yet yielded to the fierce attacks of the victorious confederates, and upon them devolved the duty of saving the honor of the National arms. It was a mighty task, but Thomas' men were mighty warriors, and with such field generals as Hazen, Negley, Wood, Baird, Reynolds, Brannan, Harker and Turchin, the glorious old Virginian soldier resolved to beat back the confident foe or die in the effort.

"THE ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA."

Thomas had fallen back to a new position on the slope of Missionary Ridge, his line forming a crescent with the ends resting on little spurs of the rocky hillside. He posted his artillery advantageously, and awaited the next move of the enemy.

He had not long to wait. The enemy, having routed the right and center, now came on to complete their victory by annihilating the Union left. On they came with redoubled energy and confidence, a mighty host of full seventy thousand against a few thinned and wearied divisions. But Thomas stood as firm as the everlasting hills. The forces of the enemy broke in vain against the "Rock of Chickamauga," and the dark gray surges dashed themselves to pieces at his feet. All along the Union lines a tongue of fire played, and the thunder of the loud mouthed cannon was almost lost in the crashing of the ceaseless musketry. The enemy's lines came up to each assault in splendid order, only to melt away and disappear like the mists of the morning.

It was now drawing on toward night, and Longstreet was impatient to crown the labors of the day with a decisive stroke, and that the rout of the rock-fast band before him. In the rear of Thomas' right flank was a narrow gorge, connecting with an opening in the hill on Longstreet's front. Seeing that he could not move the iron wall before him, the rebel general sent a powerful detachment through the gorge to attack Thomas in the rear, and soon the rebel columns came pouring in upon the already sorely tried commander. At the sight of this new menace Thomas' heart stood still. After all this sacrifice, all this endurance, all this brave defense, the day at last was lost! To all human appearance, no fate now remained for his gallant band but a swift butchery or unconditional surrender. A few moments more and all will be over.

But no! away to the left is a vast cloud of dust rising to heaven, and betraying the presence of rapidly marching columns. "Are they friends or foes," Thomas anxiously asks himself. "If friends, we may yet save the day; if foes——"

"Captain," said General Thomas to a staff officer who had just galloped up, "find out what troops those are marching in from the left."

Away dashes the horseman, while Thomas, with painful anxiety, trains his glass upon the advancing columns. On they come with the long swinging stride of veterans. Nearer they come, and Thomas' heart gives a great leap for joy when the battle flags of Granger's reserves flutter into view. Now he *will* win the day!

All day long did Granger hear the roaring of the cannon, and at last, fearing disaster, he hurried forward, without orders, at the head of Steadman's division. As we have seen, he reached the field not a moment too soon, for already the massive rebel columns were pouring in through the gorge. No consultation was needed to tell the gallant Granger what to do. He took in the situation at a glance. Snatching one of the regimental colors in his hand, General Steadman spurred to the head of his two brigades and bade them follow him. The troops were chiefly raw recruits, but they were American patriots, and the stern necessities of the hour gave them the nerve and courage of old veterans.

In a moment Steadman was at the head of the gorge and had a battery of six well-manned guns pouring grape and canister into Longstreet's advancing columns; then hurling at the foe his two cheering, shouting brigades, under Mitchell and Whitaker, Steadman charged down the ridge and into the gorge like a fiery whirlwind, sweeping the astonished enemy before him like chaff. In twenty minutes these two immortal brigades changed defeat into victory and covered themselves with everlasting glory; but one-third of the noble band lay on the bloody field. Again did the rebel hosts re-form and charge through the gorge; but Steadman, with his little band of heroes, kept the crest ablaze with both musket and cannon, and beat off every onslaught.

Meantime, General Thomas, relieved by Steadman from the danger that threatened his right, had held his own most steadfastly on the left and center. Now in the gathering gloom the rebel leaders muster up their men for one more fierce endeavor. Thomas sees the shadowy lines approaching, and knowing the temper of his bleeding but undaunted army, he takes a desperate chance. Nearer the assailing columns come; and when within close pistol shot, the order runs along the Union lines:

"FORWARD! CHARGE BAYONETS!"

Like an arrow from a bow—like a stone from a catapult—these shattered remnants of a noble army close up their thinned ranks and throw themselves upon the foe with shouts that rend the air. The

rebels catch the faint sheen of the cold steel in the deepening twilight, and, turning, flee for their lives.

The last blow had been struck, and the bloody battle of Chickamauga was ended. Never was a great battle more nearly lost and then saved—not even that of Marengo. In one sense it was a confederate victory, for the spoils fell chiefly to them; but it nearly made an end of Bragg while it finished Rosecrans entirely. The glory achieved was won, not by the chief commanders, but by those under them; and chief among the heroes of that bloody Sabbath day was that glorious old soldier, George H. Thomas, who will ever live in history as “The Rock of Chickamauga.”


THRILLING DESCRIPTION BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

A noted newspaper correspondent who was with the Federal army during the engagement has written a description of the battle that is well worth reading.

The flame of battle, says this writer, had first broken out upon the extreme left, where General Brannan's division was posted. The troops comprising it behaved most gallantly; some of the regiments had covered themselves with glory, but they were compelled to retire at length, leaving uncovered the left flank of General Baird, upon whom the enemy at once threw himself with great force. The brigade commanded by Colonel B. F. Scribner, Thirty-eighth Indiana, one of the very first in the army, was left particularly exposed, as its right flank had been somewhat too far advanced where it had taken position in the morning. Almost before its pickets were driven in, it found itself literally surrounded by thrice its numbers, who came on with their infernal yells, pouring volley after volley of deadly bullets into the very bosom of this gallant brigade. For a moment it was thrown into confusion, and that sufficed to place the rebels upon its front, flanks and rear. But it was not destined to surrender. The Second, Thirty-third and Ninety-fourth Ohio, the Thirty-eight Indiana, the Tenth Wisconsin, and Loomis' battery were composed of the best material in their respective States, and their commander, Scribner, had succeeded in infusing into them his own magnanimous and gallant spirit. Gathering together their broken ranks under the infernal fire which every instant mowed them down, and following their heroic leader, they charged the dense legions surrounding them, and, like a whirlwind in the forest, tore their way through. But, alas! the guns of the First Michigan battery were left behind—those black, stern looking rifled cannon, each of whom I had come to regard with a feeling of almost reverential awe, because upon a dozen battle-fields I had seen

them flinging destruction into the ranks of traitors, and never knew them once turned against a legion of my country's enemies which they did not scatter like leaves before the blast. Even in the opinion of the rebels themselves, Loomis had made these guns invincible. They were commanded now by a young man who, possessing naturally the noblest qualities, had thoroughly learned the lessons of his teacher, and promised to prove a most worthy successor, even to Loomis himself—Lieutenant Van Pelt. Van Pelt loved his pieces with the same unselfish devotion which he manifested for his wife. In the desperate conflict which broke around Scribner's brigade he managed the battery with much dexterity and coolness, and for some moments rocked the very trees over the heads of the rebels by the fiery blasts from his guns. But his horses were shot down. Many of his artillerists were killed or wounded. The infantry supporting him had been compelled to turn and cut their way through the enemy, and a horde of traitors rushed up to the muzzles of the now harmless pieces. Van Pelt, now almost alone, stationed himself in front of them and drew his sword. "Scoundrels," said he, "dare not to touch those guns!" The miserable barbarians, unable to appreciate true heroism, brutally murdered him where he stood. The history of the war furnished not an incident more touching or more sublime than the death of Lieutenant Van Pelt.

THEY WERE BOTH SCARED.

N amusing story is related by Comrade Chas. F. Currie, Fourth New Jersey Volunteers and later of the Signal Corps: One night I was lying in my tent together with my mate, Private Corrigan, peacefully dreaming of home and friends, and with no particular thought of danger, although the Johnnies were not far away, and had been placing batteries in threatening positions all afternoon. Our tent was composed of an ordinary shelter tent placed over an elevated platform about eighteen inches from the ground. Suddenly we were awakened by the scream of a rebel shell which passed over us and exploded in the woods at no great distance. Corrigan took matters very coolly, to all appearances, and of course I didn't care to show the white feather too quickly; but as shell followed shell in rapid succession I became alarmed, and upon the first opportunity I quietly slid down to the ground on my side. Whenever it was necessary to make any remark to Corrigan, I would raise my head over to my pillow (a pair of shoes covered with an old fatigue cap), dodging

back as quickly as was consistent with soldierly dignity. I was beginning to really admire the courage and nonchalance of Corrigan, whom I supposed to be lying unconcerned in his bunk, when we happened to pop up our heads at the same time; and I then discovered that he had adopted my own tactics, and was lying flat upon mother earth, except at such times as he was forced to raise his head. Finding that we couldn't fool each other any longer we mutually agreed to strike camp and seek shelter under the over-hanging hillside near by; but I am afraid that both of us lost some faith in the coolness and courage of the other.

A SUCCESSFUL STRATAGEM.



SQUADRON of two hundred of Stuart's cavalry had surprised seventeen mounted Union pickets, who were completely surrounded, and, of course, ordered to surrender.

"Sir," said the lieutenant, "such is the fate of war," and offering his sword, turned his horse to his command, and gave the order—

"Boys, empty sixteen saddles."

One flash from sixteen carbines followed. Dashing on the rebel captain, and seizing him by the collar, he dragged him away, dangling at his horse's flanks.

"Follow, men!"

They did; and riddled though their clothes were with bullets, they all escaped.

After the first mile had been made, the lieutenant checked up, and asked his prisoner, the captain, if he would prefer any other mode of riding.

Of course he did. As good luck would have it, the rebel's horse was loyal to his master, and he had in the *melée* followed him. One of our men seized his bridle rein, and thus, as the rebel captain struck on his feet, his own horse whinnied to his master's call.

"Now, captain, you must feel at home, I suppose, you are mounted again."

It was a strange coincidence. The rebel was sent to the Old Capitol Prison some days later, and among the courtesies shown to him there, he found the identical copy of Xenophon which he and his captor had both read, as class-mates, in Yale College, ten years before.

BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS.



THE end was at hand. Lee's shattered divisions were flying before the face of the grim Union commander, Grant, whose chief lieutenant, Sheridan, was dogging the footsteps of the flying foe with relentless pertinacity. Proud Richmond was deserted save by her starving thousands who could not get away, and Petersburg was nothing but a demoralized camp. The rebel army, despairing now of success, was held together only by the personal force of its leaders, whom the men idolized. A few more weeks of such disintegration and the Army of Northern Virginia must have broken up into numberless detached bands of rovers, and a guerrilla warfare on a colossal scale would have devastated the already bleeding southern country.

But this was not to be. The hosts of Sheridan were sent to intercept the flying southern army, and to prevent its escaping to join Johnston. Sheridan struck the enemy whenever and wherever he could find him, not without serious loss, to be sure, but always with success.

At last came the glorious battle of Five Forks, which was really the last hard blow it was necessary to strike. Sheridan had assumed command of the Fifth Corps as well as his own cavalry, and on the night of April 30, 1865, his combined forces embraced the following commands, viz: three divisions of Warren's Fifth Corps, under Ayres, Griffin and Crawford; three divisions of cavalry under Deven, Custer and Crook—the two first named being under Merritt; and one brigade of cavalry from the Army of the James, under Gen. McKenzie.

On Saturday, April 1st, at daybreak, the signal gun was fired, and Sheridan's army began to move. No better description of this great battle can be found than that contained in the "Life of General Sheridan," from which, by the kind permission of the publishers, we quote:

The Union men outnumbered their opponents. The latter were widely separated from their comrades before Petersburg, and the adjustment of our infantry, as well as the great movable force at Sheridan's disposal, rendered it doubtful that they could have returned. At any rate they did not do so, whether from choice or necessity, and it was a part of Sheridan's scheme to push them back into their

intrenchments. This work was delegated to the cavalry entirely, but when the horsemen were close up to the confederates, they were dismounted, and to all intents used as infantry.

A portion of them, under Gregg and McKenzie, still adhered to the saddle, that they might be put in rapid motion for flanking and charging purposes; but fully five thousand dismounted men, who had seen service in the Shenandoah and elsewhere, were formed in line of battle on foot, and by charge and deploy essayed the difficult work of pressing back the entire confederate column.

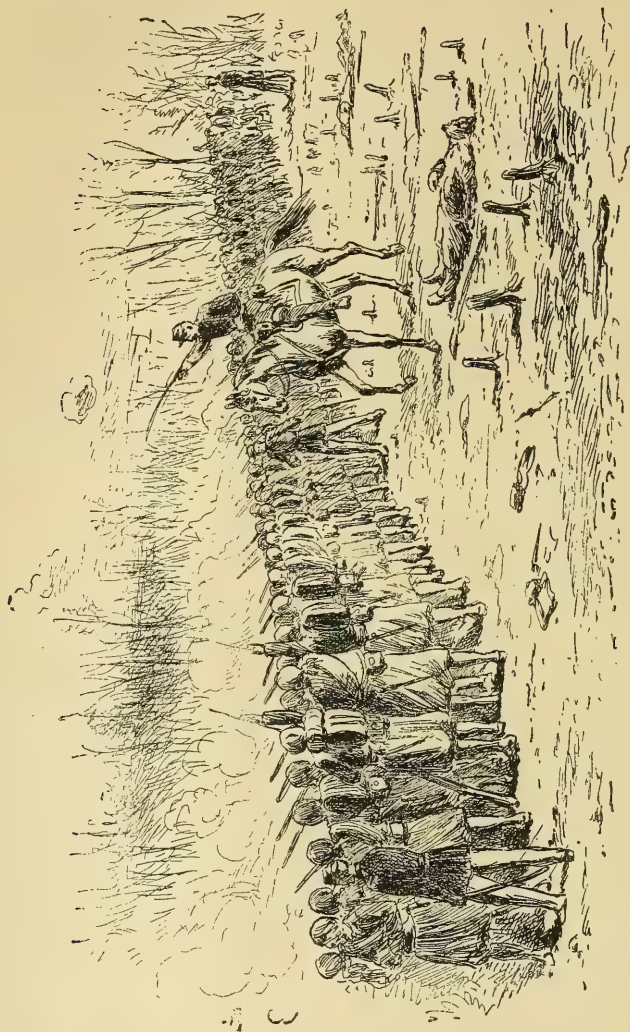
This they were to do so evenly and ingeniously that the confederates should go no farther than their works, either to escape eastward, or to discover the whereabouts of Warren's forces, which were already forming. Had they espied the latter they might have become so discouraged as to break and take to the woods; and Sheridan's object was to capture them as well as to rout them.

All the afternoon the cavalry pushed them hard, and the strife went on uninterruptedly and terrifically. The battle was fought at so close quarters that the Union carbines were never out of range; had this been otherwise, the long rifles of the enemy would have given them every advantage.

With their horses within call, the cavalrymen, in line of battle, stood together like walls of stone, swelling onward like those gradual elevating ridges of which Lyell speaks. Now and then a detachment of confederates would charge down, swaying the Union lines and threatening to annihilate them, for at no part of the action, till its crisis, did the southern men exhibit either doubt or dismay, but fought up to the standard, here and there showing some of those wonderful feats of individual courage which were the miracles of the time.

A colonel with a shattered regiment came down on a desperate charge. The bayonets were fixed; the men advanced with a yell; their gray uniforms seemed black amidst the smoke; their preserved colors, torn by grape and ball, waved yet defiantly; twice they halted and poured in volleys, but came on again like a surge from the fog, depleted, but determined. Yet in the hot faces of the carbineers they read a purpose as resolute, but more calm, and while they pressed along, swept all the while by scathing volleys, a group of horsemen took them in flank. It was an awful instant; the horses recoiled, the charging column trembled, but at once the confederates, with rare organization, fell into a hollow square, and with solid sheets of steel defied our centaurs. The horsemen rode around them in vain; no charge could break the shining squares until our dismounted carbineers poured in their volleys fresh, making gaps in the spent ranks,

and then in their wavering time the cavalry thundered down. The confederates could stand no more; they reeled and swayed, and fell back, broken and beaten. And on the ground their colonel lay, sealing his devotion with his life.



CLOSING IN ON LEE'S ARMY.

Through wood and brake and swamp, across field and trench, the fighting defenders were steadily pushed. For a part of the time Sheridan himself was there, short and broad and active, waving his hat, giving orders, seldom out of fire, but never stationary, and close by fell the long, yellow locks of Custer, sabre extended, fighting like a

viking, though he was worn and haggard with much work. At four o'clock the enemy were behind their wooden walls at Five Forks, and still the cavalry pressed them hard, in feint rather than solemn effort, while a battalion, dismounted, charged squarely upon the face of their breast-works, which lay in the main on the north side of the White Oak road. Then, while the cavalry worked round toward the rear, the infantry of Warren, though commanded by Sheridan, prepared to take part in the battle.

BRILLIANT WORK OF THE FIFTH CORPS.

The genius of Sheridan's movement lay in his disposition of the infantry. The skill with which he managed it, and the difficult manœuvres he projected and so well executed, should place him as high in infantry tactics as he has many times shown himself superior in cavalry. The infantry, which had marched at 2.30 P. M. from the house of Boisseau, on the Boydton plank road, was drawn up in four battle lines a mile or more in length, and in the beginning facing the White Oak road obliquely; the left or pivot was the division of General Ayres; Crawford had the center, and Griffin the right. These advanced from the Boydton plank road at ten o'clock, while Sheridan was thundering away with the cavalry, mounted and dismounted, and deluding his enemy with the idea that he was the sole attacking party. They lay concealed in the woods behind Gravelly Run meeting-house, but their left was not a half mile distant from the confederate works, though their right reached so far off that a novice would have criticised the position sharply. Little by little, Sheridan extended his lines, drove the whole defending force into their breastworks; then he dismounted the mass of his cavalry and charged the works straight in the front, still thundering on their flank. At last, every confederate was safe behind his intrenchments. Then the signal was given, and the concealed infantry, many thousand strong, sprang up and advanced by *echelon* to the right. Imagine, as Sheridan himself described it, a great barn door shutting to, and you have the movement, if you can also imagine the door itself, hinge and all, moving forward also. This was the door:

AYRES. CRAWFORD. GRIFFIN.

Stick a pin through Ayres and turn Griffin and Crawford forward as you would a spoke in a wheel, but move your pin up also a little. In this way Ayres will advance, say half a mile, and Griffin, to describe a quarter revolution, will move through a radius of four miles. But to complete this movement by *echelon*, we must imagine

the right when half way advanced, cutting across the center and re-forming, while Crawford became the right and Griffin the middle of the line of battle. Warren was with Crawford on this march. Gregory commanded the skirmishers. Ayres was so close to the confederate left that he might be said to hinge upon it; and at eight o'clock the whole corps column came crash upon the full flank of the astonished rebels. Now came the pitch of the battle.

Sheridan was already on the confederate right in force, and thinly in their rear. His carbineers were making feint to charge in direct front, and the Union infantry, four deep, hemmed in their entire left. All this they did not for an instant note; and so far from giving up, concentrated all their energy and fought like fiends. They had a battery in position which belched incessantly, and over the breastworks their musketry made one unbroken roll; while against Sheridan's, prowlers on their left, by skirmish and sortie, they stuck to their sinking fortunes so as to win unwilling applause from mouths of wisest censure.

It was just at the coming up of the infantry that Sheridan's little band was pushed the hardest. At one time, indeed, they seemed about to undergo extermination—not that they wavered, but that they were so vastly overpowered. It will remain to the latest time a matter of marvel how so paltry a cavalry force could press back 16,000 infantry; but when the infantry blew like a great barn door—the *simile* best applicable—upon the enemy's left, the victory that was to come had passed the region of strategy and resolved to an affair of personal courage. Every officer fought as if he were the forlorn hope. Mounted on his black horse—the same which he rode at Winchester—Sheridan galloped everywhere, his flushed face all the redder, and his small, nervous figure all the more ubiquitous. He galloped once straight down the confederate front with but a handful of his staff. A dozen bullets whistled for him together; one grazed his arm, at which a faithful orderly rode; the black charger leaped high, in fright, and Sheridan was untouched—but the orderly lay dead in the field, and the saddle dashed afar, empty. General Warren rode with Crawford most of the afternoon, mounted likewise, and having two or three narrow escapes. He was as dark, dashing and individual as ever, but was relieved of his command after the battle, and Griffin succeeded to his place. Ayres fought like a lion in this pitch of battle, making all the faint-hearted around him ashamed to do ill with such an example contagious. General Bartlett, keen-faced and active, like a fiery scimeter, was leading his division as if he were an immortal. He was close at hand in the most gallant episodes, and held at nightfall a bundle of

captured battle-flags. But Griffin, tall and slight, led the charge on the flank, and was the first to mount the parapet with his horse, riding over the gunners as May did at Cerro Gordo, and cutting them down. Bartlett's brigade, behind him, finished the business, and the last cannon was fired for the day against the conquering Federals. General Crawford fulfilled his full share of duties throughout the day, amply sustained by such splendid brigade commanders as Baxter, Coulter, and Kellogg, while Gwyn and Boweryman were at hand in the division of General Ayres—not to omit the fallen Winthrop, who died to save a friend and win a new laurel. Chamberlain, having been the hero of both Quaker road and Gravelly Run, in the action of Five Forks made the air ring with the applauding huzzas of his soldiers.

The fight, as Sheridan closed upon the confederates, was singularly free from great losses on our side, though desperate as any contest ever fought on the continent. One prolonged roar of rifles shook the afternoon; and the confederate artillery, until its capture, raked the Union men like an irrepressible demon, and at every foot of the intrenchments a true man fought both in front and behind. The birds of the forest fled afar; the smoke ascended to heaven; locked in so mad frenzy, none saw the sequel of the closing day. Now Richmond rocked in her high towers to watch the impending issue. But soon the day began to look gray, and a pale moon came tremulously out to watch the meeting squadrons. Imagine along a line of a full mile, 30,000 men struggling for life and prestige, the woods gathering about them—but yesterday the home of hermit hawks and chipmunks—now ablaze with bursting shells, and showing in the dusk the curl of flames in the tangled grass, and rising up the boles of the pine trees, the scaling, scorching tongues. Seven hours this terrible spectacle had been enacted, but the *finale* of it had almost come.

It was, by all accounts, in this hour of victory when the modest and brave General Winthrop, of the First brigade, Ayres' division, was mortally wounded. He was riding along the breastworks, and while in the act of saving a friend's life, was shot through the left lung. He fell at once, and his men, who loved him, gathered around and took him tenderly to the rear, where he died before the stretcher on which he lay could be deposited beside the meeting-house door. On the way from the field to the hospital he wandered in mind at times, crying out:

"Captain Weaver, how is that line? Has the attack succeeded?" etc.

When he had been resuscitated for a time, he said:

"Doctor, I am done for." His last words were:

"Straighten the line!" and he died peacefully.

He was a cousin of Major Winthrop, the author of *Cecil Dreeme*, and was twenty-seven years of age.

General Griffin said: "This victory is not worth Winthrop's life."

Winthrop went into the service as a simple color-bearer. He died a brevet-brigadier.

It was seven o'clock before the confederates came to the conclusion that they were outflanked and whipped. They had been so busily engaged that they were a long time finding out how desperate were their circumstances; but now, wearied with persistent assaults in front, they fell back to the left, only to see four lines of battle waiting to drive them across the field, decimated. At the right, the horsemen charged them in their vain attempt to fight "out," and in the rear, straggling foot and cavalry began also to assemble; slant fire, cross fire and direct fire, by file and volley, rolled in perpetually, cutting down their bravest officers, and strewing the field with bleeding men; groans resounded in the intervals of exploding powder, and to add to their terror and despair, their own artillery, captured from them, threw into their own ranks from its old position, ungrateful grape and canister, enfilading their breastworks, whizzing and plunging by air line and ricochet; and at last bodies of cavalry fairly mounted their intrenchments and charged down the parapet, slashing and trampling them, and producing inexplicable confusion. They had no commanders—at least no orders—and looked in vain for some guiding hand to lead them out of a toil into which they had fallen so bravely and so blindly. A few more volleys—a new and irresistible charge—a shrill and warning command to die or surrender, and with a sullen and tearful impulse, 5,000 muskets were flung upon the ground, and 5,000 exhausted and impotent men were Sheridan's prisoners of war.

Acting with his usual decision, Sheridan placed his captives in care of a provost-guard, and sent them at once to the rear. Those which escaped he ordered the fiery Custer to pursue with brand and vengeance, and they were pressed far into the desolate forest, spent and hungry, many falling by the way of wounds or exhaustion, many pressed down by hoof or sabre-stroke, and many picked up in mercy and sent back to rejoin their brethren in bonds.

This ended the splendid victory of Five Forks, the least bloody to the Union troops, but the most successful, proportionate to numbers engaged, that was fought during the war. One man out of every three engaged took a prisoner. Sheridan captured four cannon, an ambulance train and baggage teams, 8,000 muskets and twenty-eight battle-flags. Sheridan's loss only reached 800.

The scene at Gravelly Run meeting-house at eight and at ten o'clock



PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES UPON THE REBELLION.



on Saturday night was one of the solemn contrasts of the war. A little frame church, planted among the pines, and painted white, with cool, green window-shutters, held at its foot a gallery for the negroes, and at the head a varnished pulpit. Blood ran in little rills across the planks, and human feet treading in them, made indelible prints in every direction. The pulpit lamps were doing duty, not to shed holy light upon holy pages, but to show the pale and dusty faces of the beseeching; and as they moved in and out, the groans and curses of the suffering replaced the gush of peaceful hymns and the deep responses to the preacher's prayers. Federal and confederate lay together, the bitterness of noon assuaged in the common tribulation of the night, and all the while came in the dripping stretchers, to place in this Golgotha new recruits for death and sorrow. Over the portal, the scenes within were reiterated, except that the greatness of a starry night replaced the close and terrible arena of the church. Beneath the trees, where the Methodist circuit-rider had tied his horse, and the urchins, during class-meeting, had wandered away to cast stones at the squirrels, and measure strength at vaulting and running, the gashed and fevered lay irregularly, some soul going out at each whiff of the breeze in the fir-tops; and the teams and surgeons and struggling soldiers and galloping orderlies passed all the night beneath the old and gibbous moon and the hushed stars, and by the trickle of Gravelly Run, stealing off, affrighted. But the wounded had no thought that night; the victory absorbed all hearts.

NEVER HEARD OF THE WAR.

AFTER Western Virginia had been for some months the theatre of active operations, a scout going out through the woods near Elkwater, on picket duty, accidentally espied, away in a dark ravine, a little log hut. Anticipating a hearty meal, he rode up to the house, and an old woman, with a face like a pig's, came out looking the picture of consternation. The soldier dismounted and asked for something to eat.

"What! wittles?" exclaimed the horrible looking creature. "Whar did you come from, and what be a sojer doin' here?"

"Well, I came from Indianapolis, and be after something to eat. Are there any secesh in these parts?"

"Any what?"

"Secesh."

"Why, gracious, what's them?"

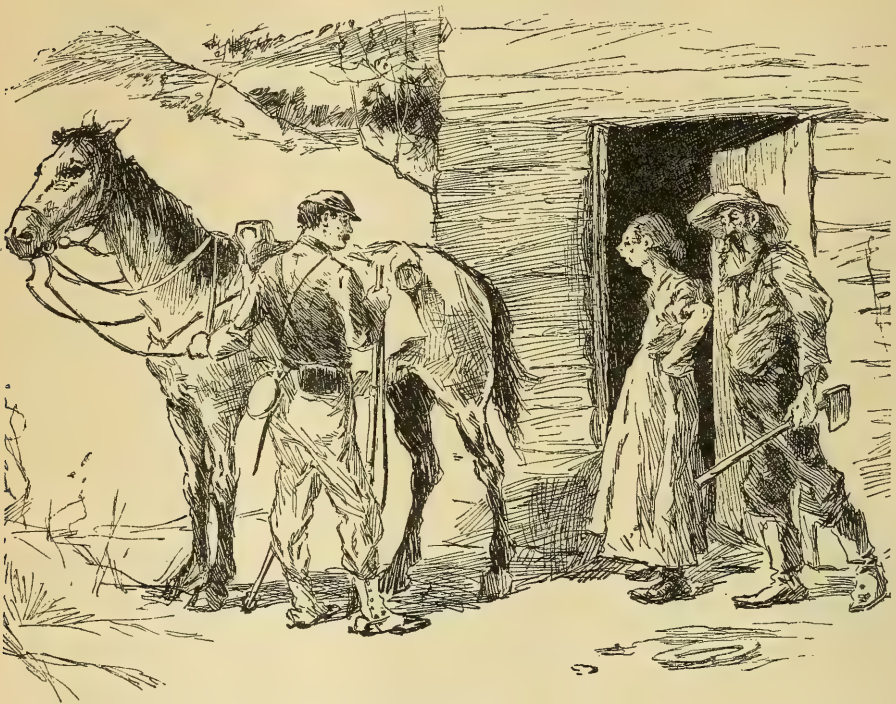
"Are you and your folks for the Union?"

"Why, sartin. That's the old man, neow."

Just at this moment there came a gaunt-eyed, slim-livered, carnivorous, yellow skinned, mountain Virginian—no doubt one of the first families.

"Look heah," continued the old woman, "This 'ere sojer wants to know if you be Union."

The old fellow looked more astonished than the woman at the soldier. In the course of the conversation the soldier inquired what the old man thought of the war.



"What war?" exclaimed the old fellow; "the Revolution?"

"Yes, the rebellion, we call it."

"Oh, why, we gin the Britishers fits, didn't we?"

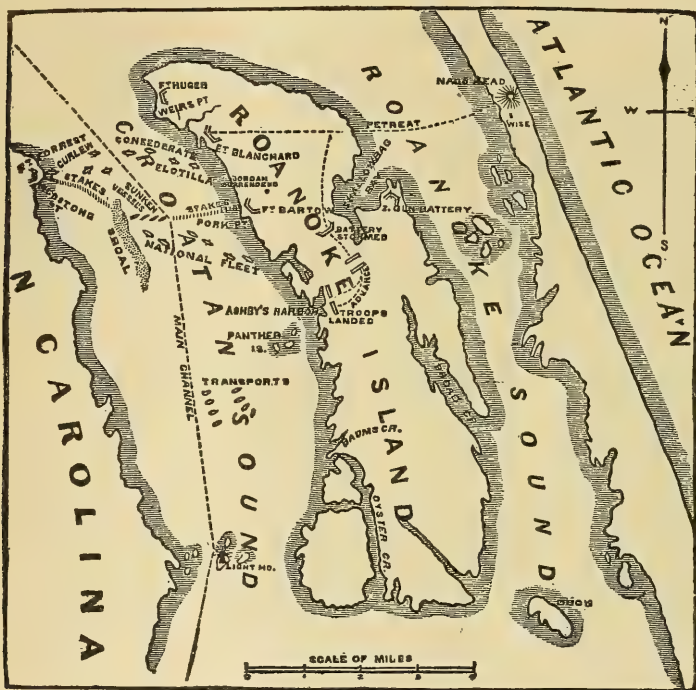
It was evident the old man knew nothing of the rebellion going on. When asked if he heard the fight the other day, only six miles from his home, he opened his eyes and said that he 'heard it *thunderin'* mighty loud, but couldn't see no clouds, and didn't know what to make of it."

BATTLE OF ROANOKE ISLAND.



THE military and naval forces having been thoroughly organized and assigned their respective parts in the movement, the expedition set sail from Hatteras in that direction on the morning of the 5th of February. Fifteen gunboats of Commodore Goldsborough's naval squadron led the way, followed at an interval of a mile by the armed transports (side-wheel steamers), and numerous retinue of the army divisions. The naval vessels, placed by Flag-Officer Goldsborough under the immediate command of Commander Rowan, who formed in three separate columns, commanded respectively by Lieutenants Reed Werden, Alexander Murray and H. K. Davenport. The day was clear, with the wind from the northwest, and there was much animation in the scene; and the entire fleet of seventy vessels slowly traversed the distance, some thirty miles, to Roanoke. At sunset they anchored within sight of the island. The next day was foggy and wet, and nothing was undertaken beyond a reconnoissance of Croatan Sound, as the passage is called which separates Roanoke from the mainland. The channel was reported clear to the upper end of the island, where the rebel gunboats were found to be stationed. Friday, the following day, like its predecessor, was foggy in the morning; but about ten in the forenoon cleared up sufficiently for the advance. Commodore Goldsborough then gave the necessary orders and hoisted the signal, consecrated by Lord Nelson, "This day our country expects every man to do his duty." It was received with enthusiasm as the fleet went forward. An active and daring bombardment of Fort Bartow, at Pork Point, on the upper side of the island, ensued, doing considerable damage to the work, and setting on fire the barracks beyond, with but little loss or personal injury to either assailants or defenders, while another portion of the gunboats, unable to come to close quarters with the enemy's vessels in consequence of their shelter behind a blockade of sunken vessels and double row of stakes which had been planted across the sound, engaged them, with little or no damage, at long range. The rebel squadron of seven vessels was commanded by Flag-Officer W. F. Lynch, late a lieutenant in the United States service, widely known by his published account of an expedition to the Holy Land, which he had conducted under the auspices of the government, while on duty in the Mediterranean.

At the close of this action of the 7th he reported the Curlew, his largest steamer, sunk, and the Forest, a propeller, disabled. Several of his officers and men were wounded, and his stock of ammunition was quite exhausted. "In all probability," he wrote, "the contest will be renewed to-morrow. I have decided, after receiving the guns from the wreck of the Curlew, to proceed direct with the squadron to Elizabeth City, and send express to Norfolk for ammunition. Should it arrive in time, we will return to aid in the defence; if not, will there make a final stand, and blow up the vessels rather than they shall fall into the hands of the enemy."



MAP OF ROANOKE ISLAND.

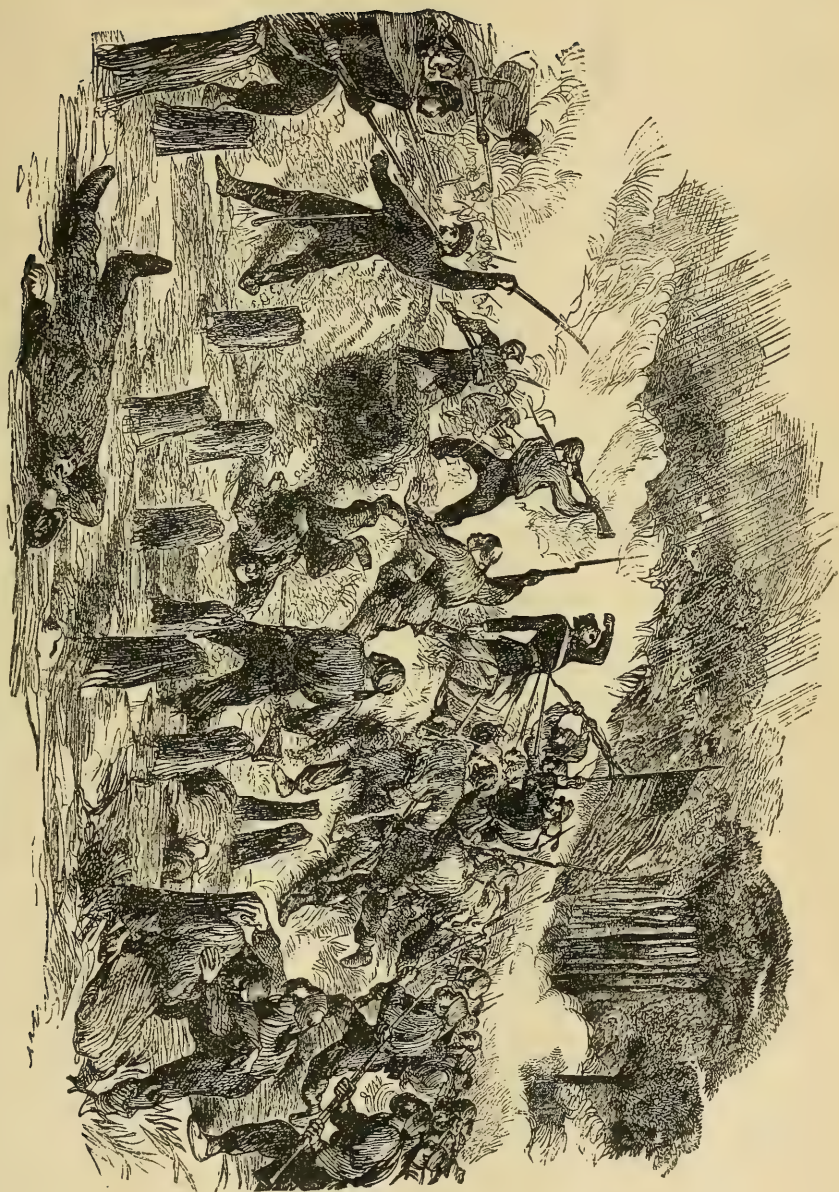
In the afternoon, the army transports came up, and preparations were made for landing the troops on the island. The place chosen for this purpose was situated on the west shore some distance below the first battery, and bore the promising title, Ashby's Harbor. It however, afforded but little facility for a debarkation. The water was shallow, and the smaller steamers of the transports could approach the shore only at a distance. A boat, commanded by Lieutenant Andrews of the Ninth New York, and manned by ten members of the

Rhode Island regiment, who had volunteered for the perilous service, was sent forward to sound out a channel of approach. After this work was performed and when the boat was nearing the land, it was fired into from a party previously concealed by the tall grass on the bank, and one of the men, Charles Vial, of Providence, was desperately wounded. When the troops were about to land there were some indications of a rebel force at hand to contest the passage to the shore, but it was quickly dispersed by a discharge of shrapnel from one of the gunboats into the sheltering woods. The landing was then effected with great precision, but the men were compelled to wade several hundred feet through the water, sinking at every step in the soft ooze. This cheerless process was going on through the afternoon, evening and a good portion of the night, the usual inclemency of which, at this season, was aggravated by a cold rainstorm, till some eleven thousand men were left on the shore utterly unsheltered amidst the discomforts of the weather. This, with an uncounted enemy before them on untried ground, was sufficiently discouraging, but the morning found them ready for battle, as General Foster, the commander of the day, promptly organized the brigades and regiments for the decisive attack. He himself led the way with his brigade, supporting a six-howitzer battery in charge of Midshipman B. F. Porter. The brigades of Generals Reno and Parke followed in order. The road which they pursued, leading towards the centre of the island, was wet and swampy, and closely environed with woods. "After fording a creek," to pursue the narrative in the words of an intelligent observer of the events of the day, "General Foster's force came up with the enemy's pickets, who fired their pieces and ran. Striking the main road the brigade pushed on, and after marching a mile and a half came in sight of the enemy's position." To properly understand its great strength in addition to what skillful engineering had done, the reader will bear in mind that the island, which is low and sandy, is cut up and dotted with marshes and lagoons. On the right and left of the enemy a morass, deemed impassable, stretched out nearly the entire width of the island. The upper and lower part of the island being connected by the narrow neck on which the battery was situated and across which lay the road; the battery of three guns had been located so as to rake every inch of the narrow causeway which for some distance was the only approach to the work. General Foster immediately disposed his forces for the attack by placing the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts in line and opened with musketry and cannon. The enemy replied hotly with artillery and infantry. While they were thus engaged, the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts came up and were ordered by General Foster

to the left of the enemy in the woods where the rebel sharpshooters were stationed. The Tenth Connecticut were placed in support of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts. General Reno now came up with his brigade, consisting of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, Fifty-first New York, Fifty-first Pennsylvania and Ninth New Jersey, and pushing through the swamps and tangled undergrowth, took up a position to the right with the view of turning the enemy. This was done with the greatest alacrity. Meanwhile, the contest raged hotly in front, our men behaving gallantly, not wavering for a moment. The Massachusetts men vied with the men of Connecticut; those of New York and New Jersey courageously supporting their brethren of Pennsylvania. Our troops were gradually overcoming the difficulties which impeded their approach, and though fighting at great disadvantage and suffering severely, were making a steady advance. Regulars were never more steady. General Burnside was near the place of landing, hurrying up the reserves, giving reports, and, so far as practicable, giving orders.

General Foster was in active command on the ground. His brave and collected manner, the skillfulness with which he, as well as General Reno and General Parke, manœuvred their forces, their example in front of the line and their conduct in any aspect, inspired the troops to stand where even older soldiers would have wavered. In this they were seconded nobly by officers of every grade. General Parke, who had come up with the Fourth Rhode Island, Eighth Connecticut and Ninth New York, gave timely and gallant support to the Twenty-third and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts. The ammunition of our artillery getting short and our men having suffered severely, a charge was the method of dislodging the enemy. At this juncture, Major Kimball, of Hawkins' Zouaves (New York Ninth), offered to lead the charge and storm the battery with the bayonet. "You are the man, the Ninth the regiment, and this the moment! Zouaves, storm the battery!" "Forward!" was General Foster's reply. They started on the run yelling like devils, cheered by our forces on every side. Colonel Hawkins, who was leading two companies in the flank movement, joined his regiment on the way. On they went with fixed bayonets, shouting "Zou! Zou! Zou!" into the battery, cheered more loudly than ever. The rebels, taking fright as the Zouaves started, went out when they went in, leaving pretty much everything behind them, not even stopping to spike their guns or take away their dead and wounded that had not been removed. General Foster immediately reformed his brigade, while General Reno, with the Twenty-first Massachusetts and Ninth New York, went in pursuit. Following in quick time, General

CHARGE OF HAWKINS' ZOUAVES—ROANOKE ISLAND.



Foster overtook General Reno, who had halted to make a movement to cut off the retreat of a body of rebels numbering between 800 and 1000, on the left, near Wier's Point and not far from the upper battery. Taking a part of his force General Reno pushed on in that direction. It being understood that there was a two-gun battery near Shallowbag Bay, Colonel Hawkins, with his Zouaves, was dispatched in that direction.

General Foster pushed on at double quick with the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, followed by an adequate force, in the track of the rebels who, panic-stricken, were fleeing at the top of their speed, throwing away as they went guns, equipments, everything, so that the road for miles was strewn with whatever the fugitives could disencumber themselves of. Thus was the pursuit kept up for five or six miles, when General Foster, as he was close on the heels of the enemy, was met by a flag of truce borne by Colonel Pool, of the Eighth North Carolina, with a message from Colonel Shaw, of the North Carolina forces and now senior officer in command, asking what terms of capitulation would be granted. General Foster's answer was, "Unconditional surrender." Colonel Pool wanted to know how much time would be granted. "No longer than will enable you to report to your senior." Colonel Pool retired, and after waiting for what he supposed was sufficient length of time without a reply, General Foster commenced closing on the enemy, when Major Stevenson, of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, who had gone with Colonel Pool to receive Colonel Shaw's answer, appeared with a message that Colonel Foster's terms were accepted. The usual forms of capitulation were gone through and about 2,000 rebels laid down their arms. They were variously affected. Some of them had arrived from Norfolk the same morning and they joked and swore by turns at the way they had been led into the trap. The celebrated Wise Legion, among the captives, were disposed to be considerably uproarious. Some of the officers expressed themselves glad that the result was as it was and appeared to be well satisfied. As a general thing, utter dismay and astonishment prevailed. Meanwhile, General Reno had pushed on and come up with a body of about 800 rebels commanded by General Jordan, who surrendered his entire force unconditionally and afterwards stacked their arms in the presence of the victors. Colonel Hawkins, finding the two-gun battery on Shallowbag Bay deserted, took possession of it and shortly after came up with a body of rebel fugitives, about 200, whom he took prisoners. Wise here undertook to escape in a boat, and with others had moved off, when he received three shots, one of them through his lungs, wounding him mortally. The batteries which the rebels had con-

structed on the island fell with this surrender. Indeed, the surrender to General Foster included all the defences and forces on the island.

After completing the surrender, General Foster immediately returned to report the result to General Burnside. At the same time a force was started for the Pork Point battery to take it by storm, should it hold out. But the rebels had fled; our troops entered the battery unopposed, and at quarter past four the stars and stripes floated from four points of the work. The rebels had already left the two batteries above. The expedition against the barricade had pushed its way through the waters of Albemarle, and at that moment we had possession of that chain of sounds whose strategic importance had been recognized and acknowledged on both sides by making it the scene of such important operations. Our forces, as they flung out the Union banner from Pork Point battery, were welcomed by a burst of cheers from the gunboats and transports in the sound. Flag-Officer Goldsborough immediately hoisted the signal "The fort is ours," which called forth long continued cheers that were responded to by our brave men in the battery. Simultaneously with those scenes of triumph another was being enacted on the opposite side of the sound, which is here about five miles across. The rebel steamer *Curlew*, which in the conflict the afternoon previous had been disabled by a shell exploding in her hold, and which, to prevent her sinking, had been run ashore under the battery on Redstone Point, was at this moment set on fire by the rebels to prevent her falling into our hands.

The battery and barracks were also set on fire, and a cloud of smoke and a sheet of flame rose over the scene. It was the rebel sign that all was lost. The other rebel steamers had already disappeared up Albermarle Sound. The schooners, which in the morning had landed on Wier's Point the rebel force from Norfolk, had suddenly left, taking what few men they could snatch from the tide of disaster which was sweeping onward. The fire which had been lit at Redstone Point continued to burn and illumined the darkened sky. The magazine of the battery exploded with the noise of thunder, sending up a sheet of flame high in the air, succeeded by a gloom which seemed to render the scene symbolic of the rebellion in its last throes.

Colonel Edward Ferrero, in command of the Fifty-first New York Volunteers, which, in company with the Massachusetts Twenty-first, took the rebel battery in flank on its right, claims in his report the honor, for the company of Captain Wright of his regiment, of first planting the American flag in the fort. Lieutenant-Colonel Maggi, in command of the Massachusetts regiment, also commemorates the share of his men in this crowning incident of the day. After describing the

passage of the swamp in face of the enemy, he says, in his report to General Reno, "At the edge of the swamp and in front of me, was an exposed ground of one hundred yards. The regiment once in line, I charged that distance and ordered the men to lie down and load, covered by a small natural elevation. During that march we suffered four or five minutes from a thick fire and lost fifteen men. The battery was already flanked. You came and said to me: 'Charge and take it!' We arose and did so. At our left flank, were three companies of the Fifty-first New York. Our State color was the first on the battery, and afterwards the flag of the Fifty-first, then immediately after, our regimental flag. One of our men found in the battery a rebel flag with the motto: '*Aut vincere, aut mori.*'"

Thus was the capture of Roanoke effected; with what resolution, may be estimated from the disparity in the numbers killed and wounded of the assailants and defenders. While the Union loss is stated at 50 killed and 222 wounded, that of the enemy was 16 killed and 39 wounded. The rebels, though opposed by superior numbers, had the advantage of fighting from well-guarded positions and behind intrenchments.

An extraordinary act of bravery is recorded of a gunner's-mate in this action. As the Valley City, one of the Union fleet, was engaged with the enemy, a shell from their battery entered the vessel and exploded by the magazine, where John Davis was passing out powder for the guns. Seeing the danger, he protected an open barrel of powder with his body, actually seating himself upon it, and remained in that position till the flames were extinguished. The heroic act was reported by Lieutenant Chaplin, the commander of the Valley City, to Flag-Officer Goldsborough, who brought it to the notice of the navy department, recommending "the gallant and noble sailor" to special consideration. Secretary Welles promptly replied to this communication by conferring the appointment on Davis of acting-gunner, a substantial promotion, which raised his salary from twenty-five dollars a month to a thousand dollars a year.

A FRIGHTENED CONTRABAND.



PORTLY young contraband, who escaped from his rebel master at Antietam, was engaged by one of our junior staff officers as a body servant. The officer had served gallantly at Sharpsburg, where he had lost a leg, below the knee, the absence of which had been made up by an artificial limb, which the captain wore with so easy a grace that few persons suspected his misfortune.

The captain had been "out to dine," and upon retiring, he called his servant to assist in pulling off his boots.

"Now, Jimmy, look sharp," said the captain; "I'm a little—ic—flimsy, Jimmy, t'night. Look sharp, an'—ic—pull steady."

"I'se allers keerful, cap'n," says Jimmy, drawing off one long wet boot, and standing it aside.

"Now, mind your eye, Jim. The other is a little light—easy, now—that's it. Pull away!" continued the captain, good naturedly, enjoying the prospective joke, while he loosened the straps about his waist, which held his cork leg up, "now you've got it! Yip—there you are!"

"Oh, lord! oh, lord! *oh, lord!*" screamed the captain, as contraband, cork leg, riding-boots, and ligatures, tumbled across the tent, and fell back upon his pallet, convulsed with spasmodic laughter. At this moment the door opened and a lieutenant entered.

"G'way fum me; g'way fum me; lemmy be! lemmy be! I ain't dun nuffin," yelled the contraband, rushing to the door, really supposing he had pulled his master's leg clean off.

"Lemmy go! I didn't do nuffin—g'way! g'way!"

Jimmy put for the woods in desperation, and the probabilities are that he is running yet.

GRIERSON'S GREAT CAVALRY RAID.

ONE of the most stirring incidents connected with General Grant's Vicksburg campaign was the brilliant exploit of Colonel Benjamin H. Grierson, who, with seventeen hundred horsemen and one battery, rode six hundred miles in sixteen days through the heart of the enemy's country, tearing up railroads, cutting wires, burning supplies, destroying rebel ammunition and arms, and exposing the utter hollowness of the southern confederacy. Colonel Grierson, who undertook this hazardous task at the special request of General Grant, took with him his own regiment, the Sixth Illinois, the Seventh Illinois, and the Second Iowa cavalry, besides the battery.

The object of the expedition was to ascertain the strength of the confederacy, and to find out by a practical test what resistance it could make to an invading force well organized and thoroughly equipped; also to cut off from their base of supplies the confederate forces which were guarding Vicksburg. The result proved the weak condition of the confederacy, and the other results aimed at were also accomplished.

Colonel Grierson and his dauntless band of hardy westerners left

La Grange, Tennessee, on the morning of April 17, 1863, and started on their southward march. They clung close to the rear of the confederate forces, sometimes in squads and companies, and again reunited and sweeping through the country with the rush and destruction of a tornado. We are indebted to Colonel Grierson himself for the very graphic description of this celebrated raid which follows:

COLONEL GRIERSON'S OWN STORY.

We moved out on the road about four miles through a dismal swamp near belly deep in mud, sometimes swimming our horses to cross streams, when we encamped for the night in the midst of a violent rain. From this point a battalion was sent four miles to destroy a large tannery and shoe manufactory in the service of the rebels. This was effectually accomplished. Boots, shoes, leather and machinery were destroyed in large quantities, and a rebel quartermaster from Port Hudson captured, who was laying in a supply for his command. Thence twenty-eight miles, mostly through a dense swamp, the Noxabee river bottom, for miles belly deep in water so that no road was discernible, to Louisville. The people of the country were taken by surprise and would not believe us to be anything but confederates. A detachment was sent forward to Louisville to picket the town till the column had passed, when a guard was left for an hour to prevent persons leaving with information of the course we were taking, to drive out stragglers, preserve order and quiet the fears of the people. They had heard of our coming a short time before we arrived, and many had left, taking only what they could hurriedly move. The column moved quietly through the town without halting and not a thing was disturbed. Those who remained at home acknowledged that they were surprised. They had expected to be robbed, outraged, and have their houses burned. On the contrary, they were protected in their persons and property.

After leaving the town we struck another swamp, in which, crossing it as we were obliged to do in the dark, we lost several animals drowned, and the men narrowly escaped the same fate. Marching until midnight, we halted until daylight at the plantation of Mr. Estus, about ten miles south of Louisville. The next morning, April 23d, at daylight, we took the road for Philadelphia, crossing Pearl river at a bridge about six miles north of the town. This bridge, we were afraid, would be destroyed by the citizens to prevent our crossing, and upon arriving at Philadelphia we found that they had met and organized for that purpose, but hearing of our near approach, their hearts failed and they fled to the woods. We moved through Philadelphia, about

three P. M., without interruption, and halted to feed about five miles southeast, on the Enterprise road. Here we rested until ten o'clock at night, when I sent two battalions of Seventh Illinois cavalry, under Lieutenant Blackburn, to proceed immediately to Decatur, thence to the railroad at Newton station. With the main force I followed about a mile later. The advance passed through Decatur about daylight, and struck the railroad about six o'clock A. M. I arrived about an hour afterward with the column. Lieutenant-Colonel Blackburn dashed into the town, took possession of the railroad and telegraph, and succeeded in capturing two trains in less than half an hour after his arrival. One of these, twenty-five cars, was loaded with ties and machinery, and the other thirteen cars were loaded with commissary stores and ammunition, among the latter, several thousand loaded shells. These, together with a large quantity of commissary and quartermaster's stores, and about five hundred stand of arms stored in the town, were destroyed. Seventy-five prisoners captured at this point were paroled. The locomotives were exploded and otherwise rendered completely unserviceable. Here the track was torn up, and a bridge half a mile west of the station destroyed. I detached a battalion of the Sixth Illinois cavalry, under Major Starr, to proceed eastward and destroy such bridges, etc., as he might find over the Chunkey river. Having damaged as much as possible the railroad and telegraph, and destroyed all government property in the vicinity of Newton, I moved about four miles south of the road and fed the men and horses. The forced marches which I was compelled to make in order to reach this point successfully, necessarily very much fatigued and exhausted my command, and rest and food were absolutely necessary for its safety.

From captured mails and information obtained by my scouts, I knew that large forces had been sent out to intercept our return, and having instructions from Major-General Hurlbut and Brigadier-General Smith to move in any direction from this point which, in my judgment, would be best for the safety of my command and the success of the expedition, I at once decided to move south, in order to secure the necessary rest and food for men and horses, and then return to La Grange through Alabama or go on to Baton Rouge, as I might hereafter deem best. Major Starr in the meantime rejoined us, having destroyed most effectually three bridges and several hundred feet of trestlework and the telegraph, from eight to ten miles east of Newton Station. After resting about three hours, we moved south to Garlandsville. At this point we found the citizens, many of them venerable with age, armed with shot guns and organized to resist our approach. As the

advance entered the town, these citizens fired upon us and wounded one of our men. We charged upon them and captured several. After disarming them, we showed them the folly of their actions and released them. Without an exception they acknowledged their mistake, and declared that they had been grossly deceived as to our real character. One volunteered his services as guide, and upon leaving us declared that hereafter his prayers should be for the Union army. I mention this as a sample of the feeling which existed, and of the good effect which our presence produced among the people in the country through which we passed. Hundreds who were sulking and hiding away to avoid conscription, only awaited the presence of our arms to sustain them, when they would rise up and declare their principles; and thousands who had been deceived, upon the vindication of our cause, returned to loyalty. After a slight delay at Garlandville, we moved southwest about ten miles and camped at night on the plantation of Mr. Bender, two miles west of Montrose. Our men and horses having become gradually exhausted, I determined on making a very easy march the next day, looking more to the recruiting of my weary little command than to the accomplishment of any important object; consequently, I marched at eight o'clock the next morning, and taking a west, and varying slightly to a northwest course, we marched about five miles and halted to feed at the plantation of Mr. Nicholas.

After resting until about two o'clock, P. M., during which time I sent detachments north to threaten the line of the railroad at Lake Station and other points, we moved southwest towards Raleigh, making about twelve miles during the afternoon, and halting at dark on the plantation of Dr. Mackodora. From this point I sent a single scout, disguised as a citizen, to proceed northward to the line of the Southern railroad, cut the telegraph, and if possible, fire a bridge or trestle-work. He started on his journey about midnight, and when within seven miles of the railroad he came upon a regiment of southern cavalry from Brandon, Mississippi, in search of us. He succeeded in misdirecting them, as to the place he had last seen us, and having seen them well on the wrong road, he immediately retraced his steps to the camp with the news. When he first met them they were on the direct road to our camp, and had they not been turned from their course would have come up with us before daylight. From information received through my scouts and other sources, I found that Jackson and the stations east, as far as Lake Station, had been reinforced by infantry and artillery, and hearing that a fight was momentarily expected at Grand Gulf, I decided to make a rapid march, cross Pearl river, and strike the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern

railroad at Hazlehurst, and after destroying as much of the road as possible, endeavor to get upon the flank of the enemy and co-operate with our forces, should they be successful in the attack upon Grand Gulf and Port Gibson. Having obtained during this day plenty of forage and provisions, and having had one good night's rest, we now felt again ready for any emergency. Accordingly, at six o'clock on the morning of the 26th, we crossed Leaf river, burning the bridge behind us to prevent any enemy who might be in pursuit from following; thence through Raleigh, capturing the sheriff of that county with about three thousand dollars in government funds; thence to Westville, reaching this place soon after dark. Passing on about two miles we halted to feed, in the midst of a heavy rain, on the plantation of Mr. Williams. After feeding, Colonel Prince, of the Seventh Illinois cavalry, with two battalions, was sent immediately forward to Pearl river to secure the ferry and landing. He arrived in time to capture a courier, who had come to bring intelligence of the approach of the Yankees, and orders for the destruction of the ferry. With the main column I followed in about two hours. We ferried and swam our horses, and succeeded in crossing the whole command by two o'clock P. M. As soon as Colonel Prince had crossed his two battalions he was ordered to proceed immediately to the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern railroad, striking it at Hazlehurst. Here we found a number of cars containing about six hundred loaded shells and a large quantity of commissary and quartermaster's stores, intended for Grand Gulf and Port Gibson. These were destroyed, and as much of the railroad and telegraph as possible. Here, again, we found the citizens armed to resist us, but they fled precipitately on our approach.

From this point we took a northwest course to Gallatin, four miles, thence southwest three and a half miles to the plantation of Mr. Thompson, where we halted until the next morning. Directly after leaving Gallatin we captured a sixty-four pound gun and a heavy wagon-load of ammunition and machinery for mounting the gun, on the road to Port Gibson. The gun was spiked and the carriage and ammunition destroyed. During the afternoon it rained in torrents and the men were completely drenched. At six o'clock the next morning, April 28th, we moved westward; and after proceeding a short distance, I detached a battalion of the Seventh Illinois cavalry, under Captain Trafton, to proceed back to the railroad at Bahaia and destroy the road, telegraph and all government property he might find. With the rest of the command, I moved southwest toward Union Church. We halted to feed at two o'clock P. M., on the plantation of Mr. Snyder,

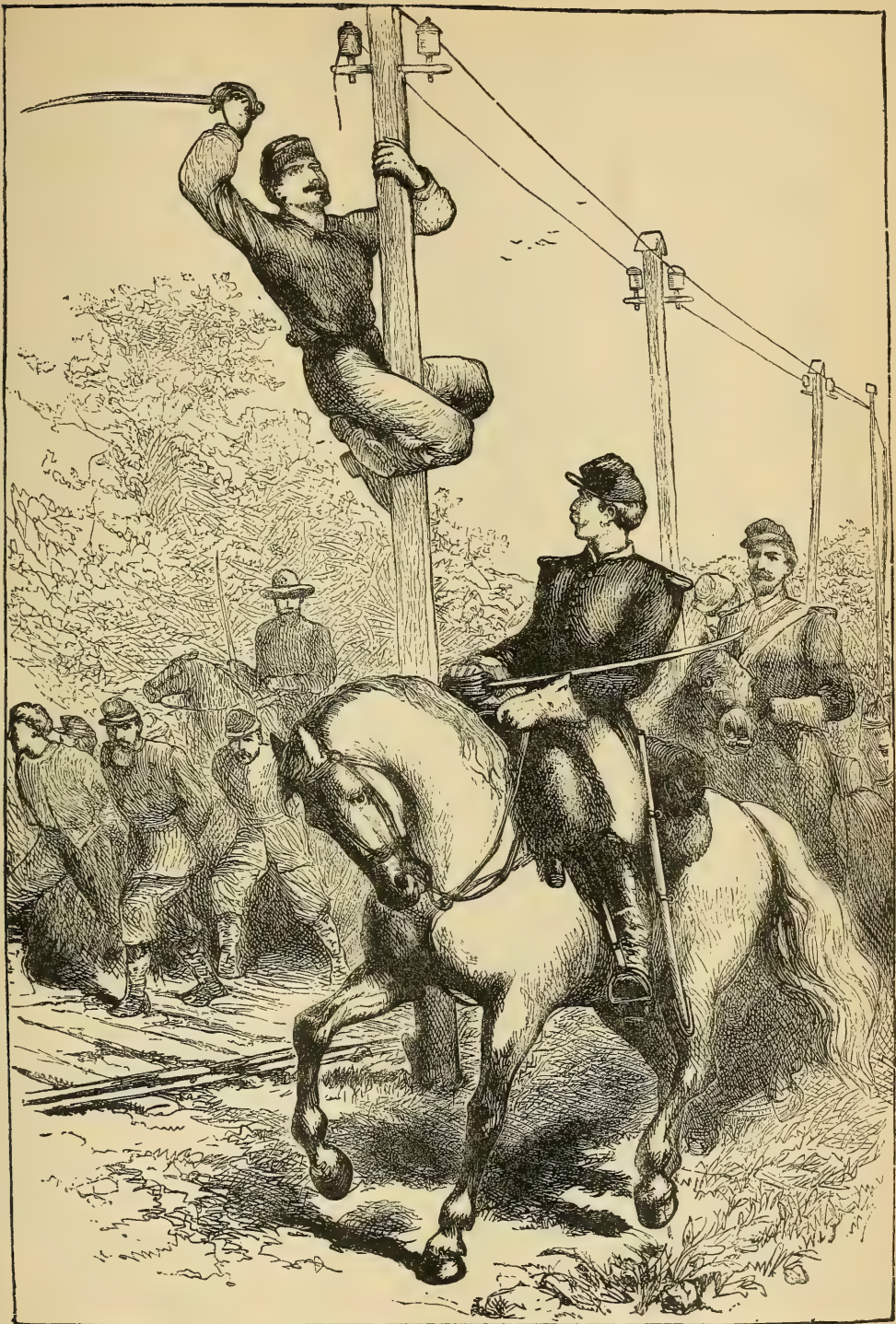
about two miles northeast of the church. While feeding, our pickets were fired upon by a considerable force. I immediately moved out upon them, skirmished with and drove them through the town, wounding and capturing a number. It proved to be a part of Wirt Adams' Alabama cavalry. After driving them off we held the town and bivouacked for the night.

After accomplishing the object of his expedition, Captain Trafton returned to us about two o'clock in the morning of the 29th, having come upon the rear of the main body of Adams' command. The enemy having a battery of artillery, it was his intention to attack us in front and rear about daylight in the morning; but the appearance of Captain Trafton with a force in his rear changed his purpose, and turning to the right he took the direct road to Port Gibson. From this point I made a strong demonstration toward Fayette, with a view of creating the impression that we were going towards Port Gibson or Natchez, while I quietly took the opposite direction, taking the road leading southeast to Brookhaven on the railroad. Before arriving at this place we ascertained that about 500 citizens and conscripts were organized to resist us. We charged into the town, when they fled, making but little resistance. We captured over 200 prisoners, a large and beautiful camp of instruction, comprising several hundred tents and a large quantity of quartermaster's and commissary stores, arms, ammunition, etc. After paroling the prisoners and destroying the railroad, telegraph and all government property, about dark we moved southward, and encamped at Mr. Gill's plantation, about eight miles south of Brookhaven.

The following morning we moved directly south along the railroad, destroying all bridges and trestle-work to Bogue Chitto Station, where we burned the depot and fifteen freight cars, and captured a very large secession flag. Thence we still moved along the railroad, destroying every bridge, water-tank, etc., as we passed to Summit, which place we reached soon after noon. Here we destroyed twenty-five freight cars and a large quantity of government sugar. We found much Union sentiment in this town, and were kindly welcomed and fed by many of the citizens. Hearing nothing more of our forces at Grand Gulf, I concluded to make for Baton Rouge, to recruit my command, after which I could return to La Grange through Southern Mississippi and West Alabama, or, crossing the Mississippi river, move through Louisiana and Arkansas. Accordingly, after resting about two hours, we started southwest on the Liberty road, marched about fifteen miles, and halted until daylight on the plantation of Dr. Spurlark. The next morning we left the road and threatened Magnolia and Osyka,

where large forces were concentrated to meet us, but instead of attacking these points, took a course due south, marching through woods, lanes and by-roads, and striking the road leading from Clinton to Osyka. Scarcely had we touched this road when we came upon the Ninth Tennessee cavalry, posted in a strong defile, guarding the bridges over Tickfaw river. We captured their pickets, and, attacking, drove them before us, killing, wounding and capturing a number. Our loss in this engagement was one man killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. D. Blackburn and four men wounded. I cannot speak too highly of the bravery of the men upon this occasion, and particularly of Lieutenant-Colonel Blackburn, who, at the head of his men, charged upon the bridge, dashed over, and with undaunted courage, dislodged the enemy from his strong position. After disposing of the dead and wounded we immediately moved south on the Greensburg road, recrossing the Tickfaw river at Edward's bridge. At this point we met Garland's rebel cavalry, and, with one battalion of the Sixth Illinois and two guns of the battery, engaged and drove them off without halting the column. The enemy were now on our track in earnest. We were in the vicinity of their strongholds, and from couriers and dispatches which we captured it was evident they were sending forces in all directions to intercept us. The Amite river—a wide and rapid stream—was to be crossed, and there was but one bridge by which it could be crossed, and this was in exceedingly close proximity to Port Hudson. This I determined upon securing before I halted. We crossed it at midnight, about two hours in advance of a heavy column of infantry and artillery which had been sent there to intercept us. We moved on to Sandy Creek, where Hughes' cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Wilburn, were encamped, and where there was another main road leading to Port Hudson. We reached this point at first dawn of day, completely surprised and captured the camp, consisting of about one hundred and fifty tents, a large quantity of ammunition, guns, public and private stores, books, papers and public documents. I immediately took the road toward Baton Rouge. Arriving at the Comite river, we utterly surprised Stuart's cavalry, who were picketing at this point, capturing forty of them, with their horses, arms and entire camp. Forging the river, we halted to feed within four miles of the town. Major-General Augur, in command at Baton Rouge, having now, for the first, heard of our approach, sent two companies of cavalry, under Captain Godfrey to meet us. We marched into the town about three o'clock P.M., and were most heartily welcomed by the United States forces at that point.

Before our arrival in Louisville, Company B of the Seventh Illinois



GRIERSON'S TROOPERS ON THEIR RAID.



cavalry under Captain Forbes, was detached to proceed to Macon, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, if possible to take the town, destroy the railroad and telegraph, and rejoin us. Upon approaching the place, he found it had been reinforced and the bridge over the river destroyed, so that the railroad and telegraph could not be reached. He came back to our trail, crossed the Southern railroad at Newton, took a southeast course to Enterprise, where, although his forces numbered only thirty-five men, he entered with a flag of truce, and demanded a surrender of that place. The commanding officer at that point asked an hour to consider the matter, which Captain Forbes (having ascertained that a large force occupied the place) granted and improved in getting away. He immediately followed us, and succeeded in joining the column while it was crossing the Pearl river, at Georgetown. In order to catch us he was obliged to march sixty miles per day for several consecutive days. Much honor is due to Captain Forbes for the manner in which he conducted this expedition. At Louisville I sent Captain Lynch, of Company E, Sixth Illinois cavalry, and one man of his company, disguised as citizens, who had gallantly volunteered to proceed to the Mobile and Ohio railroad and cut the wires, which it was necessary should be done to prevent the information of our presence from flying along the railroad from Jackson and other points. Captain Lynch and his comrade proceeded towards Macon, but meeting with the same barrier which had stopped Captain Forbes, could not reach the road. He went to the pickets at the edge of the town, ascertained the whole disposition of their forces and much other valuable information, and returning, joined us above Decatur, having ridden without interruption for two days and nights without a moment's rest. All honor to the gallant captain whose intrepid coolness and daring characterized him on every occasion.

During the expedition we killed and wounded about 100 of the enemy, captured and paroled over 500 prisoners, many of them officers, destroyed between fifty and sixty miles of railroad and telegraph, captured and destroyed over 3,000 stand of arms, and other army stores and government property to an immense amount; we also captured 1,000 horses and mules. Our loss during the entire journey was three killed, seven wounded, five left on the route sick, the Sergeant-Major and Surgeon of the Seventh Illinois left, with Lieutenant-Colonel Blackburn, and nine men missing, supposed to have straggled. We marched over 600 miles in less than sixteen days. The last twenty-eight hours we marched seventy-six miles, had four engagements with the enemy, and forded the Comite river, which was deep enough to swim many of the horses. During this time the men

and horses were without food or rest. Much of the country through which we passed was almost entirely destitute of forage and provisions, and it was but seldom that we obtained over one meal per day. Many of the inhabitants must undoubtedly have suffered for want of the necessaries of life, which had reached most fabulous prices. Two thousand cavalry and mounted infantry were sent from the vicinity of Greenwood and Grenada northeast to intercept us; thirteen hundred cavalry and several regiments of infantry, with artillery, were sent from Mobile to Macon, Meridan and other points on the Mobile and Ohio road. A force was sent from Canton northeast to prevent our crossing Pearl river, and another force of infantry and cavalry was sent from Brookhaven to Monticello, thinking we would cross Pearl river at that point instead of at Georgetown. Expeditions were also sent from Vicksburg, Port Gibson and Port Hudson, to intercept us. Many detachments were sent out from my command at various places to mislead the enemy, all of which rejoined us in safety. Colton's pocket map of the Mississippi, which, though small, was very correct, was all I had to guide me, but by the capture of their couriers, dispatches and mails, and the invaluable aid of my scouts, we were always able by rapid marches to evade the enemy when they were too strong, and whip them when not to large. Colonel Prince, commanding the Seventh Illinois, and Lieutenant-Colonel Loomis, commanding the Sixth Illinois, were untiring in their efforts to further the success of the expedition, and I cannot speak too highly of the coolness, bravery, and above all the untiring perseverance of the officers and men of the command during the entire journey. Without their hearty co-operation, which was freely given under the most trying circumstances, we could not have accomplished so much with such signal success.

INCIDENTS OF THE RAID.

Upon one occasion, as the Union troopers were feeding their horses at the stables of a wealthy planter of secession proclivities, the proprietor, looking on apparently deeply interested in the proceeding, suddenly burst out with :

"Well boys, I can't say I have anything against you. I don't know but that on the whole I rather like you. You have not taken anything of mine except a little corn for your horses, and that you are welcome to. I have heard of you all over the country. You are doing the boldest thing ever done. But you'll be trapped, though; you'll be trapped, mark me."

At another place, where the men thought it advisable to represent

themselves as Jackson's cavalry, a whole company was very graciously entertained by a strong secession lady, who insisted on whipping a negro because he did not bring the hoecakes fast enough.

On one occasion, seven of Colonel Grierson's scouts stopped at the house of a wealthy planter to feed their jaded horses. Upon ascertaining that he had been doing a little guerrilla business on his own account, our men encouraged him to the belief that, as they were the invincible Van Dorn cavalry, they would soon catch the Yankees. The secession gentleman heartily approved of what he supposed to be their intentions, and enjoined upon them the necessity of making as rapid marches as possible. As the men had discovered two splendid carriage horses in the planter's stable, they thought under the circumstances they would be justified in making an exchange, which they accordingly proceeded to do.

As they were taking the saddles from their own tired steeds and placing them on the backs of the wealthy guerrilla's horses, the proprietor discovered them, and at once objected. He was met with the reply that, as he was anxious the Yankees should be speedily overtaken, those after them should have good horses.

"All right, gentlemen," said the planter; I will keep your animals until you return. I suppose you'll be back in two or three days at the furthest. When you return you'll find they have been well cared for."

The soldiers were sometimes asked where they got their blue coats. They always replied, if they were travelling under the name of Van Dorn's cavalry, that they took them at Holly Springs of the Yankees. This always excited great laughter among the secessionists. The scouts, however, usually wore the regular "secesh" uniforms.

A MEETING AFTER MANY YEARS.



OMRADE Charles F. Currie, late of Company H, Fourth New Jersey Volunteers, who was confined in the prison pen at Belle Isle during the latter portion of 1862, has recently had a strange experience which is well worth relating :

Mr. Currie is now engaged in mercantile pursuits and travels extensively through the south. In December, 1888, he chanced to stop at a hotel in a Georgia town. At the supper table his only table-neighbor was a large and fine looking man, whose appearance and manner stamped him as a southerner. During the meal the conversation turned upon the late unpleasantness, and the southerner incidently mentioned that he was on duty at Belle Isle in 1862.

"I was there myself," said Mr. Currie, "and I have been looking for twenty-six years for one of the officers who was stationed there at that time.

"Who was he," said the stranger, "General Winder?"

"No," said Mr. Currie, "not Winder, but a miserable, contemptible little whelp of a lieutenant who had charge of the Island shortly after I was sent there. If I ever meet him, and I hope I will, either he or I will get ruined for life."

"Why, what did he do to you that caused you to entertain such bitter feelings all these years?" asked the stranger.

"Well, I will tell you," said Currie, "and I think you will agree with me that my hatred is well founded and perfectly excusable. When I was imprisoned at Belle Isle I was suffering from a severe wound in the leg. As soon as I could crawl I asked the surgeon if I could venture to take a bath in the ditch; he gave me permission, only cautioning me to be careful not to stay in too long.

"Well, after many efforts I succeeded in getting into a squad of prisoners who were going down to bathe, under guard of course. We had hardly struck the water when this impudent, insolent, brainless travesty upon man—this upstart lieutenant—appeared on the scene and ordered us all ashore. We obeyed, naturally, but in consequence of my wounded leg and weakness, I was unable to gain the shore as quickly as my comrades. When I passed this contemptible, white-livered scoundrel of an officer he struck me, *actually struck me*, sir, with his sword and swore at me roundly for lagging behind the rest. Every fibre of my enfeebled, disabled body rose in indignation and resistance, but I was helpless and was forced to swallow the indignity as best I could. But the day will come, sir, I hope, when I can repay, measure for measure, the brutal and inhuman treatment I received that day."

The southerner leaned back in his chair with a reminiscent look on his face.

"That was a brutal outrage, sir," said he. "The officer who perpetrated that act richly deserved hanging, and if he had the first instincts of a man, he must have long since repented of his hasty and harsh conduct. I now apologize to you for him, and I hope you will cease to cherish your just resentment."

"Well," said Mr. Currie, "I suppose a quarter of a century is pretty near long enough to retain hard feelings; and if I should ever meet that officer and he appeared to have really regretted his deed, very likely I should readily forgive and forget, if his repentance was evidently sincere."

"Do you recollect the name of this officer?"

"Do I? Indeed I do! It was W——."

"Do I look anything like that man you hate and for whose gore you thirst?"

Currie looked the man over. He was a manly looking fellow with a cheerful, open countenance, the very picture of good health. Moreover, he was six feet tall and weighed in the neighborhood of 250 pounds. Currie didn't feel like mopping the floor with him.

"No," he exclaimed; "there is not the slightest resemblance."

"Well, I am he," said the southerner, extending his hand. "I recollect the circumstance well. I have never ceased to regret that my youth and zealous hatred caused me to so far forget my manhood. Shall we shake hands and forget, or shall we go outside and fight it out?"

A brave soldier is a charitable enemy. They did not fight it out, but the pair sat up until midnight chatting about old times.

TWO GOOD IRISH STORIES.

ONE of the Indiana regiments was fiercely attacked by a whole brigade in one of the battles in Mississippi. The Indianians, unable to withstand such great odds, were compelled to fall back about thirty or forty yards, losing, to the utter mortification of the officers and men, their flag, which remained in the hands of the enemy. Suddenly a tall Irishman, a private in the color company, rushed from the ranks across the vacant ground, attacked the squad of rebels who had possession of the captured flag, with his musket felled several to the ground, snatched the flag from them, and returned safely to his regiment again. The bold fellow was of course immediately surrounded by his jubilant comrades, and greatly praised for his gallantry. His captain appointed him to a sergeantcy on the spot; but the hero cut everything short by the reply: "Oh! never mind, captain—say no more about it. I dropped my whiskey-flask among the rebels, and fetched that back, and I thought I might just as well bring the flag along!"

Two soldiers, belonging to the Second Iowa Cavalry, came into my store one day. One of them wanted to buy a silver lever watch, while the other only meant to act as an additional judge. I showed them a silver lever watch, telling them at the same time that it had thirteen jewels.

"Do you think," asked the would-be purchaser of his friend, "do you think that watch has thirteen jewels?"

"Thirteen jewels!" replied that worthy, winking hard at me, "of course it has, and *there are holes punched for more!*"

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.



THE celebrated town of Fredericksburg lies upon a fertile plain bordering the south bank of the Rappahannock. On the opposite side of the river are bluffs, of no very great height, but rising directly from the margin of the stream they perfectly command the town and its environs. Back of Fredericksburg is a range of hills, rising from the plain with a gentle slope, known as Marye's Heights, and distant from the river about one mile. These heights also command the plain upon which the town is built, but are beyond the range of artillery planted on the north side of the river.

The Rappahannock at this point is about three hundred yards wide, and is fordable only in a dry season and at low tide. The little town of Falmouth lies opposite Fredericksburg, but is a few miles above.

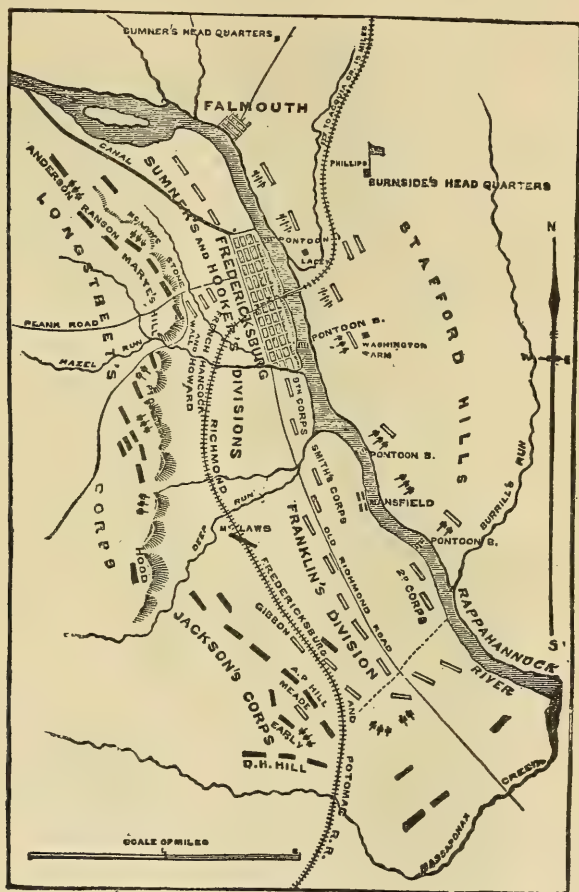
The great battle of Fredericksburg, which occurred on Saturday, December 13, 1862, was one of the most noteworthy engagements of the war, although it was a terrible disaster to the National army. While it fully demonstrated the incapacity of the gallant Burnside as an army commander, it proved the unswerving bravery of the boys of the Army of the Potomac, who marched up that day with unflinching mien into a very valley of the shadow of death, to be mowed down like grass in an attempt, insanely conceived, to accomplish a purpose which was simply unattainable. No one can deny that the useless slaughter on that bloody Saturday must be attributed to a woeful lack of judgment on the part of General Burnside; but in justice to that noble officer and Christian gentleman it must also be recorded that he manfully assumed all the responsibility himself, and bore the flood of criticism alone, not striving to shirk one portion of the odium which was heaped upon him.

PREPARING FOR THE BATTLE.

General Burnside assumed command of the Army of the Potomac on the 10th of November, 1862, relieving General McClellan. He at once began reorganizing the army, now 120,000 strong. It was divided into three grand divisions, each of two corps. The right was placed under General Sumner, the centre under General Hooker, and the left under General Franklin, while General Sigel had command of a strong force of reserves. The artillery was put into first-class condition, and once more the Army of the Potomac was looked upon as invincible.

But Burnside's plans miscarried. He failed to deceive Lee by his

feint in the direction of Gordonsville, and when the Union army halted on the north bank of the Rappahannock, on November 22nd, Burnside and his subordinate officers had the mortification of observing the grim batteries of Lee crowning the heights behind Fredericksburg. An impassable river rolled its muddy waters before them, the bridges were



FREDERICKSBURG BATTLEFIELD.

destroyed for miles up and down the stream, and the Union pontoons were not yet at hand. Vexatious delays succeeded this disappointment, and it was not until December 10th that the Union commander was ready to proceed to business. In the meantime, Lee had rendered his position impregnable. Three hundred open-mouthed cannon covered the town and its approaches, and swept the wide river at long range; the rebel line, crescent shaped, reached around the town, both flanks resting on the river, so that a foe occupying the town could be assailed on both flanks and front at once.

Burnside ought to have known that his method of attack could only end in disaster, but he persisted in it nevertheless.

On the evening of December 10th he made arrangements for laying five bridges, three opposite the town and two a mile or so below, the latter for the use of Franklin's grand division and the former for



LAYING THE PONTOON BRIDGE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

LAYING PONTOONS UNDER FIRE.

Hooker and Sumner. Stafford Heights, on the Falmouth side of the river, held more than one hundred Union cannon, and these were intended to protect the pontoniers in their work. At daybreak, on the 11th, work was commenced.

For a time there was no annoyance, and the pontoniers worked diligently under guard of two regiments from Zook's brigade of Hancock's division—the Sixty-sixth and Fifty-seventh New York. The

lower bridges were finished without difficulty, and work was rapidly progressing on the upper bridges when a galling fire was opened by rebel sharpshooters concealed behind the walls and in the buildings along the southern shore. This murderous fusillade drove the men back to the shelter of the hills, but about six o'clock they returned and essayed to complete their labors. A rain of bullets, more destructive than the first, rapidly filled the river with floating corpses and tinged its turgid waters with the ruddy hue of death. Again the brave pontoniers were driven off.

Burnside ordered the batteries on the heights to open fire upon the town and batter it down, if necessary, in order to drive out the concealed foe. This order was promptly executed. Fifty rounds from one hundred guns shook the air. Scores of buildings were reduced to splinters and many were set on fire. Another attempt was now made to finish the bridges, but, wonderful to relate, the sharpshooters still clung to the rocky walls and log barriers along the river bank and still poured forth their deadly missiles.

MICHIGAN AND MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

Burnside saw that something desperate must be swiftly done. He called for volunteers to go across and dispose of the hidden enemy. Three regiments of Howard's division—the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, and the Seventh Michigan—promptly offered their services and were dispatched upon their desperate mission. No one knew the strength of the foe that would be met. All knew that the river was swept by a storm of well-aimed bullets, and that each one would probably cost at least one life; but these brave volunteers sprang cheerfully into the boats and were soon in the midst of a dropping rain of destruction. In a brief space of time the sharpshooters were driven from their shelter and almost a hundred of them were captured. The bridges were then completed without difficulty.

CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

The army then began crossing the river, and by the evening of the 12th, nearly the whole of Burnside's command was south of the Rappahannock and in full possession of Fredericksburg. But the heights beyond, for which Burnside strove, were not to be so easily reached. Franklin's grand division, strengthened by two of the best divisions from Hooker's command, and now numbering 54,000 men, lay two miles below the town. Sumner occupied the town and extended through it to the right; Hooker was in reserve. Such was the position of the Union army on the morning of December 13th.

A dense fog enveloped the river and the plain. Neither combatant could see the other. In the early morning Burnside sent his general orders to his subordinates. His idea seems to have been to make a general attack, hoping, by weight of numbers, to pierce the rebel line and seize the heights by direct assault. Burnside's orders to Franklin were of such an uncertain and contradictory character that we are forced to relieve Franklin from all blame for the terrible blunder on the National left.

THE ATTACK ON THE LEFT.

With the strong force now under his command, Franklin could hardly have failed of his purpose had he attacked Lee's right with all possible energy; but, acting under his interpretation of Burnside's orders and plans, he made only an armed reconnoissance, as will be seen. Had Franklin taken a little more responsibility at this time, and acted upon his own judgment, Burnside might have been saved the mortification of an overwhelming defeat.

Early in the morning Reynolds received instructions to send Meade's division forward, Meade to be supported on the right and left, in rear, by the divisions of the same corps under Gibbon and Doubleday. Meade and Doubleday had about 5000 men each, while Gibbon swelled the entire attacking party to some 16,000 men.

By ten o'clock the fog had lifted, and Meade, advancing with difficulty over the rugged country, came upon Stuart's horse artillery, well posted along the old Richmond road. For thirty minutes a desperate struggle raged, when Doubleday came up and Meade continued to push ahead while Doubleday engaged Stuart. Meade's progress was now easy; not a foe to be seen or heard, but soon the brave Pennsylvanians find themselves far in advance of their supports and under a galling fire, reserved for them until now, which assails them from every side. They are exposed to a cross fire at close range, the enemy's projectiles actually crossing each other within our ranks. A halt is made, and the Union guns reply to those of the foe. A terrible artillery duel progresses for some time. Gibbon has deployed to Meade's right, and Birney's division of Stoneman's corps has come flying to the scene. Soon the rebel batteries slacken their fire and the critical moment has come. Reynolds orders Meade to attack and drive the enemy with cold steel.

MEADE'S PENNSYLVANIANS TO THE FRONT.

There is no time to pause and consider. A decided advantage has been gained temporarily, and it must be improved. The ground is covered with the dead and dying, but they can take no heed of them now. On rush the Pennsylvanians in the face of a storm of grape,

canister and bullets. The confederate general, Brockenborough, is forced to retire in haste, and a powerful battery that has harassed the Nationals for hours is overrun and silenced. Meade's advance, under Sinclair, is soon across the railroad, over the hill, and up to Lee's new military road, which he had constructed in the rear of his position. The first confederate line has been pierced, and with proper support Meade can now accomplish the defeat of Lee's army. But no help is at hand. Meade has been bold beyond discretion and is now almost unsupported. Doubleday is away back on the Richmond road; Gibbon and Birney are far in the rear, and Franklin's headquarters are beyond reach. Oh, for the 30,000 fresh troops that Franklin has lying idle! With one-half of them here, Meade could cut the rebel army in two.

As matters stand, Meade may be thankful to withdraw his thinned division without suffering annihilation. He has attacked Gregg and his South Carolina veterans, routed them and killed their commander, when he sees his great peril. The confederates re-form and return to the attack with fresh reinforcements. Meade's wearied troops are obliged to fall back. It is a most unequal combat now. Meade's tired soldiers, while making a dignified retreat, are actually staggering and reeling from the fierce onslaught of the ever multiplying confederates. Ewell's splendid division of Early's corps is flung with crushing weight on Meade's exposed flank. This blow is too much for Meade's bleeding battalions and they fall back in disorder and with heavy loss, across the railroad, where they are saved from total destruction by the timely assistance of Birney.

The latter made a gallant charge and turned the tide of battle once more, but he could not re-open the breach that Meade had made. At three o'clock the fighting was over. All that Meade had accomplished through the heroism of his dauntless division had been hopelessly lost for want of efficient generalship, and Franklin, by obeying Burnside's orders instead of following his own judgment, had lost the chance that might have won for him the title of the "hero of Fredericksburg." Meanwhile bloody work was being done on the plains before Marye's Heights.

THE SLAUGHTER ON THE RIGHT WING.

We have already described the topography of the town of Fredericksburg and its surroundings. The range of hills generally known as Marye's Heights, is from one-half mile to a mile and one-half back from the river. The intervening plain, including the part on which the town is built, is flat or gently rolling.

Sumner's grand division occupied the town, and extended toward

Franklin's right. The Second Corps (Couch) formed the National right, and the Ninth Corps (Wilcox) lay between Couch and Franklin.

Shortly after midday, when the mists had disappeared, a full division of the Second corps was seen emerging from the town into the open plain. This was French's division, the brigades being commanded by Anderson, Palmer and Kimball. Already the confederate cannon were dropping shot and shell into the heart of Fredericksburg, but as French's column came into view the rebel guns were trained upon his warlike ranks, and shot and shell fell fast and thick upon the advancing host. Close upon the heels of French came Hancock, while Howard's division was held within easy supporting distance.

While the rebel batteries were thus dropping a rain of bursting iron upon our assaulting party, the Union guns on Stafford Heights opened fire upon the distant rebel cannon, but the range was too great and the shot fell short, threatening to do more damage to friend than foe. The effort was therefore abandoned, and the Union assault became one of mere infantry against combined artillery and infantry.

No words can fitly describe the carnage that followed. The Union advance was simply a mad rush into the jaws of death. The officers knew it, and so did the men, but there was no faltering—no poltroonery. On rushed the bold assailants, French in the lead and Hancock close behind. The rebel cannon were handled with rare skill and precision. Longstreet says that the gaps torn in our lines could be distinctly seen from his own position a mile away. At the base of Marye's Hill was a stone wall, behind which was placed a strong force of rebel infantry. As French's boys come within forty yards of the fence they are met by a withering musketry fire, which reduces the first line to a corporal's file. One more volley from the stone wall, and the other two brigades of French have disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed them. Hancock is now to the front. Some of French's regiments re-form and join him, and again the brave boys charge on the stone wall.

Useless! the triumphant confederates, safe in their rocky shelter, shout and yell in defiance and derision. Meagher, with true Irish determination, throws his gallant battle-scarred Irish brigade against this unyielding rock again and again, but all in vain. Fifteen minutes pass: Hancock's division is torn to shreds, nearly one-half of its members are gone, and not an inch of ground has been gained. Howard tries to create a diversion by sending Getty and Sturgis across Hazel Run to make an attack on the enemy's right, but the only appreciable result is to increase the list of killed and wounded.

Thus did the attack by our right wing keep pace with the failure of the attack by our left; for at two o'clock Sumner's assault had proved to be a failure, and Meade had been compelled to withdraw from his well-earned position within the enemy's lines.

Everybody excepting Burnside was willing to admit defeat, but the general-in-chief, although fully aware of the reverses he had sustained and the almost utter impossibility of dislodging Lee from his position on Marye's Heights, strode mechanically up and down on the sward surrounding his headquarters, his eye fixed on Marye's Hill, girt with flame, and repeating with terrible emphasis, "That crest must be carried to-night!"

Hooker had been instructed to support the attack of French and Hancock. He had fully prepared to do so, and was rapidly coming into shape for action when he learned from those commanders themselves the fate of their noble divisions. Hooker, whom no man can accuse of cowardice, tried in vain to persuade Burnside to rescind his order, even going to him personally to plead the case; but Burnside was inexorable, and pointing to Marye's Hill he exclaimed with intense earnestness, "*That crest must be carried to-night!*"

HOOKER'S LAST ASSAULT.

Hooker returned to his post. It was now four o'clock, and but little of daylight remained. He attempted to execute the orders he had received from his chief. How well he succeeded may be judged by his own words, as follows:

"I proceeded against the barrier as I would against a fortification, and endeavored to break a hole sufficiently large for a 'forlorn hope' to enter. Before that, it seemed to me, the attack along the line had been too general—not sufficiently concentrated. I had two batteries posted on the left of the road, within four hundred yards of the position on which the attack was to be made, and I had other parts of batteries posted on the right of the road at a distance of five hundred or six hundred yards. I had all these batteries playing with great vigor until sunset upon that point, but with no apparent effect upon the rebels or upon their works. During the last part of the cannonading I had given directions to General Humphreys' division to form, under the shelter which a small hill afforded, in column for assault.

"When the fire of the artillery ceased, I gave directions for the enemy's works to be assaulted. Humphreys' men took off their overcoats, knapsacks and haversacks. They were ordered to make the attack with empty muskets, for there was no time to load and fire. When the word was given the men moved forward with great impet-

uosity. They ran and hurrahed, and I was much encouraged by the great good feeling that pervaded them.

"The head of Humphreys' column advanced to within perhaps fifteen or twenty yards of the stone wall, which was the advanced position held by the rebels, and then they were thrown back as rapidly as they had advanced. Probably the whole of the advance and the retiring did not occupy fifteen minutes. They left behind, as was reported to me, 1760 of their number, out of four thousand."

This will give an idea of the terrible slaughter. Hooker fell back about twilight, having lost, as he says, "about as many men as I was ordered to sacrifice."

Darkness closed the struggle, which, to the National cause, was one of the most disastrous of the war. The Union losses aggregated more than 13,000, while the confederate losses were considerably less than half that number.

ESCAPE FROM LIBBY PRISON.

DURING the latter months of 1863, the Union officers confined in the Libby Prison, at Richmond, Va., conceived the idea of effecting their own exchange, and after the matter had been seriously discussed by some seven or eight of them, they undertook to dig for a distance toward a sewer running into the basin. This they proposed to do by commencing at a point in the cellar, near a chimney. This cellar was immediately under the hospital, and was the receptacle for refuse straw, thrown from the beds when they were changed, and for other refuse matter. Above this hospital was a room for officers, and above that, yet another room. The chimney ran through all these rooms, and the prisoners who were in the secret improvised a rope, and night after night let working parties down, who successfully prosecuted their excavating operations.

TUNNELING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The dirt was hid under the straw and other refuse matter in the cellar, and it was trampled down so as not to present so great a bulk. When the working party had got to a considerable distance under ground it was found difficult to haul the dirt back by hand, and a spittoon, which had been furnished the officers in one of the rooms, was made to serve the purpose of a cart. A string was attached to it and it was run into the tunnel, and as soon as filled, was drawn out and the dirt deposited under the straw, but after hard work and digging

with finger nails, knives and chisels, a number of feet, the working party found themselves stopped by piles driven in the ground. These were at least a foot in diameter. But they were not discouraged. Penknives, or any other articles that would cut, were called for, and after chipping, chipping, chipping for a long time, the piles were severed, and the tunnellers commenced again, and in a short time reached the sewer.

But here an unexpected obstacle met their further progress. The stench from the sewers and the flow of filthy water was so great that one of the party fainted, and was dragged out more dead than alive, and the project in that direction had to be abandoned. The failure was communicated to a few others besides those who had first thought of escape, and then a party of seventeen, after viewing the premises and surroundings, concluded to tunnel under Carey street. On the opposite side of this street from the prison was a sort of a damaged house or out-house, and the project was to dig under the street and emerge from under or near the house. There was a high fence around it, and the guard was outside of this fence. The prisoners then commenced to dig at the other side of the chimney, and after a few handfuls of dirt had been removed they found themselves stopped by a stone wall, which proved afterward to be three feet thick. The party were by no means daunted, and with penknives and pocketknives they commenced operations upon the stone and mortar.

After nineteen days and nights of hard work they again struck the earth beyond the wall, and pushed their work forward. Here too (after they had got some distance under ground), the friendly spittoon was brought into requisition, and the dirt was hauled out in small quantities. After digging for some days, the question arose whether they had not reached the point aimed at, and in order to, if possible, test the matter, Captain Gallagher, of the Second Ohio regiment, pretended that he had a box in the carriage-house, over the water, and desired to search it out. This carriage-house, it is proper to state, was used as a receptacle for boxes and goods sent to prisoners from the North, and the recipients were often allowed to go, under guard, across the street to secure their property. Captain Gallagher was granted permission to go there, and as he walked across under guard, he, as well as he could paced off the distance, and concluded that the street was about fifty feet wide.

On the 6th or 7th of February, 1864, the working party supposed they had gone a sufficient distance, and commenced to dig upwards. When near the surface they heard the rebel guards talking above them, and discovered they were some two or three feet yet outside the fence.

The displacing of a stone made considerable noise, and one of the sentries called to his comrade and asked him what the noise meant. The guards, after listening a few minutes, concluded that nothing was wrong, and returned to their beats. This hole was stopped up by inserting into the crevice a pair of old pantaloons filled with straw, and bolstering the whole up with boards, which they secured from the floors, etc., of the prison. The tunnel was then continued only six or seven feet more, and when the working party supposed they were about ready to emerge into daylight, others in the prison were informed that there was a way now open for escape. One hundred and nine of the prisoners decided to make the attempt to get away. Others refused, fearing the consequences if they were recaptured; and others yet declined to make the attempt, because, as they said, they did not desire to have their government back down from its enunciated policy of exchange.

SUCCESS AT LAST.

About eight o'clock on the evening of the 9th the prisoners started out, Colonels Streight, of Indiana, and Rose, of New York, leading the van. Before starting, the prisoners had divided themselves into squads of two, three and four, and each squad was to take a different route, and after they were out, were to push for the Union lines as fast as possible. It was the understanding that the working party was to have an hour's start of the other prisoners, and consequently, the rope ladder in the cellar was drawn out. Before the expiration of the hour, however, the other prisoners became impatient, and were let down through the chimney successfully into the cellar.

Colonel W. P. Kendrick, of West Tennessee; Captain D. J. Jones, of the First Kentucky Cavalry, and Lieutenant R. Y. Bradford, of the Second West Tennessee, were detailed as a rear guard, or rather to go out last; and from a window Colonel Kendrick and his companions could see the fugitives walk out of a gate at the other end of the inclosure of the carriage house, and fearlessly move off. The aperture was so narrow that but one man could get through at a time, and each squad carried with them provisions in a haversack. At midnight a false alarm was created, and the prisoners made a considerable noise in getting to their respective quarters. Providentially, however, the guard suspected nothing wrong, and in a few moments the exodus was again commenced. Colonel Kendrick and his companions looked with some trepidation upon the movements of the fugitives, as some of them, exercising but little discretion, moved boldly out of the inclosure into the glare of the gas light. Many of them were, however, in citizen's dress, and as all the rebel guards wear the United States uni-

form, but little suspicion could be excited, even if the fugitives had been accosted by a guard.

Between one and two o'clock the lamps were extinguished in the streets, and then the exit was more safely accomplished. There were many officers who desired to leave who were so weak and feeble that they were dragged through the tunnel by main force and carried to places of safety, until such time as they would be able to move on their journey. At half-past two o'clock Captain Jones, Colonel Kendrick and Lieutenant Bradford passed out in the order they were named, and as Colonel Kendrick emerged from the hole he heard the guard within a few feet of him sing out, "Post No. 7, half-past two in the morning, and all's well." Colonel Kendrick says he could hardly resist the temptation to retort, "Not so well as you think, except for the Yanks." Lieutenant Bradford, who was intrusted with the provisions for his squad, and could not get through with his haversack upon him, was therefore obliged to leave it behind.

Once out, they proceeded up the street, keeping in the shade of the buildings, and passed eastwardly through the city.

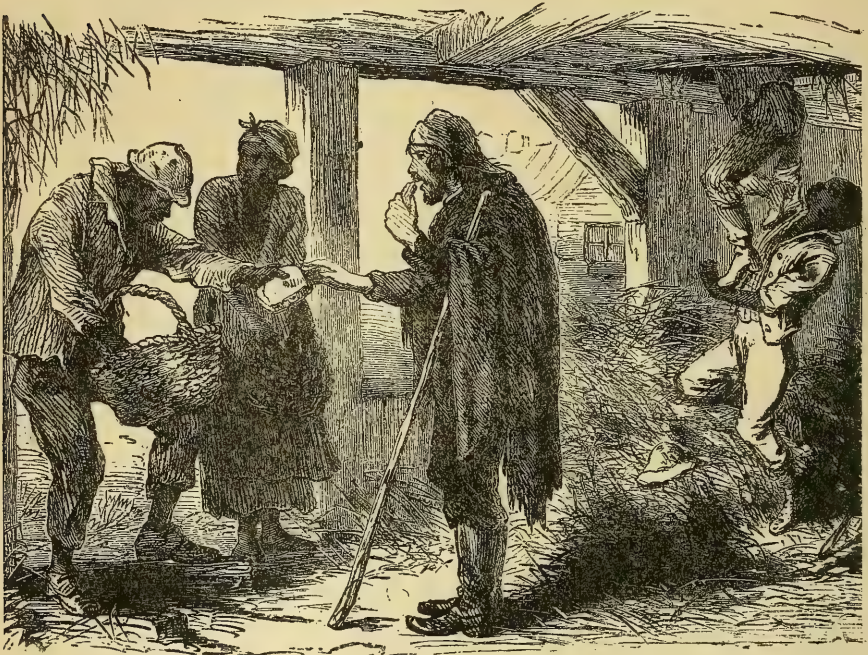
A description of the route pursued by this party, and of the tribulations through which they passed, will give some idea of the rough time they all had of it. Colonel Kendrick had, before leaving the prison, mapped out his course, and concluded that the best route to take was the one towards Norfolk or Fortress Monroe, as there were fewer rebel pickets in that direction.

THROUGH THE VIRGINIA SWAMPS.

While passing through the swamp near the Chickahominy, Colonel Kendrick sprained his ankle and fell. Fortunate, too, was that fall for him and his party, for while he was lying there one of them chanced to look up, and saw in a direct line with them a swamp bridge, and in the dim outline they could perceive that parties with muskets were passing over the bridge. They therefore moved some distance to the south, and, after passing through more of the swamp, reached the Chickahominy about four miles below Bottom Bridge. Here now was a difficulty. The river was only twenty feet wide, but it was very deep, and the refugees were worn-out and fatigued. Chancing, however, to look up, Lieutenant Bradford saw that two trees had fallen on either side of the river, and that their branches were interlocked. By crawling up one tree and down the other, the fugitives reached the east bank of the Chickahominy, and Colonel Kendrick could not help remarking that he believed Providence was on their side, else they would not have met with that natural bridge.

They subsequently learned, from a friendly negro, that had they crossed the bridge they had seen they would assuredly have been recaptured, for Captain Turner, the keeper of Libby Prison, had been out and posted guards there, and, in fact, had alarmed the whole country and got the people up as a vigilance committee to capture the escaped prisoners.

After crossing over this natural bridge, they lay down on the ground and slept until sunrise on the morning of the 11th, when they continued on their way, keeping eastwardly as near as they could.



ESCAPING PRISONERS FED BY NEGROES.

Up to this time they had had nothing to eat, and were almost famished. About noon of the 11th, they met several negroes, who gave them information as to the whereabouts of the rebel pickets, and furnished them with food.

AIDED BY THE NEGROES.

Acting under the advice of these friendly negroes, they remained quietly in the woods until darkness had set in, when they were furnished with a bountiful supper by the negroes, and after dark pro-

ceeded on their way, the negroes (who everywhere showed their friendship to the fugitives) having first directed them how to avoid the rebel pickets. That night they passed a camp of rebels, and could plainly see the smoke and camp-fire. But their wearied feet gave out, and they were compelled to stop and rest, having only marched seven miles that day.

They started again at daylight, on the 13th, and after moving awhile through the woods, they saw a negro woman working in a field, and called her to them, and from her received directions, and were told that the rebel pickets had been about there, looking for the fugitives from Libby. Here they laid low again, and resumed their journey when darkness set in and marched five miles, but halted until the morning of the 14th, when the journey was resumed.

At one point they met a negro in the field, and she told them that her mistress was a secesh woman, and that she had a son in the rebel army. The party, however, were exceedingly hungry, and they determined to secure some food. This they did by boldly approaching the house, and informing the mistress that they were fugitives from Norfolk, who had been driven out by Butler, and the secesh sympathies of the woman were at once aroused, and she gave them of her substance, and started them on their way with directions how to avoid the Yankee soldiers, who occasionally scouted in that vicinity. This information was exceedingly valuable to the refugees, for by it they discovered the whereabouts of the Federal forces.

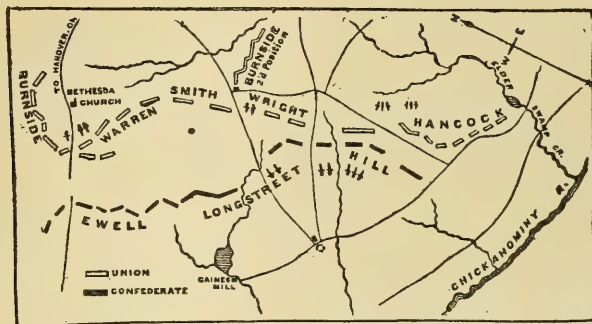
When about fifteen miles from Williamsburg, the party came upon the main road, and found the tracks of a large body of cavalry. A piece of paper found by Captain Jones satisfied him that they were Union cavalry, but his companions were suspicious, and avoided the road and moved forward, and at the "Burnt Ordinary" (about ten miles from Williamsburg) awaited the return of the cavalry that had moved up the road. From behind a fence corner where they were secreted, the fugitives saw the flag of the Union, supported by a squadron of cavalry, which proved to be a detachment of Colonel Spear's Eleventh Pennsylvania regiment, sent out for the purpose of picking up escaped prisoners.

The party rode into Williamsburg with the cavalry, where they were quartered for the night, and where they found eleven others who had escaped safely. Colonel Spear and his command furnished the officers with clothing and other necessities.

At all points along the route was their reception by the negroes most enthusiastic, and there was no lack of white people who sympathized with them, and helped them on their way.

BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR.

IN the midst of a fog and drizzling rain, on the morning of June 3, 1864, the gallant boys of Meade's army moved swiftly and silently upon the confederate works at Cold Harbor. A broad, open, undulating field, more than half a mile in width, separated the combatants. Through the mist and fog, in the dim morning light, the ranks of gray and rows of steel could be faintly perceived. Two days before, a futile attempt to drive the enemy from his position had cost a loss of over two thousand men, but the dauntless spirit of the chief commander was now infused into every heart that beat beneath a coat of blue. No sign of wavering could be seen as the serried lines burst forth again upon the foe.



MAP OF COLD HARBOR BATTLEFIELD.

The onset was terrific, and on a scale of magnitude surpassing anything yet witnessed during the war; and well might it be so, for the resistance was equally grand and determined. It is perhaps safe to say that no such shock of battle was ever before experienced in warfare. When we reflect that within a brief space of time—estimated as not more than twenty minutes, and probably not more than ten—an important battle was fought and lost at an expense of 15,000 men killed and wounded, we can get some idea of the fierce intensity of the engagement. It differed from all the other battles of the war, inasmuch as it was of such brief duration that the struggle became a memory almost as soon as it became an experience.

Hancock, who held the National left with the Second corps, moved forward promptly, the divisions of Gibbon and Barlow ahead and Birney supporting. Barlow encountered the enemy in front of his works in a hollow. Forming his division in two lines, Barlow dis-

lodged the foe and drove him back into the works, capturing several hundred prisoners, a battle-flag and three cannon. But the rebels re-formed and returned before Barlow's second line could support his advance, and charging back with desperate energy, Hill drove Barlow out of the works and back nearly a hundred yards. Barlow here made a stand, re-formed his lines, and repulsed his assailants. In the meantime, Gibbon's division had got stuck in a swamp, but pressing resolutely forward, they charged brilliantly through a fiery storm of



VIEW OF THE BATTLEFIELD AT COLD HARBOR.

lead and also reached the enemy's outer works. Colonel McMahon, who was gallantly leading his brigade, reached the parapet and planted his colors upon it, but the next moment the brave McMahon fell, mortally wounded, and his men were swept bleeding backward, leaving their dying commander in the hands of the enemy. Gibbon lost many other officers, including Colonels Haskell, Porter, Morris and McKean, while General Tyler was severely wounded. The loss of the Second corps reached a figure above 3,000 in a very few minutes, and, although Hancock's brave boys reached and occupied the rebel works, they could not maintain a lodgment there.

On the right and center, matters were in a similar condition. Wright and Smith advanced brilliantly to the assault, met with apparent temporary success, and were then repulsed with frightful

loss, falling back over the blood-red field to a point but little in advance of the original position. On the right, Warren used his artillery with good effect, but his line was so thin that he made little or no efforts to join in the infantry attack. Burnside did not move at the appointed time, and when he expressed his readiness, a few hours later, the attack on the confederate right had already taken its place on the list of battles lost.

The most notable incident connected with the battle of Cold Harbor was the unanimous refusal of the troops to renew the attack. Grant was determined to make a second effort, later in the day, to accomplish the object of the morning assault, and Meade, after considerable objection, at last issued the necessary orders to each corps commander. The orders were communicated in the ordinary way to subordinates, and through them to the ranks. The time for the contemplated attack came and passed. *Not a man stirred.* Probably no such event ever occurred on a battlefield before or since. The men knew that a renewed attack simply meant additional needless butchery, and their silent but emphatic "No!" gave a striking proof of the courage and intelligence of the American Volunteer Soldier—who is ever ready to obey the proper commands of his officers, but who still retains the heaven-given right to think for himself.

VALUE OF PRESENCE OF MIND.



CAPTAIN Strong, of the Second Wisconsin regiment, gives the following account of his escape from rebel captors, which will be read with interest. It is as follows:

As I was passing through a thicket, I was surrounded by six rebel soldiers—four infantry and two cavalry. The footmen were poorly dressed and badly armed, having old rusty altered muskets. The cavalry were well mounted and well armed.

Seeing I was caught, I thought it best to surrender at once. So I said: "Gentlemen, you have me."

I was asked various questions as to who I was, where I was going, what regiment I belonged to, etc., all of which I refused to answer.

One of the footmen said: "Let's hang the blasted Yankee scoundrel," and pointed to a convenient limb.

Another said, "No, let's take him to camp and hang him there."

One of the cavalry, who seemed to be the leader, said, "We will take him to camp."

They then marched me through an open place—two footmen in

front, two in the rear, and a cavalry man on each side of me. I was armed with two revolvers and my sword. After going some twenty rods, the sergeant who was on my right, noticing my pistols, commanded me to halt and give them up, together with my sword.


I said, "Certainly, gentleman," and immediately halted. As I stopped, they all filed passed me, and of course were in front.

We were at this time in an open part of the woods, but about sixty yards in the rear was a thicket of undergrowth. Thus everything was in my favor. I was quick of foot and a passable shot. Yet the design of escape was not formed until I brought my pistol pouches to the front part of my body, and my hands touched the stocks. The grasping of the pistols suggested my cocking them as I drew them out. This I did, and the moment I got command of them I shot down the two footmen nearest me—about six feet off—one with each hand. I immediately turned and ran toward the thicket in the rear.

The confusion of my captors was apparently so great that I had nearly reached cover before shots were fired at me. One ball passed through my left cheek, passing out of my mouth. Another one—a musket ball—went through my canteen.

Immediately upon this volley, the two cavalry separated, one to my left, to cut off my retreat—the remaining two footmen charging directly toward me. I turned when the horsemen got up, and fired three or four shots; but the balls flew wild. I still ran on—got over a small knoll, and had nearly reached one of our pickets, when I was headed off by both of the mounted men.

A RECENT VISIT TO LIBBY PRISON.

OMRADE Charles F. Currie, to whom we are indebted for much valuable information regarding the southern prison pens, paid a visit to his old quarters in Libby Prison in the fall of 1888, just before the building was demolished, and his account thereof is very interesting:

While passing the building one afternoon he observed a number of gentlemen enter, and, joining them, soon found his way to the upper room, and to the very pillar around which he passed so many anxious days and sleepless nights in 1862. He knew exactly the spot on the pillar where he had cut his name, but unfortunately it was too dark to distinguish anything. Striking a match, he made a careful examination, and there, sure enough, was the old inscription—"C. F. Currie, Co. H., 4th N. J. Vol." What a flood of recollections came trooping

back, of dismal days and horrible nights—of pain, suffering and hunger—of murdered companions—of all that is ghastly and sorrowful!

But Mr. Currie was not long left to his meditations. The light had attracted the notice of the others, and they soon surrounded him. Some were southerners—a few were Northern men. All were interested in him and in his story. They pressed him for details; they showed the liveliest interest and sympathy, mingled with surprise.

“Gentlemen,” said Mr. Currie, “if you can find me a shovel, I think I can show you other relics that will be even more interesting.”

The shovel was produced, and after scraping away the accumulated dirt of years, Mr. Currie found on the floor the outlines of the old checker-board used by himself and mates twenty-six years before.

“I have no doubt,” said Mr. Currie, “that you could find fifty ‘charcoal sketches’ by scraping all these floors. And another thing: on every brick in these walls, to a height of seven feet from the floor, is inscribed the name, rank and regiment of from one to three Union prisoners.”

“It is a pity they are all obliterated,” said one of the gentlemen; “but these walls have all been whitewashed several times since the war.”

So they had, but careful chipping with a penknife removed the outer scales of whitewash, and underneath were found the inscriptions as indicated. Every member of the party took a hand in the search, and not one failed to find what he was seeking. Hundreds of names were discovered, as clear and distinct as the day they were inscribed—pathetic mementos of the dark days of 1862–5.

By this time the party had been joined by a merchant of Richmond, who announced that he had been one of the prison-guards during the war. He was introduced to Mr. Currie, to whom he said:

“Come down to our store and I will show you something that will interest you.”

The invitation was accepted, and the merchant brought forth an old journal which was used by a general merchandise house in Richmond during 1864–5. How things did run into money in those days! Fancy paying \$5 a pound for yellow soap, \$9.85 a pound for common lard, \$40 a pound for coffee, \$7.50 per yard for muslin, \$20 each for glass tumblers, \$72 a cord for wood, \$75 for a pair of shoes, \$50 a gallon for molasses, \$17 a pound for sugar, or \$375 a barrel for flour! and yet these are samples of the prices there shown.

The journal showed running accounts with “President” Davis and other high officials of the confederacy, and is a very interesting relic. After much persuasion the merchant was induced to part with the book, and Mr. Currie brought it home as a souvenir. We are indebted to him for the privilege of reproducing a *fac simile* page from this journal, which is here inserted.

[Handwritten signature]

Richmond February 1865

Dr. Merchandise

Dr. H. Atkinson

4	"	"	Barb. & Bones Not at Auction	12 00
9	"	"	1. Craps Draft	150 00
"	"	"	1. Pawn	10 00
"	"	"	1. Suit	9 00
15	"	"	8. Pillow Cases @ 8 ⁰⁰	64 00
12	Capt. J. C. Whitwell			245 00
7	Jas. G. Phillips		1. Suit & mattress	75 00
9			1. Cottage Bedstead	125 00
12	Thos. Atkinson		1. Cottage Washstand	75 00
22	Gen. Kate Mose. Heph.		Repairing, Hauling & Burning 1. Boiler	30 00
13	N. Mose		1. Wkly. Draft	400 00
17	Do		1/2 Gal. Spt. Turpentine	10 00
13			3. 1 Calum Stone wss. @ 5 ⁰⁰	15 00
32	Carl. Brackenridge		Repairing Bedstead, from 1/2 bed to	30 00
32	Mr. B. J. Atmore		1. Bundle 18. Head.	15 00
14	David. Davis.		Repairing 1. Horse Boiler	10 00
20	"	"	1. Small Horse	10 00
"	"	"	1. Parlour (Grained Chair)	15 00
"	"	"	1. " Easy Chair	10 00
"	"	"	1. Hall Chair	10 00
"	"	"	1. Large Ottomans	5 00
"	"	"	2. Small do	10 00
"	"	"	1. Wkly. Single leaf table	25 00
"	"	"	1. Small Horse	10 00
6	W. H. Gillespie			105 00
24	"	"	1. Plant wren	5 00
28	Do	"	1. Pair White Blanket	125 00
33	Do	"	Bring 1. Cyp. Board.	10 00
33	Wash. Rock		Balance due on Ed. Old Springs	28 75

\$ 1293 75

which is here inserted.

BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.



AT Malvern Hill was collected the whole Army of the Potomac, with all its artillery, to give battle once more to the vigilant foe, who, though defeated in every battle of the seven days' fight except one, (Gaines' Mills) were victorious in the campaign. Flushed with the knowledge of our retreating, the sight of our dead, the capture of many of our wounded, and the spoils of the field, they, in spite of their terrible losses, almost looked upon it as a triumphant march, and believing they had driven us to the water's edge, they considered our capture or annihilation as certain; and so confident were they of this, that Jefferson Davis, accompanied by the officials of his government, visited the army "to receive the sword of McClellan."

Malvern Hill is an elevated plateau, about a mile and a half by three-fourths of a mile in area, mostly clear of timber, and with several converging roads crossing it. In front are numerous ravines, and the ground slopes gradually towards the north and east to a heavy woods, giving clear range for artillery in those directions. Towards the northwest the plateau falls off more abruptly into a ravine, which extends to James river. Upon this hill the left and center of our line rested, while the right curved backwards through a wooded country towards a point below Haxall's on the James river.

DISPOSITION OF THE UNION FORCES.

The left of the line was held by the Fifth corps, General Porter, consisting of the divisions of Sykes and Morell, of Warren's, Buchanan's and Chapman's brigades, and Griffin's, Martindale's and Butterfield's brigades. The artillery of the two divisions was advantageously posted, and the artillery of the reserve so disposed on the high ground that a concentrated fire of some sixty guns could be brought to bear on any point in its front or left. Colonel Tyler had also succeeded in getting ten of his siege guns in position on the highest point of the hill. Couch's division was placed on the right of Porter; next came Kearney and Hooker; next Sedgwick and Richardson; next Smith and Slocum; then the remainder of Keyes' corps, extended by a backward curve nearly to the river. The Pennsylvania Reserves were

held in reserve, and stationed behind Porter's and Couch's position. One brigade of Porter's was thrown to the left on the low ground to protect that flank from any movement direct from the Richmond road. The line was very strong along the whole front of the open plateau, but from thence to the extreme right the troops were more deployed. This formation was imperative, as from the position of the enemy his most obvious line of attack would come from the direction of Richmond and White Oak swamp, and would almost necessarily strike upon the left wing. Commodore Rogers, commanding the flotilla on James river, placed his gunboats so as to protect this flank and to command the approaches from Richmond. The right wing was rendered as secure as possible by slashing the timber and by barricading the roads. There was posted upon different parts of the field, and in some places tier above tier, about two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery.

THE OPENING ENGAGEMENT.

About ten o'clock in the morning, July 1, 1862, the enemy emerged from the woods on the opposite side of the plain and commenced feeling along the whole left wing, with his artillery and skirmishers. This was promptly responded to by our artillery, and in about one hour the firing on both sides nearly ceased. An ominous stillness, indicating the manœuvering and placing in position of troops, now followed, preparatory to the terrific struggle that was soon to take place. About two o'clock a column of the enemy was observed moving towards our right, within the skirt of woods in front, beyond the range of our artillery. Although the column was long, occupying more than two hours in passing, it disappeared and was not again heard of. It probably returned by the rear, and participated in the attack afterwards made on the left.

During this long silence our troops lay quietly upon the field, eating their scanty rations, and enjoying the rest they had not known for so long. Thus the day wore on with but little animation until about three o'clock, when a heavy fire of artillery was opened on Kearney's left and Couch's division, near the center of the line, followed by a brisk attack of infantry on Couch's front. This was immediately responded to by our artillery, but Couch's infantry remained lying on the ground until the enemy had advanced within musketry range, when they sprang to their feet and poured in a deadly volley that broke and drove them back with considerable slaughter. They were followed for nearly half a mile, where our line halted and occupied a much stronger position, resting upon a thick clump of trees.



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A Battery Going Into Action.

RENEWING THE ATTACK.

This affair occupied about one hour, when the firing ceased over the whole field, and the enemy evinced neither a disposition to attack nor withdraw. About six o'clock, the enemy suddenly opened upon Couch and Porter with the whole strength of his artillery, and at once began pushing forward his columns of attack to carry the hill. Now opened one of the most desperate and sanguinary battles ever fought upon this continent. Brigade after brigade, formed under cover of the woods, started at a run to cross the open space and charge our batteries, but the heavy fire of our guns, with the cool and steady volleys of the infantry, in every case sent them reeling back to shelter, and covered the ground with their dead and wounded. But fresh lines were again hurled forward with a desperation and recklessness seldom witnessed before. No troops ever acted with more desperate courage than the enemy did upon that occasion, but like the storm-lashed ocean, madly dashing its billows against a rock-bound shore, they were hurled back broken and confused, but to unite and return again to the assault. From batteries upon batteries were vomited forth sheets of flame and smoke, whose storms of grape and canister mowed down the columns of advancing valor, leaving vast gaps, that were filled up by the mad and infuriated masses. To add to the terror of the slaughter, the gunboats in the river opened with their 11-inch guns, throwing their elongated shells into the woods which were densely packed with the enemy, tearing into splinters the largest trees, and destroying whole companies at once.

About seven o'clock, as fresh troops were being pushed in by the enemy, Meagher and Sickles were sent in with their brigades to relieve such regiments as had expended their ammunition, and batteries from the reserve were pushed forward to replace those whose boxes were empty. Until dark the enemy persisted in his efforts to take the positions so tenaciously defended; but despite his vastly superior numbers, his repeated and desperate attacks were repulsed with fearful loss. The sun went down, but the carnage did not cease, for though the musketry closed, the fiery messengers of death coursed their swift-winged path through the skies, dealing destruction among the enemy, who but feebly replied. It was after nine o'clock before all firing ceased. Never was a repulse more signal, the confused masses of the enemy's infantry, artillery and cavalry all struggling together, choking the roads and crossing the fields in every direction. So complete was the confusion, that one or two days elapsed before the men of the different regiments and commands could be collected together and put in shape, and it has been ascertained upon competent authority that

with twenty thousand fresh troops McClellan could have marched into the confederate capital without difficulty.

A VICTORY WITH NO SPOILS.

Although the result of the battle of Malvern Hill was a complete victory, it was, nevertheless, necessary to fall back to a position below City Point, as the channel there was so near the southern shore that it would not be possible to bring up the transports, should the enemy occupy it. Besides, the line of defence was too extended to be maintained by our weakened forces, and the supplies of food, forage and ammunition being exhausted, it was imperatively necessary to reach the transports immediately.

While an advancing army loses nothing in men and material by capture, it is necessarily the reverse with a retreating one; besides, though it may be successful in every battle, it loses the advantages of following up its victories, which are transferred to the enemy. Though this naturally has the tendency of weakening the *morale* of an army, such did not appear to be the case with ours, for the men went into every one of the many and protracted battles in most excellent spirits, and with full confidence of victory.


SOME POINTED COMMENTS.

Throughout the whole struggle the Union and confederate troops displayed upon every field the most desperate bravery and indomitable courage, and learned by the noble qualities they discovered to respect each other. Never upon the field did we see an act of cruelty done, and the testimony of our wounded, and the surgeons who remained with them, was to the universally kind treatment they received from the privates of the enemy. It is to be regretted that the same cannot be said of their officers, and all unite in testifying to the bitter animosity and heartlessness shown by the non-combatants and civilians.

On the day of the battle of Malvern Hill a large number of citizens from Richmond visited the battle-field of New Market cross-roads, anticipating the pleasure of seeing our army surrender. None of them, however, showed the least disposition to assist our wounded, though to satisfy their curiosity they walked among them, and were very inquisitive and rude in their inquiries, and some of them were shameless enough even to steal their canteens and cups—articles that then were more than gold to the helpless fellows, who lay for days afterwards upon the field, burning with fever and without a mouthful of water to quench their thirst. One man, and we are sorry to say he

was a minister of the Gospel, so far forgot the precepts of his Master, the Prince of Mercy, and the better feelings of his heart—if he ever had any—in his bitter hatred of Union soldiers, as to commence upbraiding as “mercenaries” and “hirelings” the poor wounded sufferers, some of whom had lost their limbs, and others from whose wounds maggots were crawling. When suffering all the anguish that mortals are heir to, when faint with the loss of blood and nervous excitement, this individual, clothed in the sacred garb of religion, taunted and denounced these poor creatures over whom the guardian angels of heaven were weeping. It is with unfeigned pleasure that we contrast with this the conduct of Doctor Hill Carter, a most worthy and estimable gentleman, whose house was also used as a hospital for our wounded. Doctor Carter, though a secessionist, not only put all he had at the disposal of our surgeons, but he and his family assisted, to the utmost of their ability, to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded, and their kindness will ever be remembered with gratitude by those whose sufferings they alleviated. All the wounded were subsequently removed to Richmond, though some of them not until a week afterwards, they lying upon the field during that time exposed to the burning rays of the sun of the day, and the cold dews of the night. Some of these, whose wounds were undressed, died on the road, and one relates the fiendish expression of an ambulance driver; “that corduroy roads were bully to haul wounded Yankees over.”

LEW WALLACE'S DIVISION AT SHILOH.

ENERAL Lewis Wallace's Third division, of Ohio, Indiana and Missouri troops, composed of the three brigades commanded by Colonels Morgan L. Smith, John M. Thayer, and Charles Whittlesey, after an arduous day's march from Crump's Landing on Sunday, in which they had been compelled to change their course by the falling back of the forces they were coming to support, were, about one o'clock on Monday morning, ready for battle on the extreme right. Shortly after daybreak a portion of his artillery drove a battery of the enemy from an opposite bluff, and the division moved forward over the ground gained. I was then, says General Wallace in his official report, at the edge of an oblong field that extended in a direction parallel with the river. On its right was a narrow strip of wood, and beyond that lay another cleared field, square and very large. Back of both fields to the north was a range

of bluffs, overlooking the swampy low grounds of Snake creek, heavily timbered, broken by ravines, and extending in a course diagonal with that of my movement. An examination satisfied me that the low grounds afforded absolute protection to my right flank, being impassable for a column of attack. The enemy's left had rested on the bluffs, and as it had been driven back, that flank was now exposed. I resolved to attempt to turn it. For that purpose it became necessary for me to change front by a left half wheel of the whole division. While the movement was in progress, across a road through the woods at the southern end of the field we were resting by, I discovered a heavy column of rebels going rapidly to reinforce their left, which was still retiring, covered by skirmishers, with whom mine was engaged. Thompson's battery was ordered up and shelled the passing column with excellent effect, but while so engaged he was opened on by a full battery planted in the field just beyond the strip of woods on the right. He promptly turned his guns at the new enemy. A fine artillery duel ensued, very honorable to Thompson and his company. His ammunition giving out in the midst of it, I ordered him to retire, and Lieutenant Thurber to take his place. Thurber obeyed with such alacrity that there was scarcely an intermission in the fire, which continued so long and with such warmth as to provoke the attempt on the part of the rebels to change their position. Discovering the intention, my first brigade was brought across the field to occupy the strip of woods in front of Thurber. The cavalry made the first dash at the battery, but the skirmishers of our Eighth Missouri poured an unexpected fire into them, and they retired pell-mell. Next the infantry attempted a charge; the first brigade easily repelled them. All this time my whole division was under a furious cannonade, but being well masked behind the bluff or resting in the hollows of the wood, the regiments suffered but little.

CHARGING DOWN THE OPEN FIELD.

A handsome line of battle now moved forward on my left to engage the enemy. I supposed it to be Sherman's troops, but was afterwards otherwise informed. Simultaneously mine was ordered to advance, the first brigade leading. Emerging from the woods, it entered the second field I have mentioned, speedily followed by the second brigade, when both marched in the face of the enemy aligned as regularly as if on parade. Having changed front, as stated, my movement was now diagonal to the direction originally started on, though the order was still *en echelon*, with the center regiment of each brigade dropped behind in its place in line as a reserve. While thus advancing, Colonel

Whittlesey, as appears from his report, in some way lost his position, but soon recovered it. The position of the enemy was now directly in front, at the edge of the woods fronting and on the right of the open field my command was so gallantly crossing. The ground to be passed getting at them dipped gradually to the center of the field, which is there intersected by a small run well fringed with willows. Clearing an abrupt bank beyond the branch, the surface ascends to the edge of the woods held by the enemy, and was without obstruction, but marked by frequent swells that afforded protection to the advancing lines, and was the secret of my small loss. Over the branch, up the bank, across the rising ground, moved the steady first brigade; on its right, with equal alacrity, marched the second; the whole in view, their banners gaily decking the scene. The skirmishers in action all the way cleared the rise, and grouped themselves behind the ground swells within seventy-five yards of the rebel lines. As the regiments approached them, suddenly a sheet of musketry blazed from the woods, a battery opened upon them. About the same instant, the regiments supporting me on the left fell hastily back. To save my flank, I was compelled to order a halt. In a short time, however, the retiring regiments rallied, and repulsed the enemy, and recovered their lost ground. My skirmishers meanwhile clung to their hillocks, sharpshooting at the battery. Again the brigades advanced, their bayonets fixed for a charge. But, pressed on their flank, and so threatened in front, the rebels removed their guns, and fell back from the edge of the woods. In this advance Lieutenant-Colonel J. Gerber was killed, and it is but justice to say of him, "No man died that day with more glory;" yet many died, and there was much glory. Captain McGaffin and Lieutenant Southwick, of the same regiment, also fell—gallant spirits, deserving honorable recollection. Many soldiers equally brave perished, or were wounded on the same field.

A CRITICAL POSITION.

It was now noon, and the enemy having been driven so far back, the idea of flanking them further had to be given up. Not wishing to interfere with the line of operations of the division to my left, but relying on it for support, my front was again changed, the movement beginning with the first brigade, taking the course of attack precisely as it had been in the outset. While the manœuver was being effected, a squadron of rebel cavalry galloped from the woods on the right, to charge the flank temporarily exposed. Colonel Thayer threw forward the Twenty-third Indiana, which, aided by an oblique fire from a company of the First Nebraska, repelled the assailants with loss. Scarcely

had the front been changed, when the supporting force on the left again gave way, closely followed by the masses of the enemy. My position at this time became critical, as isolation from the rest of the army seemed imminent. The reserves were resorted to. Colonel Woods, with his regiment, was ordered into line on the left. The remnant of a Michigan regiment sent me by General McClernand was dispatched to the left of Woods. Thurber galloped up, and was posted to cover a retreat, should such a misfortune become necessary. Before the dispositions could be effected, the Eleventh Indiana, already engaged with superior numbers in its front, was attacked on its left flank; but wheeling backward three companies of his endangered wing, Colonel McGinnis gallantly held his ground. Fortunately, before the enemy could avail themselves of their advantage by the necessary change of front, some fresh troops dashed against them, and once more drove them back. For this favor my acknowledgements are especially due to Colonel August Willich and his famous regiment. Pending this struggle, Colonel Thayer pushed on his command and entered the woods, assaulting the rebels simultaneously with Colonel Smith. Here the Fifty-eighth Ohio and the Twenty-third Indiana proved themselves fit comrades in battle with the noble First Nebraska. Here, also, the Seventy-sixth Ohio won a brilliant fame. The First Nebraska fired away its last cartridge in the heat of the action. At a word, the Seventy-sixth Ohio rushed in and took its place.

VICTORY AT LAST.

Off to the right, meanwhile, arose the music of the Twentieth and Seventy-eighth Ohio, fighting gallantly in support of Thurber, to whom the sound of rebel cannon seemed a challenge no sooner heard than accepted. From the time the wood was entered, *forward* was the only order. And step by step, from tree to tree, position to position, the rebel lines went back, never stopping again—infantry, horse and artillery all went back. The firing was grand and terrible. Before us was the Crescent regiment of New Orleans—shelling us on the right was the Washington artillery of Manassas renown, whose last stand was in front of Colonel Whittlesey's command. To and fro, now in my front, then in Sherman's, rode General Beauregard, inciting his troops, and fighting for his fading prestige of invincibility. The desperation of the struggle may be easily imagined. When this was in progress, far along the lines to the left the contest was raging with equal obstinacy. As indicated by the sounds, however, the enemy seemed retiring everywhere. Cheer after cheer rang through the woods. Each man felt the day was ours. About four o'clock the

enemy to my front broke into rout, and ran through the camps occupied by General Sherman on Sunday morning. Their own camp had been established about two miles beyond. There, without halting, they fired tents, stores, etc. Throwing out the wounded, they filled their wagons full of arms (Springfield muskets and Enfield rifles) ingloriously thrown away by some of our troops the day before, and hurried on. After following them until nearly nightfall, I brought my division back to Owl creek, and bivouacked it. The conduct of Colonel M. L. Smith and Colonel John M. Thayer, commanding brigades, was beyond the praise of words. Colonel Whittlesey's was not behind them. To them all belong the highest honors of victory.

MORGAN'S RAID THROUGH OHIO.



HERE are few of the older residents of southern Indiana and Ohio, who do not well remember the daring raid of the rebel general J. H. Morgan, which occurred during the early days of July, 1863. This bold raid was projected during the latter part of June, and its leader made a careful selection of the troops who were to accompany him.

MORGAN ON THE MOVE.

His command being strengthened by several picked regiments from the confederates in Tennessee, about 3,000 cavalry in all, with a battery of artillery, General Morgan set out on the 27th of June from Sparta, in the northern portion of the state, and by a rapid march entered Kentucky, reaching the Cumberland in the vicinity of Jamestown. Here he was watched by a brigade of cavalry, with artillery, under Colonel Wolford, but managed, on the night of the 2nd of July, to cross the river lower down at Barksville, the water being high, improvising a number of flats for the occasion. There was some skirmishing with the Union cavalry guarding the fords, and in the vicinity of Columbia, whither the enemy proceeded, encountering a reconnoitering party under Captain Custer, of the First Kentucky, who, making the attack, was himself mortally wounded and his men driven back towards Jamestown. Morgan then moved on to Green river, where, on the morning of the 4th, he found his progress arrested at the turnpike bridge by 200 of the Twenty-fifth Michigan cavalry, under Colonel Moore, in an intrenched position. Being summoned to surrender, the Union commander replied, "If it were any

other day, I might consider the summons, but the Fourth of July is a bad day to talk about surrender, and I must therefore decline." The enemy then attacked the rifle-pits and *abatis* of timber, and were repulsed with heavy loss. One of Morgan's officers, Captain Cunningham, in a narrative of the expedition, states the number of killed and wounded on his side at about sixty. "Of Morgan's command," says he, "the gallant Colonel Chenault fell pierced through the head with a *minié* ball as he led his men in a charge upon the rifle-pits. The lion-hearted Major Brent also poured out his life-blood upon the field. Indeed, this was the darkest day that ever shone upon our command. Eleven commissioned officers were killed, and nine wounded."

THROUGH KENTUCKY.

The enemy, after this disaster, crossed above at New Market, and made their way thence to Lebanon, which they reached on the morning of the fifth. They found the town garrisoned by about 400 of the Twentieth Kentucky, under Colonel Hanson, who, placing his men under shelter in the depot and other buildings, kept up a contest of seven hours with the enemy before he was compelled, by their artillery setting fire to the houses, to surrender. His loss was slight. In this attack the rebel Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan, a brother of the General, was killed. He was "the idol of the command," says Captain Cunningham; and when he fell, "loud and deep were the maledictions that ascended against the cowardly cravens for seeking shelter in dwelling-houses; and the question was raised as to their right to receive quarter." General Morgan, it is said, "with true southern chivalry, rode up to Colonel Hanson, after the surrender, and pulled him violently by the beard, and threatened to shoot him." The town was sacked, and Morgan's command freely supplied with arms and ammunition from the captured regiment. From Lebanon the enemy proceeded to Springfield, on their way towards the Ohio. Colonel Alston, Morgan's chief of staff, being detained by paroling the prisoners, was captured by a squad of Union cavalry. At Bardstown, on the sixth, twenty men of the Fourth United States cavalry were surprised, and after defending themselves in a stable while their ammunition lasted, surrendered. At Shepherdsville, on Salt river, Morgan stopped a passenger train from Louisville. Twenty soldiers in the cars were captured, and the express and mail matter, with the valuables of the passengers, freely pillaged. Passing through Lawrenceville, the command reached Brandenburg, on the Ohio, on the 7th of July, a place which it is said had many southern sympathizers among its inhabitants. There they were speedily enabled to cross the river by gaining pos-

session of two steamboats which came along opportunely for their purposes. The first which made its appearance from below, the J. S. McComb, they drew to the landing, hailing her from the wharf-boat at the shore. On her reaching the boat, a concealed body of the rebels hurried on board, and took possession without a struggle. Half an hour afterward, the Alice Dean, a large side-wheel steamer, came in sight, when the pilot of the McComb was made to signal her for assistance. On the vessels approaching each other, a crowd of Morgan's men boarded the Alice Dean and again quietly took possession. "As soon as their smart ruses had succeeded," says our narrator, "the rebels set about having a good time. The contents of the safes and storerooms, the silverware of the Dean, the bed blankets, all found new owners. The bars were, of course, points of special attraction, and commissioned officers stationed themselves behind them, dispensing the liquors as long as the stock lasted."

CROSSING THE OHIO RIVER.

On the morning of the 8th, the crossing commenced on the two boats. There was some resistance offered to their passage by a company of home-guards, with a single gun, from Leavenworth, in the vicinity, on the Indiana shore. The party, however, was speedily overpowered when Morgan's advance landed. The guards were cut up or captured, and their Parrott gun taken. Two Union gunboats, from Louisville, during the crossing made their appearance on the river, and opened fire on the steamboats; but having only five-second fuses, and not being able to encounter the rifled guns of the rebels, withdrew from the contest. On the morning of the 9th, Morgan's entire force was landed on the Indiana shore, when the Alice Dean, valued at \$60,000, was burnt by his orders, the McComb being spared. The Union force which was gathering on the track of Morgan in full pursuit—Colonel Wolford, with his brigade from Jamestown, joining Generals Hobson and Shackleford at Springfield—arrived at Brandenburg just after the crossing of the enemy. General Hobson was in command, his entire force of Kentucky and Ohio cavalry and mounted infantry, with a howitzer battery and section of artillery, numbering about 3,000. General Judah's division, three regiments of Indiana, Kentucky and Illinois infantry, with two regiments of Michigan cavalry, were also summoned from southern Kentucky, but not arriving from Louisville till after Morgan had crossed the Ohio, were sent up the river in boats to intercept the rebels on their retreat. General Hobson immediately crossed the river at Brandenburg, landed his force on the Indiana side before dawn of the 10th. The rapid and

subsequent movements of Morgan, though he inflicted great damage by the way, were in reality so many efforts to escape from his pursuers. The alarm was speedily sounded through the department. Governor Morton, of Indiana, called the people of the State to arms, and the response was universal. In Ohio, Governor Tod was equally on the alert. Large war meetings were held at Columbus, Ohio, and Indianapolis, Indiana. At Louisville, Kentucky, on the recommendation and under the direction of General Boyle, measures were taken to organize the citizens to resist the enemy. At Cincinnati, General Burnside was in consultation with the authorities, providing for the defence of the city. Troops were being gathered on all sides to resist or intercept the invaders. Yet, for two weeks, Morgan, by his boldness and skill, managed to keep ahead of his pursuers, traversing the highways of Indiana and Ohio, and ravaging some of the best points of those States.

PILLAGING TOWNS AND VILLAGES.

His first demonstration after crossing at Brandenburg was upon Corydon, the capital of Harrison county, Indiana, about fifteen miles due north from the river, and about twenty west of Louisville. The invaders, burning and destroying along the way, reached this place late in the afternoon of the 9th. About 200 home-guards showed fight, but the rebels closing in upon them from all sides, were obliged to surrender, after killing and wounding nine of Morgan's men and losing themselves fifteen. The town was then sacked, and some 300 horses confiscated. Mr. Glen, the minister, and two other brave men, fired upon the rebels from their houses, for which they were killed. Their property was burned. There Morgan inaugurated a new system of levying contributions, by forcing parties to save their property from destruction by paying large ransoms. Three mill-owners paid \$1,000 each in this way. Camping for the night near Corydon, Morgan marched next morning upon Salem, where he arrived about ten o'clock.

Here Col. Steffna, an ex-army officer, had collected several hundred militia, mostly mounted, but surrendered himself and his command as soon as the rebel artillery showed signs of opening fire upon the town. Pillaging was again indulged in without restraint, Morgan looking on from a hotel porch with a cigar in his mouth. Here, more citizens were killed upon slight provocation, and \$1,000 per head collected from three additional millers. The depot, five cars, and several small bridges and the water-tanks along the railroad were destroyed, but the damage was all repaired in twenty-four hours. There, as at

Corydon, the citizens were compelled to cook for the rebels. At four o'clock they left Salem, going northwardly towards Vienna, where they burned another railroad bridge, and bivouacked until morning. From Vienna they kept to the north, through Lexington and Paris to Vernon, on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, where they arrived on the evening of the 12th. Colonel Lowe held this point with about 1,200 militia. Morgan summoned him to surrender, when he replied, "Come and take me." Morgan then ordered him to remove the women and children previous to the bombardment of the town. A removal was made, but instead of attacking, the rebels left under cover of the night, after doing the railroad as much injury as they could. While Morgan was about Vernon, a detachment of 100 rebels who had become separated from the main body made an effort to rejoin it by crossing the river at Eighteen Mile Island, above Louisville. Forty-seven managed to swim over, but were captured near Charleston. Nineteen men and forty-four horses were on the island, when the gunboat there discovered them, and prevented their crossing by shelling until General Manson, on his way up the river with a brigade of Judah's Division, could land a company and take them prisoners. Twenty-five swam back to the Kentucky bank.

From before Vernon, Morgan proceeded to Dupont station, on the Madison and Indianapolis railroad, ten miles southeast of Vernon, where he burned one large and two small bridges. Next he made for Versailles, reaching it about noon on the 12th. The town was made to suffer as much from depredations as any yet passed. The county treasurer was relieved of \$5,000 by Morgan, who sarcastically regretted that the county was so poor as not to have any more money on hand. Another small force, meantime, had burned two railroad bridges and stations along the railroad. From Versailles the rebels moved eastward, via Pierceville, and bivouacked on the night of the 12th at a settlement known as Moore's Hill, about thirty-five miles northwest of Cincinnati. At one o'clock in the morning they left their bivouac, making for the northeast. They crossed the Indianapolis and Cincinnati railroad at Weisberg station, where they had a skirmish with home-guards, and then marched, via Dover, to Harrison, on the State line, making their noon halt at the latter place. The rebels not only uniformly plundered the stores, public offices and private houses of the town, but also the farm houses along the route. The last part of this infamous business was transacted principally by squads sent to the right and left to gather up horses, provisions and forage. Many buggies, rockaways and carriages were now added to the caravan. Finding plenty of liquor in the towns, many of them kept in a con-

stant state of inebriation and conducted themselves like savages, insulting and threatening everybody, discharging their pieces in every direction, riding about wildly with unearthly whoops and yells.

CLOSE PURSUIT BY THE FEDERAL CAVALRY.

Fast as Morgan moved, at the rate of forty to fifty miles a day, General Hobson followed him with great swiftness, although laboring under serious disadvantages. He made Corydon at ten o'clock on the 10th, and halted in the evening only two miles west of Salem, having travelled during that day no less than fifty miles. Resuming the march at five o'clock, he camped the night of the 11th at Vienna, where he kept trotting almost without rest in the track of the rebels, until Versailles was reached at five o'clock on the 13th, and Harrison on the evening of the same day. At this point, General Hobson had reduced the distance between himself and his game to less than half a day's march. Both Hobson and Morgan had their respective commands considerably reduced in this race through Indiana by the loss of men who gave out on the road. Many of our cavalry were likewise obliged to remain behind, from inability to remount themselves after running down their horses. In this respect, Morgan had decidedly the advantage over his pursuers. He had the first chance at the stables on his route, and improved it so thoroughly as to leave but few animals within easy range to replace the worn-out ones of our troopers. Again, Morgan, by first drafts upon the pantries and barns, deprived the inhabitants to a great extent of the means of readily feeding the chasing men and beasts, thereby impairing their efficiency and causing loss of time in necessitating foraging tours off the roads. Strongly loyal as the people of southern Indiana proved themselves, by liberally dispensing to our troops all they had left in provisions and forage, and aiding them otherwise in every way they could, they would have really assisted them much more effectually than they did, under the impulse of fear, to the demands made upon them by the rebels. If they had only forced them to take everything they wanted, instead of carrying it to them, the pursuers would have been upon them much sooner. That the rebel requisitions were filled with such relative alacrity was mainly due to the fact that the heads of families had mostly hurried to the militia rendezvous, and that only old men, women and children were at home. The comet-like swiftness with which Morgan traversed the southern portion of the State—he passed through it less than four days—made it impossible for the military authorities to make proper use against him of the immense militia force assembled at various points along the line of the raid.

ON THROUGH THE BUCKEYE STATE.

As a prairie fire before the wind, the universal excitement and rising in the arms of the people of the threatened regions spread to Ohio, as the enemy advanced towards her border. Governor Tod, as their intention to invade his State became manifest, like Governor Morton, called upon the militia to meet at once in their several counties and repair to certain general points of rendezvous, for the purpose of repelling the insolent foe. The call was answered no less enthusiastically than in Indiana. The direction of Morgan's movements coupled with the exaggerated reports of his strength, having given rise to not unreasonable apprehensions that the enemy might attempt a *coup de main* against Cincinnati, the people of the Queen City prepared for her defence as vigorously as they did in the days of Kirby Smith's imaginary advance in force towards the Ohio. On Saturday and Sunday, the 11th and 12th, between 10,000 and 12,000 men were organized into regiments. Major Harris—previously an acting brigadier and one of the most able, energetic and determined officers in the Army of the Ohio—issued a call for 3,000 mounted volunteers to intercept the rebels, and in less than twenty-four hours that number had reported to him. For want of horses, arms and equipments, however, his plan failed of execution. On the morning of the 13th, General Burnside proclaimed martial law, requiring business to be suspended and every able-bodied man to join some organization for the defence of the city. Part of General Judah's division and several regiments from Lexington arriving on that and the previous day, the safety of the city was fully assured.

SWINGING AROUND CINCINNATI.

The rebels, after a brief rest at Harrison, entered Ohio on the afternoon of the 13th, after burning the bridge across White Water behind them. Fearing interference with their operations from Cincinnati, probably as much as the city people expected an attack from them, they made for the Great Miami over several roads running close to each other, to save time in crossing and reunite on its left bank. They crossed on the Miamitown, New Baltimore and Coleraine bridges, and continuing on after burning them, bivouacked for the night not more than ten miles northeast of Cincinnati. Early next morning they passed through Glendale and Springdale, where the stables, stores and residences were made to furnish them the usual contributions. Near the former place they crossed the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad without inflicting much injury.

A detachment was sent to visit the neighboring Camp Monroe, but

found the larger number of government mules usually kept there were gone. After a short halt at Springdale, they moved on through Sharon and Reading in a southeasterly direction, to Montgomery. There they contemplated a visit to Camps Dennison, (on the Little Miami, some fifteen miles from Cincinnati) and Shady, at which extensive and valuable improvements had been erected, and a vast amount of property of every description accumulated. Although it must have been known by that time that Morgan was more anxious to avoid Cincinnati than to attack it, and was going towards Camps Dennison and Shady, none of the troops in the city had been sent out for their protection. Fortunately Colonel Neff, their commandant, had energy and foresight enough to prevent any great loss of government stores. By blocking up the direct road from Glendale, through Milford, constructing rifle-pits and manning them with the six hundred convalescents in Camp Dennison, he forestalled an attack on the former, and gained time enough, by compelling the rebels to make a detour, to remove the hundreds of teams at Camp Shady, with the exception of fifty wagons, which were captured and destroyed. An attempt over the railroad bridge over the Miami, near Camp Dennison, failed, the approaching rebels being driven back by a squad of convalescents and some home-guards, with a loss of half a dozen killed and wounded. The rebels struck the Little Miami railroad at Dangerous Crossing, near Miami, and after obstructing the track, lay in wait for trains. Soon the accommodation train from Morrow came along unsuspectingly, and was run off the track. The train was crowded with people, but only the fireman was killed and one of the brakemen was injured. About two hundred recruits were aboard, whom they paroled. The cars were burned. Continuing to the southeast, the rebels made Batavia at two, and Williamsburg at three o'clock. Four miles from Williamsburg the regiment of Dick Morgan separated from the others, and bearing more to the south, proceeded to Georgetown, and thence to West Union, the county seat of Adams county, where it arrived about midnight and bivouacked. On the 15th it went further towards the river, evidently for the purpose of reconnoitering it with a view to crossing it into Kentucky, but discovering bodies of militia in every direction, it turned back to the north, and subsequently rejoined the main body about Jacksonville. The latter had pushed on from Williamsburg towards Sardinia, near which place they bivouacked on the night of the 14th. On their way they burned two more bridges over White Oak river. In all the numerous flourishing small towns the scenes of pillages and excesses of every kind, previously enacted, were repeated. Their march having taken them through

some of the richest counties of the State, their visits to stables had been fruitful of hundreds of fine horses.

ON THE REBELS' TRAIL.

The condition of General Hobson's men and animals upon arriving at Harrison was such that he could not resume his march till three o'clock on the 14th. Starting at that hour, he followed in the wake of Morgan until late in the evening, when he bivouacked on the little Miami. Setting out again at two o'clock on the following morning, a bewildered Methodist preacher, who presumed to act as guide, led him nine miles out of the way, for the unnecessary fatigue of which extra march the well meaning, and unlucky clerical gentleman had to endure some profanity from the hard-worked troopers. In consequence of this mistake and the previous delay, occasioned by the destruction of bridges, General Hobson could not make Sardinia until evening, thus giving Morgan several additional hours headway. The head of his column was then about ten, and the rear about fourteen hours behind the enemy. The "will" of our men was still all that could be expected; but as to the "flesh," it almost refused service, and required the good example and some exhortation of the officers to keep the "chase" in a running order. The military authorities of Cincinnati must have felt rather cheap upon learning that the rebels had given them the slip. General Burnside, however, at once directed such measures, in co-operation with Governor Tod, as best accorded with the shift the "situation" had taken. General Judah's division was sent up the river, with orders to land at such a point as would enable it to head off Morgan from the south. Bodies of militia were ordered to move so as to effect the same from the north. The militia committees of the counties through which the rebels were ready to pass were instructed to delay their movements as much as possible by obstructing the roads in every practicable way. The gunboat squadron was ordered to cruise up and down the river, to foil attempts to cross. Cincinnati was relieved from martial law.

THROUGH BROWN, ADAMS AND SCIOTO COUNTIES.

Making through Sardinia, the rebels reached Winchester at two o'clock on the 15th. Here they sacked the post-office, and stole, besides horses, about \$40,000 worth of goods. One firm lost \$11,000. They amused themselves by tearing all the loyal banners they could find into shreds and tying them to their mules' tails. From Winchester they went to Jacktown, where they destroyed another bridge, and thence via Wheatridge and Jacksonville towards Jasper, on the right

bank of the Scioto. The inhabitants of this place and surrounding country, under the direction of some militia officers, had commenced obstructing the roads from the west. That region being hilly and the roads winding and narrow, the progress of the rebels might have been greatly procrastinated by felling timber across the latter. Morgan, by a sharp ruse, however, saved himself from serious impediment. He had a telegrapher with an instrument along, whom he sent out with a detachment to operate on the telegraph line between Chillicothe and Piketon, and deceive the people around Jasper as to the bearing of his movements. This he did by dint of a telegram, and the axemen on the roads from Jacksonville went to work on more northerly ones. Nevertheless, by what they had already done, the rebels were detained for several hours six miles from Jasper. A Mr. McDougal, one of our axemen, was caught and killed by them. They entered the town, however, at three o'clock, on the 16th, and after helping themselves to all that was movable, partaking of excellent dinners, burned a fine steam-mill and the canal bridges, crossed the Scioto, and having destroyed the fine bridge over it also, proceeded to Piketon, where a militia force had evacuated. In Piketon their conduct was as disgraceful and reckless of private property as ever. The stores were robbed and gutted; women and children were insulted and frightened, and several citizens killed upon slightest provocation. Being informed about dark of the approach of our cavalry, they left for Jackson, the county seat of Jackson county, where they arrived and went into bivouac at eleven o'clock that night.

HOBSON IN HOT PURSUIT.

General Hobson broke camp at Sardinia at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th, and reached Winchester at eight, and tracing the rebels closely at Jasper at two o'clock on the following morning. Here he rested his men until eleven o'clock. Resuming his march, he experienced another delay from the destruction of the bridges, his men having to swim the canal, but made Jackson toward evening, twelve hours behind the rebels. In all the towns, as our troops passed them, and afterwards, the inhabitants received them with the utmost enthusiasm and hospitality. The women, above all, strove to furnish them with tangible evidence of their good will; not shrinking even from holding, feeding and watering the horses in order to give the men more chance to eat and rest. The kindness thus showed the latter naturally had an inspiring effect; made them forget their fatigue and stimulated them to renewed efforts to bring to condign chastisement those who have so shamelessly abused those good loyal

people. At Jackson the rebels, according to their uniform practice, had inflicted great havoc upon the stores. Instigated by some of the vilest of sympathizers of Vallandigham persuasion, they gutted the office of the Jackson *Standard*, the Republican county paper. For this outrage our troops obtained satisfaction afterwards by visiting a similar fate upon the Jackson *Express*, the newspaper of the Peace Democracy. The *Standard* was the only paper interfered with by the rebels during the raid. Having ascertained that several thousand militia had congregated at Berlin, six miles northeast, Morgan made an advance upon that point on the morning of the 17th. The commander of the Union forces at Berlin, Colonel Runkle, an experienced officer in the volunteer service, had about 2,500 men, tolerably well armed, but utterly raw, and without any artillery. Notwithstanding the superiority of the rebels in every respect, he determined to hold his ground, acting upon the defensive, in the expectation of keeping Morgan engaged until Hobson could come up. Judiciously posting his men in a sheltered position beyond the town, after obstructing the road leading to his front, he awaited the approach of the rebels. After entering the town and committing their usual depredations, including the burning of a mill, their whole force came out and deployed in line, as though they meant to give battle. They opened with their artillery upon Colonel Runkle's men, but finally withdrew without a *bona fide* attack, after losing a dozen killed and wounded.

MORGAN'S GREAT BLUNDER.

The demonstration against Berlin proved a fatal move to Morgan. Whether he was tempted into it by the fact that there were 12,000 government animals at the place, and expected to overcome the protecting force with ease, but was frightened off by the imposing display—covering great weakness—of strength by Colonel Runkle, or intended it merely as a feint to create misapprehensions as to the movements by which he hoped to extricate himself from his precarious situation, the waste of time incurred in this venture brought him into the net in which the greater portion of his command were caught. His only road to safety was across the Ohio, and for that he should have made without the least delay, instead of losing half a day in an opposite direction. After destroying a bridge and culvert on the Scioto and Hocking railroad, the rebels first moved in a southerly direction, with a view to crossing between Portsmouth and Gallipolis; but receiving information of the advance of a large body of troops from the former place, and finding the roads barricaded, turned about to the north, and took the road for Pomeroy, on which they camped in

the evening. In the meantime, loyal forces were closing in upon them from all directions. From the north, Colonel Runkle's militia were following him. To the west, General Hobson was, as previously stated, at Jackson, within a few miles' ride of them. To the east and south-east, one militia and two volunteer regiments, from General Scammon's Kanawha Valley division, came down the river from Parkersburg, and were watching for them. All the fords between Portsmouth and Pomeroy were guarded by gunboats; and from the southeast General Judah was moving up with his whole division. One brigade of the latter, consisting of the Fifteenth Indiana, Fourteenth Illinois, and parts of the Eleventh Kentucky, and Eighth and Ninth Michigan Cavalry and Henshaw's battery, with General Judah himself, had landed at Portsmouth, upon information of Morgan's passage of the Scioto on the evening of the 16th, and immediately landed inland towards Oakhill Station, on the Scioto and Hocking railroad. The General's guide losing his way, and leading the troops several miles out of the road, they did not reach it until next morning. Learning here that Morgan was at Jackson and about going eastward, General Judah hurried forward to Centreville, after sending orders to General Manson, who had that morning landed at Portsmouth, to follow him with his brigade of infantry. Reaching Centreville late in the evening, he bivouacked there for the night.

CLOSING IN ON THE RAIDERS.

Early on the 18th, the rebels marched towards Pomeroy, taking two roads—one column going via Wilkesville and the other through Vinton. After crossing Raccoon Creek, and burning all the bridges over it, they were detained two hours near the little town of Linesville by barricades which the home-guards had built on the road. They appeared before Pomeroy about noon, but finding the roads to the town all blocked up and defended by home-guards, with whom they skirmished slightly, they made no attempt to force an entrance, but continued east to Chester, which point they reached in the evening, after constant detentions on the road by barricades. Stopping only long enough to burn a bridge over Shady Creek, and make some requisitions for food, they pushed on to the south for Buffington ford, some eight miles above Pomeroy, and opposite a considerable island bearing the same name. Their advance arrived at the ford at three o'clock in the morning, and immediately began preparations for crossing. The main body went into bivouac in some corn-fields in the river bottom, to the east of the road they had come and a short distance from the bank, expecting to cross at daylight, and little dreaming

what disasters the morning had in store for them. General Hobson had marched from Jackson at three o'clock in the morning on the preceding day, and bivouacked at night around Chester. General Manson's and General Scammon's forces and the gunboats likewise proceeded up the river for the same point.

DEATH OF DANIEL MCCOOK.

The rebels planted their artillery at the ford, so as to command the passage. At four o'clock they commenced crossing by means of a scow and swimming, and thus managed to get about fifty over, although home-guards on the Kentucky side fired upon them. The passage of the river, however, was soon cut short by events to the north and in their rear. General Judah, with his staff and escort and the advance guard of his cavalry, descended the bluffs, skirting the bottom lands on which the rebels were bivouacking, over the pike from Chester to Buffington, about four o'clock. He had been informed by several parties during the night that Morgan had succeeded in crossing, and hardly looked for the enemy. A dense fog had settled upon the bottom, and although day was breaking, sight for any distance was impossible. When within half a mile of the river, a volley from carbines, shot-guns and pistols, and orders to halt, suddenly burst upon our advance, and gave unmistakable proof of the presence of the rebels, who had discovered the approach of our troops and prepared for their reception. The road being narrow and fenced, the fog obscuring everything, and our officers being unacquainted with the locality, the advance was thrown into wild confusion, and officers and men made back in indiscriminate flight towards the bluffs. In their helter-skelter race, they stampeded the horses, pulling one of our pieces to their rear, and rode down Captain Henshaw and his cannoneers, and captured the piece and artillerymen. In this repulse, one of the saddest calamities of the war occurred. The venerable Daniel McCook, the head of the branch of the family that furnished no less than seven distinguished officers to the Union service, received a wound from which he died two days afterward. Hearing at Cincinnati that the assassin of his son, General Robert L. McCook, was with Morgan, he gave way to the strong impulse for personal revenge he had felt ever since the former's death, and joined General Judah with his trusty rifle that had served the loyal cause so well on many a field in the eastern and southeastern campaigns. After being shot off his horse, he fell for a short time into the hands of some rebel dastards, who robbed the bleeding old man of his watch and several hundred dollars in money. A braver and more ardently loyal heart never beat. He was filled with the

same spirit of the devoted, self-sacrificing, lofty patriotism that illumines the annals of the War of Independence.

A SHARP ENGAGEMENT.

The check received by our troops was of short duration. The fog rising, two sections of our artillery were brought forward and opened upon the enemy, and under this fire the Fifth Indiana and Fourteenth Illinois cavalry formed and attacked the rebels, driving them back and re-capturing the lost pieces and artillerists. Judah's cavalry operated upon the rebel flank. At the same time the Fifth Indiana and Fourteenth Illinois made at them, the head of the column of General Hobson, who had left Chester at three o'clock in the morning, consisting of the Second and Seventh Ohio cavalry, came upon the rear of the rebels and attacked them at once, vigorously supported by the fire of two howitzers. Simultaneously, a body of our infantry that had been landed below advanced up the bottom upon the enemy. The gunboat Moose and armed transport Allegheny had also reached the island, and directed the fire of their guns upon the north bank. The rebels being completely hemmed in on three sides, so scattered over the ground that they could not make a concerted defense, found themselves reduced to a choice between surrender and fight up the road along the river, the only one left open to them. Colonels Dick Morgan, Basil Duke and Smith, with their respective commands, after vainly trying to obtain better terms, surrendered themselves successively without conditions to General Shackelford. The prisoners numbered about 800. Morgan, with the remainder, filed up the river, leaving behind all his artillery and the stolen vehicles laden with plunder. The point for which he made was a ford about fourteen miles above Buffington, opposite Belleville, on the Kentucky side. Having reached it about dark, he ordered Johnson's troops to cross at once. The rebel troopers, believing the river fordable, plunged in, but speedily found their horses swimming. Many of their tired horses were unequal to the task and went down, with some fifty of their riders, including several officers. About 300 succeeded in crossing, with Colonel Johnson himself, when the gunboats appeared once more, and by their fire drove those who endeavored to follow back to the north bank. Johnson and his men managed to work their way through Eastern Kentucky to Southwestern Virginia.

CONTINUING THE PURSUIT OF MORGAN.

As soon as the prisoners were properly disposed of, our cavalry, under the command of General Shackelford, resumed the pursuit

of Morgan. Receiving information on the way that Morgan was making from Belleville to Humphreys' Ford, further above, he took the shortest route for that point, but arrived near it only in time to see the rebels move off at a gallop in a northern direction. His command being absolutely exhausted, and the sun having set, he reluctantly went into bivouac. About one o'clock, scouts having reported to him that Morgan was moving northward in the direction of Athens, he immediately dispatched a column in pursuit. A few hours later reports reached him that the rebels were moving westward a few miles north of his bivouac, on roads leading to the river, when he started after them with the rest of his command. This was on the morning of Monday, the 20th. The rebels first went to Harrisonville, and thence southwardly toward the river. They approached Cheshire, some miles below Pomeroy, in the course of the afternoon; but General Shackelford was close up with them and forced them to stand about three o'clock. After a brief fight, in which the rebels lost ten men, they sent a flag of truce with an offer of unconditional surrender. General Shackelford supposed, when accepting it, that Morgan and all his men were about delivering themselves up; upon examination, he discovered to his sorry disappointment that only Colonel Coleman and some 400 men were in his hands, while the rebel chief had again slipped away northwestwardly, with some 600 men. Vexatious at the discovery that another chase was unavoidable, in view of the wearied condition of his command, he set about with unflagging spirits selecting the freshest men and horses for another pursuit. During the 20th many small squads of Morgan's men became, voluntarily and involuntarily, detached from the main column and were picked up by the militia. Over 200 were picked up in Meigs county alone. The scene of the action at Buffington, and all the roads traveled over by them, were literally strewn with the fruits of their thieving operations, and their arms and equipments. There were buggies, rockaways, spring and lumber wagons without number; rolls of silk, muslin, calico and other dry goods; bags full of men's clothing, hats, boots and shoes, linen, laces, kid gloves, cutlery, men's and women's undergarments—even children's petticoats—lying about in every direction, mingled with carbines, shotguns, rifles, sabres, pistols and cartridge-boxes. Many of the latter were found to contain jewelry instead of ammunition. The woods were full of horses and mules. In places the ground was covered with pieces of greenbacks and other currency, stolen and torn by the rebels on surrendering. At Buffington "help yourselves" was the watchword of the volunteers, militia, and hundreds of countrymen attracted to the spot, as to the spoils dropped by the

rebels. Of the mercantile wares scarcely anything was likely to find its way back to the owners, and even of the vehicles and horses, many were appropriated without just claim to them. The scanty contents of the captured cartridge-boxes and caissons demonstrated that the rebels would not have been able to make a protracted fight. The former did not average three rounds and the latter not over twenty.

At daybreak on the 21st, General Shackelford was again upon Morgan's track with 650 picked troopers, comprising detachments of all the mounted regiments engaged under Hobson and Judah in the pursuit. Among the field officers that accompanied him were Colonels Capron, Buford and Wolford. The last mentioned had been on the chase longer than any of others—fully eighteen days—but would not desist as long as his inveterate enemy, whom he had been hunting and fighting for well nigh two years, was still at large. While Shackelford was renewing the chase to the north, a fleet of light draught-boats were sent up the river with volunteers and militia, infantry and cavalry to watch the fords between Pomeroy and Wheeling. Major-General Brooks, commanding the western district of Pennsylvania, provided means of preventing the enemy from crossing between Wheeling and Pittsburg. To head them off from the north, General Burnside ordered two battalions of cavalry, under Majors Way and Rae, to proceed by rail to Columbus, and thence wherever the movements of Morgan would render it most advisable. Governor Tod likewise sent some troops from the State capital eastward and southward for the same purpose, and moved the militia of the southeastern counties so as to cover the routes likely to be taken by the rebels. With Morgan the question was no longer to depredate and fight, when he could be sure of victory, but to avoid all collisions, hurry far away from our troops, and take out of the State and save what remained of his command. Pushing northward from the river with all speed, he reached the vicinity of Ewington, in Gallia county, some twenty miles west of Gallipolis, on the morning of the 21st, and halted to feed his horses in some grain fields. On the morning previous 250 militia, under Major Sonntag, had started out from Portsmouth to intercept Morgan. Leaving the Scioto and Hocking railroad at Portland station, they marched overland for some cross-roads which they were to guard, near the farm on which the rebel horses were being fed. Morgan, perceiving their approach, ordered five of his men to proceed toward them under a flag of truce to demand their surrender. The officer in command, upon being told that Morgan had surrounded him with several thousand men and that resistance was useless, forthwith complied with the rebel request. Had he shown but the slightest

disposition to fight, the fact, of which he had good opportunity after his capture to satisfy himself, that the rebels had but little ammunition, and half of their number had lost their guns, would have compelled them to avoid a re-encounter. As it was, they not only obtained arms from all of their captives, but also enough ammunition for seventeen rounds. The disgrace of this affair was strikingly illustrated by the subsequent voluntary surrender to the disarmed and paroled militia of fifty-seven of the rebels, who intentionally skulked to the rear after Morgan had moved away.

ANOTHER MILITIA POLTROON.

Continuing toward Berlin, Morgan came unaware upon another party of militia, some two miles from that town, about as strong as the Portsmouth braves, and commanded by a Major Slain, of Pike County. He, too, surrendered upon demand. To the credit of his men, however, be it recorded that many cried with indignation at the dishonor brought upon them by him. The rebels paroled them and broke their guns. Crossing the Marietta and Cincinnati railroad at Vinton Station without doing any damage beyond cutting down a telegraph pole, and passing through Zaleski within a short mile northeast of the town of McArthur, he encamped in the evening four miles north of it on the Logan road. Starting at six o'clock the next morning, he kept on north a few miles further, then turned east, going within a mile of the of New Plymouth, and thence toward the Hocking river, which he crossed not far from Nelsonville. From the left bank of the Hocking he rode through Perry and Muskingum Counties, capturing in the evening at Deavertown a scouting party of twenty-five citizens of Zanesville. Keeping Zanesville some fifteen miles to his left, he crossed the Muskingum at Eaglesport at ten o'clock on the 23rd. Shortly after crossing, Colonel Hill, commanding a militia regiment, came upon him. But Morgan had no stomach for a regular fight, and made off after a slight skirmish. From Eaglesport he went to Cumberland, some twelve miles east of Zanesville. There met another body of militia about dark ; but, passing around them, he moved off to the northeast toward Senecaville. Near Cumberland about sixty of his men detached themselves and went back toward the Muskingum, depredating on their way. A mounted portion of the Eighty-sixth Ohio Infantry made after and captured them the next day. At five o'clock on the morning of the 24th he struck the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Campbell's Station, eight miles east of Cambridge. There he burned a railroad bridge, the station buildings, containing about \$20,000 worth of produce, and several carts loaded with tobacco. Ten thousand dollars in currency were taken from the office safe.

THROUGH THE HEART OF PATRIOTIC OHIO.

Continuing on due north over the National road, burning all the bridges they passed, the rebels appeared at Washington, an important country town, the people of which had been warned of this visit and had removed their valuables and horses, at seven o'clock in the morning. Having procured food for man and beast, the band deliberately betook themselves to eating, resting and sleeping for several hours in fancied security. At ten o'clock, however, the report of guns started them abruptly from their enjoyments. Soon their pickets dashed up the streets from the southern end of the town, shouting that the Unionists were coming. A general rush and scramble for horses ensued. Morgan jumped out of the bed he was occupying at the hotel, and was on his steed, and in a few minutes the whole gang were seceding out of the place upon the run. Shackelford's cavalry forces, joined by some mounted infantry, under Colonel Wallace, near Senecaville, were upon them. Until Morgan reached the National road he had shown anxiety, ever since leaving the Ohio, to follow less frequented by-roads rather than the well travelled highways, flattering himself with the vain hope of thereby deceiving and eluding his pursuers. But the latter gained on him all the time by taking more direct and better roads, abounding with full stables and barns. Steadily they had reduced the separating miles, and at last overtaken their game. As the rebels hurried out of one end of the town, our cavalry dashed in by the other, firing at the rear of the flying enemy. The former, upon reaching a hill just beyond the town on the Winchester road, halted, formed, and seemed to be ready to fight. General Shackelford at once dismounted his men for an attack; but as soon as they got off their horses the rebels fled in the direction of Winchester. Having comparatively fresh horses, they escaped with a loss of three wounded and four prisoners. From Winchester they went over a circuitous route to Antrim in the northeast corner of Guernsey County; thence northeastwardly to Londonderry, Smyrna and Moorfield. Between the last two places, by burning two bridges across the Stillwater, he gained two hours on his pursuers. From Moorfield, he headed for New Athens; but before reaching the place turned toward Cadiz, in Harrison county, where he arrived at eight o'clock in the morning, on the 25th. He aimed now at striking and crossing the Ohio river near Warrenton. Shackelford having taken a shorter road from New Athens, came up with him again at the point it intersects that from Cadiz to the river. An opportunity was here lost to cut the rebels in two by opening upon them first with artillery, instead of attacking them forthwith with cavalry. They succeeded in rushing

once more out of sight, and pushed for the river as fast as their horses could carry them. Learning, however, on the way, that it had risen nearly five feet the day before and was impassable, they changed their course, with a view of reaching the river higher above; went to Alexandria and thence across the Panhandle railroad to Centerville, where they appeared in the afternoon. The town being defended by a strong militia force, principally from Steubenville, they abstained from a visit to it, and went, after exchanging a few shots, northwardly toward Richmond, twelve miles distant. Shackelford reached Wintersville about half an hour later.

IN THE MESHES.

The meshes in which they became in the end inextricably entangled, were now rapidly contracting around them. Not only Shackelford, but two other columns of cavalry, composed of fresh men and horses, were on Saturday engaged in the chase, and were fast overtaking them. The latter were the battalions of Majors Way and Rae. Major Way's command came by rail from Columbus direct to the vicinity of Steubenville, disembarked, and immediately got on the track of the rebels. Major Rae's went on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to Bellaire, opposite Wheeling; thence north on the Panhandle railroad to Shanghai station, when, hearing of Morgan's whereabouts in the vicinity of Richmond, he had his men and horses off the cars and on the way to Knoxville in less than an hour. The movements of these mounted bodies pressing after Morgan on Saturday afternoon were almost concentric, so they neared each other by degrees. Shackelford's cavalry, having none but worn-out horses, could not move as expeditiously as the two others. It formed the reserve, as it were, to Way's and Rae's. The rebels from Richmond kept to the north on the New Lisbon road, their chief's object being to turn to the east, after reaching a certain cross-road, and make for Smith's Ford, not far from Wellsville. Major Way came up with their rear towards dark, and pressed and skirmished with it nearly all night. At last, at eight o'clock in the morning (Sunday, the 26th), he succeeded in forcing the enemy into a fight between Mechanicsville and Salineville, and after a lively combat of an hour's duration routed them completely, with a loss of about 200 men killed, wounded and prisoners, and an equal number of horses. After securing his captures, Major Way made after the rest of the rebels, who taxed their animals to the utmost to reach Smith's Ferry. Morgan, who until then had made himself comfortable in a buggy, abandoned it in hot haste and fled with the crowd on horseback. While the rebels were keeping Major Way busy, Major

Rae was speeding through other small towns in Columbiana county, towards the road to Smith's Ferry, which he expected the rebels to take. He was describing one side of a triangle, two of which were being followed by the enemy, and hence had good ground to hope to head them off, although they had several hours start of him. As he neared the point of intersection, toward noon, clouds of dust revealed that the rebels were before him. He started his men instantaneously upon a gallop; but the enemy having likewise noticed his approach, raced with him successfully for the junction of the roads, and reached it and passed it some ten minutes earlier. Luckily, Major Rae had provided himself with an excellent guide, who knew of a cut-off road, by which he would yet get between the rebels and the rear. Taking it at once and measuring its length of two miles into a steeplechase rate of speed, he found to his great delight upon reaching the second cross-road, that he had this time the better of the rebels, although they were already in sight. Disposing his command immediately for action, in and on the right and left of the road, he saw a flag of truce coming toward him, and proceeded to meet it. He was indignant and surprised upon being summoned to surrender! His reply was, that he would charge the rebels if they did not instantly throw down their arms and deliver themselves up as prisoners without conditions. Soon the flag returned, and endeavored to secure better terms, but upon being informed by the Major that for such they would have to apply to his superiors, accepted the Major's. This finale was enacted about four miles south of New Lisbon, between one and two o'clock.

THE FORMAL SURRENDER.

General Shackelford came up in the course of half an hour with the remainder of our cavalry, when a formal surrender was made to him by Morgan in the shade of an apple-tree belonging to a farm on which—strange coincidence!—the most lamented victim of the raid, old Dan McCook, formerly resided, and all his sons were born. Morgan affected indifference to and talked lightly of his misfortune. His well-known blooded mare he gave to Major Rae, and his pair of silver-mounted, ivory-handled revolvers to Colonel Wolford. Shortly after the arrival of General Shackelford, Morgan raised a claim to the privilege of paroles for himself and men. Upon inquiry, it appeared that having captured early in the morning and brought along with him a militia captain and a dozen or so of citizens of New Lisbon, he made an offer of surrender upon condition of being paroled to the former, when the barring of his way by Major Rae had cut off all chance of escape. The captain, unsuspecting of any trickery, too ignorant to

perceive the absurdity of receiving the surrender of his captor while still in his hands as a prisoner, and to know the terms of the cartel with the rebel authorities, and dazzled with the prospect of immortalizing himself as the captor of so notorious a character, readily accepted it. General Shackelford at once pronounced the claim preposterous, but was willing to submit it to the consideration of General Burnside, and in accordance with instructions from the latter, received during the evening, he started with the rebel officers the next morning by rail for Cincinnati, arriving there on Monday morning. His prisoners were provided with temporary and anything but agreeable quarters in the city prison. Governor Tod, upon being advised of Morgan's pretensions to a parole, had telegraphed for the militia captain, and likewise started with him for Cincinnati. General Burnside, after hearing the captain's statements, sent for Morgan and informed him that his claim was no less ridiculous than arrogant, and that he would have to go to the Ohio Penitentiary, to be confined therein until the rebel authorities were brought to terms in regard to the exchange of officers. And to the penitentiary the chief rebel marauder was sent.

BENEFITS OF THE RAID.

Here closes the narrative of this remarkable episode in the history of the war, of less importance than many of its greater conflicts, but which will ever remain of especial interest to the people of the States in which were the scenes of these depredations and conflicts. Great battles have more or less resemblance all the world over, whatever the cause which may call the combatants together, while an invasion, like this by Morgan, feelingly brings home to the people the sense of their insecurity when the wholesome restraints of government and law are abrogated by the hand of violence. It is but reasonable to suppose that the rebel chieftain in this raid did quite as much to secure the firm loyalty of the inhabitants of the northwest as the exhortations of their governors and the exploits of the grand armies from the beginning of the war. While it showed the people the dangers to which they were exposed, it at the same time taught them their strength and how to employ it. Well might Governor Tod, of Ohio, in his proclamation congratulatory of the event, remark: "Do not, fellow citizens, for a moment doubt that this raid of Morgan will ultimately form a benefit to us as a people." General Burnside also, in a letter of thanks to the Ohio militia, through the governor, wrote: "The consciousness of ability to protect their homes and the perceived advantage of organization and of some degree of principle will produce good fruit, and I cannot suffer the occasion to pass without congratulating you and the people of Ohio upon the result."

MORGAN'S ESCAPE FROM THE PENITENTIARY.

Morgan was confined in the penitentiary with thirty other Confederate officers captured with him, as a place of safe keeping in the lack of any secure military prison then at the command of General Burnside. They were, by orders of Governor Tod, to be kept as far as possible separate and apart from the convicts and subject only to such restraints as were necessary to hold them. That these were not of the most rigorous character was shown by the escape from the prison on the 28th of the following November, of Morgan with six of his officers. The escape was effected at night by digging through the floor of a cell of the lower tier to a sewer leading outside the wall; one of the party, Captain Hines, by trade a brickmaker, apparently having had the management of the affair. A reward was offered for the recapture of the leader, who, it was supposed, would make his way to Canada. Assisted by his friends, however, he escaped through the Union lines into Georgia.

ARMY CORPS AND CORPS BADGES.



THE custom of organizing bodies of fifty or sixty thousand men into what are now called Army Corps seems to have originated with Napoleon Bonaparte, who thus divided his armies. At no time has the exact number of men required to form a corps—or a *corps d'armée*, as the French have it—been fixed at any set figure; nor even the number of divisions, brigades, or regiments of which it must be composed.

In the early days of the war, under McDowell, there were no organizations above brigades and divisions; and these lacked cohesiveness. The dire results were shown at the disastrous battle of Bull Run, where hardly a brigade commander knew his troops, and few of the troops knew even the names of their general officers. Bull Run was practically a fight by regiments.

When McClellan took command, in 1861, he set about re-organizing—or rather *organizing*—the army. He first divided his forces into brigades of four regiments each, and made new brigades as the new regiments came to the front. He had the men drilled in brigade movements until they became tolerably familiar with the brigade drill. Then he began forming the brigades into divisions of three brigades each. Before the 1st of November, 1861, McClellan had formed eleven

divisions, each of which included from one to three or four batteries of artillery and a squadron of cavalry in addition to the regular three brigades of infantry.

In March, 1862, President Lincoln issued an order which not only peremptorily instructed McClellan to form his divisions into five Army Corps, but also designated the officer who was to command each corps when formed. The order was of course obeyed, although McClellan had grave doubts about the ability of his subordinates to handle such large bodies of troops. In due course of time the regular formation of the army became in "threes" throughout, viz.: three divisions to a corps, three brigades to a division, three regiments to a brigade. When this arrangement was violated it was generally because of depletion or special assignment. As the regiments became thinned by sickness, capture or death, brigades were often consolidated until the "skeletons" of a dozen regiments would form one small brigade. The same causes led to the consolidation of corps, as, for example, the Eleventh and Twelfth, which were combined to form the Twentieth, early in 1864; while the First and Third—two battle-scarred, glorious corps—were merged in the Second, Fifth and Sixth about the same time.

During the progress of the war there were twenty-five army corps in service, not including Hancock's veteran corps, nor the cavalry, signal and engineer corps. Most of these corps sooner or later adopted a distinctive badge or corps mark; but some never had such a designation.

The "Kearney patch" was no doubt the first corps badge. Many stories are told as to the origin of the custom of wearing "a piece of red cloth" as a mark to designate the *officers* of General Phil. Kearney's command, the order to wear such a distinguishing mark having been issued by Kearney himself. No special shape seems to have been specified by Kearney's original order—only "a piece of red cloth." And the officers only were required to wear it. The private soldiers, however, "caught on" to the idea, and voluntarily assumed the same method of distinguishing themselves from the other troops. In the absence of other material of the proper shade Kearney's soldiers often cut up the red linings of their overcoats to make their self-assumed badges. Kearney's boys were proud of their idolized and dare-devil commander, and wore their red patches with great dignity.

From this small and almost accidental beginning the rage for corps badges spread throughout the army. The idea took wonderfully, and was speedily seen to be not without valuable practical features. On the 21st of March, 1863, General Hooker issued the following order:

MARCH 21, 1863.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

For the purpose of ready recognition of corps and divisions of the army, and to prevent injustice by reports of straggling and misconduct through mistake as to their organizations, the chief quartermaster will furnish, without delay, the following badges, to be worn by the officers and enlisted men of all the regiments of the various corps mentioned. They will be securely fastened upon the center of the top of the cap. The inspecting officers will at all inspections see that these badges are worn as designated.

FIRST CORPS—a sphere ; red for First Division ; white for Second ; blue for Third.

SECOND CORPS—a trefoil ; red for First Division ; white for Second ; blue for Third.

THIRD CORPS—a lozenge ; red for First Division ; white for Second ; blue for Third.

FIFTH CORPS—a Maltese cross ; red for First Division ; white for Second ; blue for Third.

SIXTH CORPS—a cross ; red for First Division ; white for Second ; blue for Third.

ELEVENTH CORPS—a crescent ; red for First Division ; white for Second ; blue for Third.

TWELFTH CORPS—a star ; red for First Division ; white for Second ; blue for Third.

The sizes and colors will be according to Pattern.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.

S. WILLIAMS, A.A.G.

This order was accompanied with paper patterns showing the size, shape and color required. As a matter of fact, neither size nor shape were rigidly or even closely adhered to in many cases, so that there are frequent disputes as to the exact correctness of many of the old corps marks so carefully preserved by their original owners to this day. To settle all disputes, we may say that there was considerable variations in the sizes and shapes at various periods, and our accompanying colored plates are as nearly correct as the official records and patterns on file in the War Department can render them.

The badge of the First corps was simply a sphere, and consequently there has been no discussion as to its proper shape, although it varied somewhat in size.

The trefoil of the Second corps had the stem sometimes straight and sometimes curved. Both forms were considered correct, or sufficiently so for practical purposes.

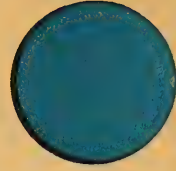
FIRST CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.

SECOND CORPS.



1st Div.

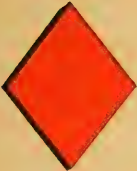


2d Div.



3d Div.

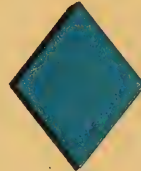
THIRD CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.

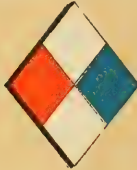


3d Div.

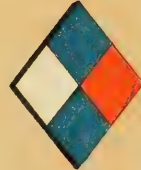
THIRD CORPS ARTILLERY BRIGADE.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.

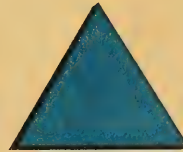
FOURTH CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.

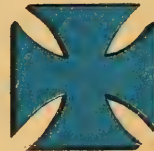
FIFTH CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.



The Third corps had a special badge for its artillery, as figured in Plate I. This was not in use until late in 1863 or early in 1864. This badge was generally worn on the side of the cap.

The Fourth corps, under its original organization by McClellan, had no badge; but the equilateral triangle became the mark of the reorganized Fourth corps, by order of General George H. Thomas, in 1864, who designated the usual colors for each division.

The lines of the Maltese cross, which designated the members of the Fifth corps, are nearly *straight*, but in most of the badges the lines had the slight curve shown on Plate I. There has been some discussion over this point, which is still somewhat undecided.

Up to 1864 the soldiers of the Sixth corps wore their badge diagonally forming a St. Andrew's cross, but after that time it was worn straight, forming a regular Greek cross, which is correctly shown in the plate.

The badge of the Seventh corps, a crescent nearly enclosing a star, was not adopted until June, 1865, when its use was authorized by General J. J. Reynolds, of the Department of Arkansas. This Seventh corps must not be confounded with the original Seventh corps, which had no badge and which was discontinued in the summer of 1863.

A six-pointed star was the emblem of the Eighth corps, and seems to have been adopted by general consent and without any special order or authority.

The famous Ninth corps had a beautiful and showy badge, which varied considerably in shape and design. It was first adopted by order of General Burnside dated April 10, 1864, announcing that the badge of the Ninth should be "a shield with the figure nine in the center, crossed with an anchor and cannon, to be worn on the top of the cap or front of the hat." The general and his staff wore expensive badges of great beauty. In December, 1864, General Parke, who then commanded the Ninth corps, issued an order to the following effect: "All officers and enlisted men in this command will be required to wear the corps badge upon the cap or hat. For the divisions the badges will be plain, made of cloth in the shape of a shield—red for first, white for the second, and blue for the third. For the artillery brigade the shield will be red, and will be worn under the regulation cross cannon." Thus the rank and file were relieved from wearing the expensive ornamentation over the shield. The Ninth corps had a fourth division during a portion of 1864, for which the regulation color was green.

The fortress-shaped badge of the Tenth corps was adopted in July, 1864, by order of General D. B. Birney.

The crescent of the Eleventh Corps became noted after Chancellorsville by having the heartless epithet "the flying moon" applied to it in remembrance of the inglorious flight of the Eleventh corps at that disastrous battle. It is only fair to say, however, that this self-same "moon" was often seen flying the other way in subsequent engagements, and no old soldier need be ashamed to wear it on his cap to-day. When the Eleventh and Twelfth corps were united to form the Twentieth, in April, 1864, the star, which had been the proud emblem of the Twelfth, became the insignia of the new organization. A combination badge of crescent and star was also worn, but had no official recognition.

The Thirteenth corps had no badge during the war, but an unofficial badge was afterwards adopted. Owing to our inability to secure what we can regard as an authentic copy of the badge, we have omitted it from the plate.

The badge of the Fourteenth corps was adopted some time in April, 1864. This design—an acorn—is said to refer to a bitter experience the boys of that command had when hemmed in at Chattanooga, rations being so scanty that the men gladly gathered and roasted acorns in order to make out full meals. This is the story, and may be correct.

The badge of the Fifteenth corps is said to have had its origin in the ready wit of an Irish soldier of General Logan's command. When the Eleventh and Twelfth corps were detached from the Army of the Potomac and sent (under General Hooker) to the aid of Thomas, at Chattanooga, corps badges were comparatively unknown in the western army. When the eastern boys arrived, they, no doubt, put on a good deal of "style" with their good clothes and showy badges, and and this led to some amusing sallies and sharp retorts between the soldiers of the two armies. On one occasion a Yankee from Hooker's command encountered an Irishman from Logan's corps. "What corps do you belong to?" said the man from the east, bedecked with a gorgeous badge on his cap.

"Phwat corps is it?" replied the Irish veteran, with some indignation. "Sure the Fifteenth."

"What kind of a badge do you wear?"

"Badge, is it? faith, here it is," slapping his hand on his cartridge box. "Sure it's forty rounds, and where can you get a betther one?"

The Fifteenth had a fourth division, for which the color was yellow and the headquarters' badge included all four of the colors.

The badge of the Sixteenth corps was designed by General John Hough, and in some degree resembles that of the Fifth corps. The

design is a circle with three Minié balls, points toward the center, cut out of it. It has been called the "A. J. Smith Cross," in honor of the corps commander.

The arrow badge of the Seventeenth corps was adopted by an order issued in March, 1865, by General Francis P. Blair, who said: "In its swiftness, in its surety of striking where wanted, and its destructive powers, when so intended, it is probably as emblematical of this corps as any design that could be adopted." No one who knows the record of the Seventeenth will dispute this assertion.

The Eighteenth corps had a fancy cross for a badge, and it was worn by the enlisted men, at first, on the left breast, the emblem being of cloth, and sewed on. The system for officers was much complicated. Line officers suspended their badges from the left breast by a ribbon of the color of their divisions; brigade commanders wore their badges in the same fashion, but had the number of their brigade in center of cross; division commanders had a triangle in place of the brigade number. General officers wore their badges suspended by tri-colored ribbons. Later orders, issued by General Ord, required both line officers and enlisted men to wear the plain cross in the color of their respective divisions, and the rank and file were instructed to wear the emblem on the hat or cap.

The badge of the Nineteenth corps, in accordance with an order issued by General Emory in November, 1864, was "a fan-leaved cross with an octagonal center," making an emblem similar in general appearance to that of the Fifth. The men were allowed to wear a metallic button of the design and in the prescribed colors, instead of the cloth badge, if they so desired. The regular cloth badges were worn on the top of the cap or side of the hat.

The badge of the Twenty-second corps was worn by a great number of men, as the membership of this corps was constantly changing, it being employed in the defence of Washington. The badge was adopted without any formal order, and was not universally used.

The "shield" badge of the Twenty-third corps was adopted without orders, and possibly in partial imitation of that of the Ninth corps.

An order issued by General John Gibbon, on the 18th of March, 1865, designated the "heart" as the emblem of the Twenty-fourth corps, which was largely composed of veterans serving second terms of enlistment. The order refers to this fact in the following words: "The symbol selected is one which testifies our affectionate regard for all our brave comrades—alike the living and the dead—who have braved the perils of the mighty conflict, and our devotion to the sacred cause—a cause which entitles us to the sympathy of every brave

and true heart and the support of every strong and determined hand. The major-general commanding the Corps does not doubt that the soldiers who have given their strength and blood to the fame of their former badges, will unite in rendering the present one even more renowned than those under which they have heretofore marched to battle."

The Twenty-fifth corps was composed wholly of colored troops, and their badge was adopted by an order of General Weitzel, the corps commander, dated February 20, 1865.

The "spread eagle" badge of the Army of West Virginia, was adopted early in January, 1865, while under command of General Crook.

One of the prettiest corps badges is that of Hancock's Veteran Corps, shown in Plate IV. Sheridan's Cavalry Corps had also a pretty device, but it was not much used. The badges of the Signal and Engineer Corps were by no means uniform in style, the latter body wearing the castle only, as a general rule. Wilson's Cavalry adopted a handsome device, consisting of a gilt carbine from which was suspended a red guidon bearing gilt sabres, crossed.

GOOD JOKE ON GENERAL SHERMAN.



WHILE marching through Georgia, General Sherman travelled with the left wing under General Slocum. After a long and wearisome march, he one day crossed over to the right wing under General Howard. While in General Howard's tent, which had just been pitched, the Medical Director came in, well acquainted with the habits and customs of both. General Sherman sometimes took a "smile," while General Howard was strongly opposed to the indulgence. Knowing this, the medical gentleman, after a short time, wishing to serve his chief without offense to Howard, said:

"General Sherman, you look weary and ill. If you will come over to my tent, I will give you a Seidlitz powder, which I think will do you good."

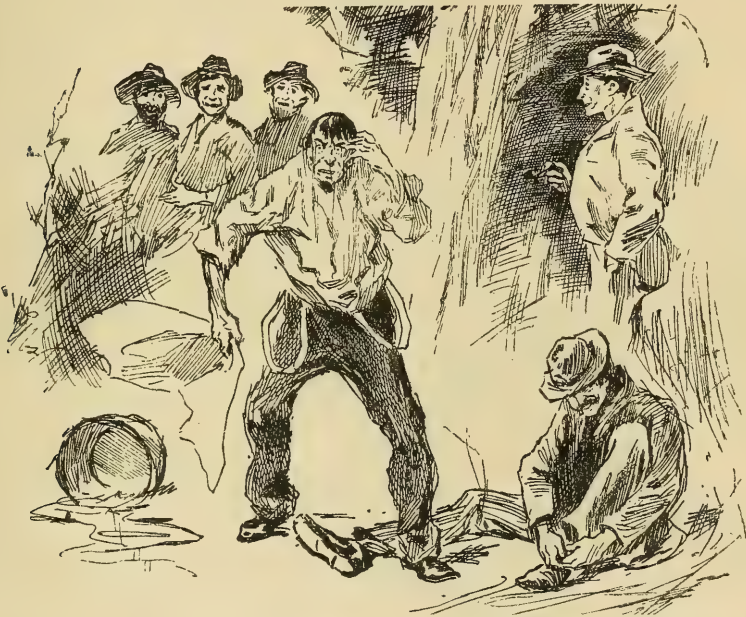
"Thank you," readily responded the general, "I think I will."

The man of physic departed, and General Howard, who took everything literally, ran to his valise and got a powder, which he mixed and handed to Sherman:

"There is no need to go away for one, if that is what you want," he said, and Sherman, inwardly chagrined, but highly amused, drank the cup manfully, to the mirth of several bystanders, who comprehended the whole magnitude of the joke at a glance.

NOT USED TO SALT WATER.

A GOOD joke was told by a confederate prisoner about a member of his company from Mississippi, who had never been near tide water until his regiment reached Pensacola, and encamped near the Gulf of Mexico. Of course the first thing in order was a good wash. Being always accustomed to fresh water, and being in utter ignorance of the briny properties of the Gulf, this man dipped up a bucket of water, set it down near some of his comrades, and went to his tent for soap and a towel. Returning a few



"I CAN LICK THE GALLOOT THAT SALTED THIS WATER."

moments later, he plunged into his ablutions in great earnest, and at once filled eyes and ears with brine. Recovering from the shock, and rubbing his burning eyeballs furiously, he shouted :

"I can lick the blasted galoot that salted this water ! Blamed queer if a man can't draw a bucket of water and leave it for a minute without some infernal fool putting salt into it !"

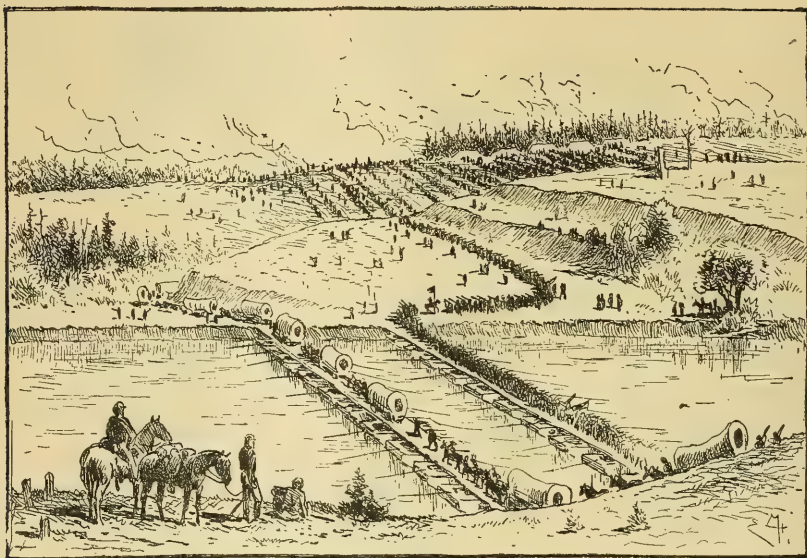
And he dashed the water upon the ground in a great rage, and he immediately secured another bucketful of the same, amid the shouts and jeers of his comrades.

SWEARING IN A CONTRABAND.

COMPANY K, of the First Iowa cavalry, stationed in Tennessee, received into their camp a middle-aged but vigorous contraband. Innumerable questions were being propounded to him, when a corporal advanced observing—"See here, Dixie, before you can enter the service of the United States you must be sworn."

"Yes, massa, I do dat," he replied; when the corporal continued:

"Well, then, take hold of the Bible," holding out a letter envelope, upon which was delineated the Goddess of Liberty, standing on a



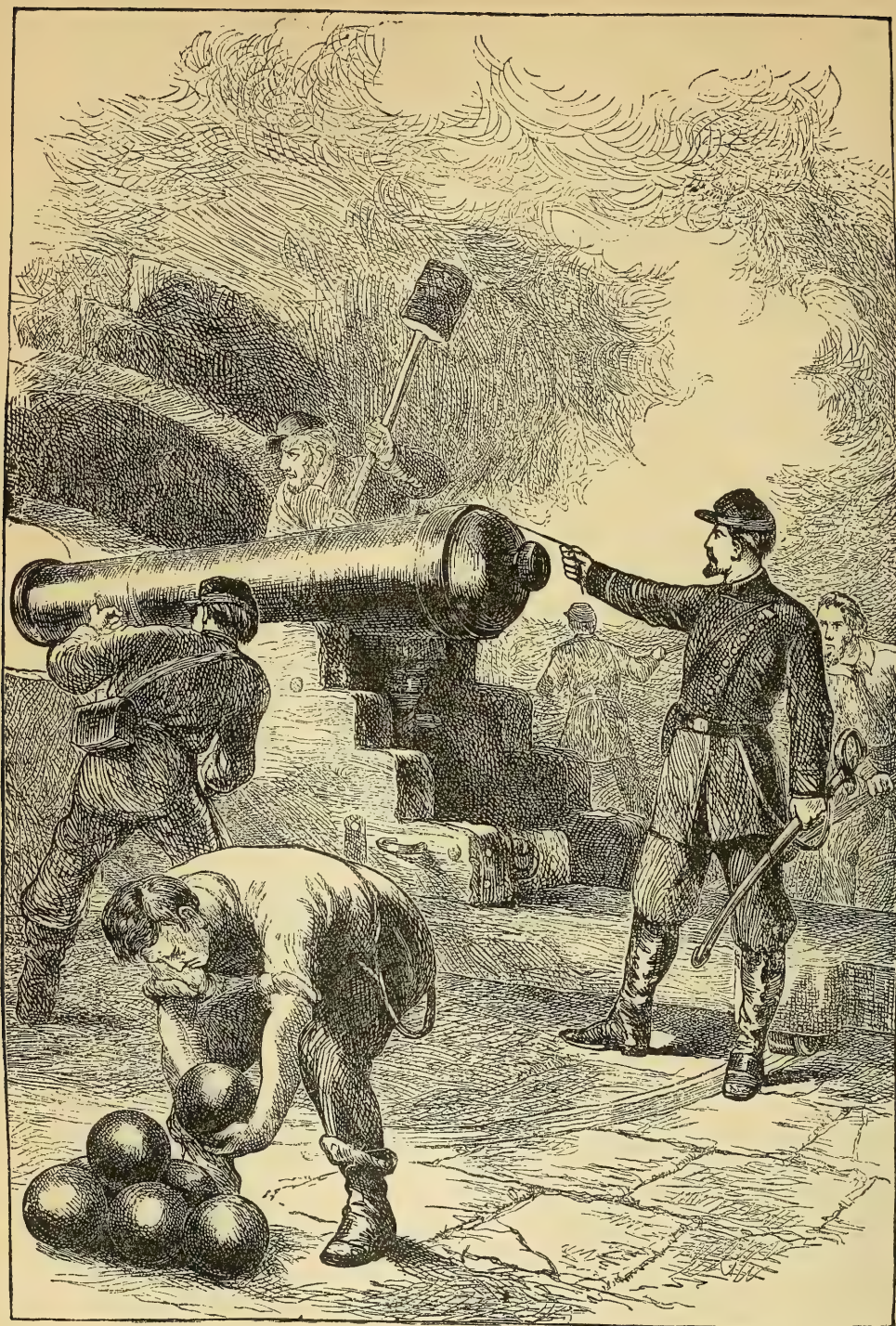
CROSSING THE RAPIDAN ON PONTON BRIDGES.

Suffolk pig, wearing the emblem of our country. The negro grasped the envelope cautiously with his thumb and finger, when the corporal proceeded to administer the oath by saying:

"You do solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution of the United States, and see that there are no grounds floating upon the coffee at all times."

"Yes, massa, I do dat," he replied; "I allers settle him in de coffee-pot."

Here he let go the envelope to gesticulate by a downward thrust of his forefinger the direction that would be given to the coffee grounds for the future.



INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.

"Never mind how you do it," shouted the corporal, "but hold on to the Bible."

"Lordy, massa, I forgot," said the negro, as he darted forward and grasped the envelope with a firmer clutch, when the corporal continued:

"And you do solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution of all loyal States, and not spit upon the plates when cleaning them, or wipe them with your shirt-sleeves."

Here a frown lowered upon the brow of the negro, his eyes expanded to their largest dimensions, while his lips protruded with a rounded form as he exclaimed:

"Lordy, massa, I never do dat. I allers washes him nice. Ole missus mighty 'ticular 'bout dat."

"Never mind, ole missus," shouted the corporal, as he resumed: "and you do solemnly swear that you will put milk into the coffee every morning, and see that the ham and eggs are not cooked too much or too little."

"Yes, I do dat; I'se a good cook."

"And lastly," continued the corporal, "You do solemnly swear that when this war is over you'll make tracks for Africa mighty fast."

"Yes, massa, I do dat. I allers wanted to go to Cheecargo."

Here the regimental drum beat up for dress parade, when Tom Benton—that being his name—was declared duly sworn in and commissioned as chief cook in Company K, of the First Iowa Cavalry.

UNDER FIRE AT CHARLESTON.

DURING our confinement in Charleston, says Lieutenant S. G. Boone, although in imminent danger of death, the heavy booming of our long range sea-coast guns and bursting of their shells amongst us was sweet music to our ears. The thought of once more being so near our lines, under the very shadow of our dear old flag, buoyed up our drooping spirits, and cheerfulness once more took the place of despondency as the prospects of an early exchange seemed brighter. At night we could see a flash of light from the "Swamp Angel" against the horizon far down the bay in the direction of our batteries, and then a streak of fire similar to that of a meteor or large sky-rocket ascending toward the zenith until it appeared like a great comet in the star-lit dome of heaven. Creeping along the sky, coming nearer and nearer, oft-times a fiery messenger of death to some poor citizen, its force finally spent, and it would de-

scend with an unearthly roaring, hissing sound, sometimes exploding half a mile up in the air, and at others among the buildings, setting the city on fire and "spreading consternation among the inhabitants thereof." These were time-fuse shells, and the confederates asserted that they were charged with Greek fire. After starting a fire in this way it was policy to keep up the bombardment as vigorously as possible, to prevent citizens from extinguishing the flames.

One day, while standing on a chair looking out of a second story window above the heads of a group of my fellow prisoners, watching the citizens in their efforts to subdue the flames started by the bursting of shells, a perfect shower of shot and shells being hurled into the burning district at the time, a shell exploded above our building and a piece weighing about ten pounds came crashing through the roof, timbers and ceiling, passed between two comrades (who were sitting on a rudely constructed bench at a table, or rather something dignified by the name of table, eating soup) tearing the shirt sleeve of one, and had just force enough left to break the bench in twain, drop down, and tilt the two officers head to head on the floor. After the dust had cleared away one of them coolly remarked: "I don't care much about the broken bench, torn shirt sleeve and scratched arm, but it spoiled our soup." The fragments of shell were soon broken into small pieces for relics.

DESERVED A JOB.



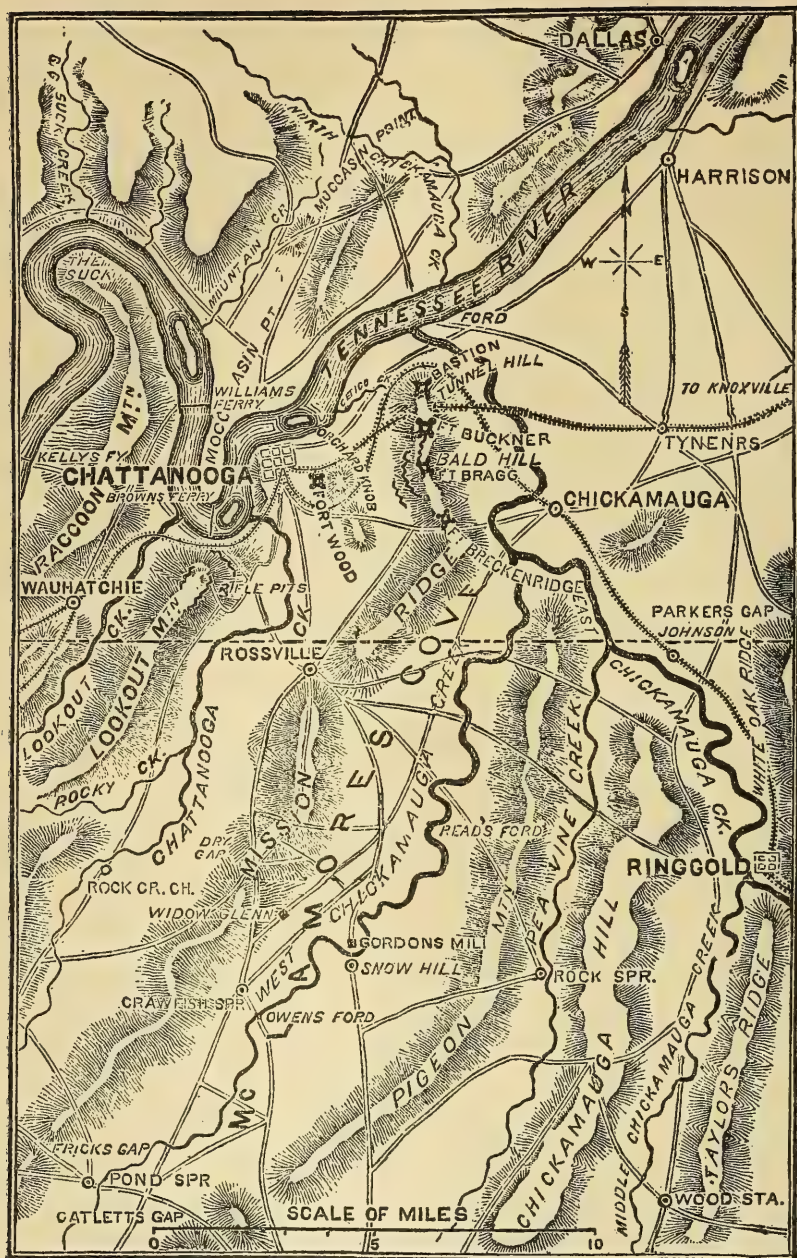
GENTLEMAN from the rural districts at one time accompanied his son, a delicate youth of about two hundred pounds, to the Portsmouth Navy Yard, to solicit for him a job of work, the boy having served three years or more in the army, and therefore was entitled to preference over those who had been doing their fighting "at home." The father accordingly presented himself to the proper authorities, when the following dialogue ensued:

"What claim do you present, sir?"

"What?"

"Has the young man been in the army, or elsewhere served his country?"

"Yes, *sir*, and he's a big fighter, tew. He killed every darned rebel he came across, licked any quantity of copperheads, and when he got home he licked me, the old woman, and all the young ones. If he don't deserve a job, nobody ever did?"



BATTLEFIELD OF CHATTANOOGA AND VICINITY.

IN THE CHATTANOOGA VALLEY.

FOLLOWING the battle of Chickamauga the Union position at Chattanooga became exceedingly precarious. The position *per se* was a strong one, but our supplies were virtually cut off, having to be hauled many miles over a mountain road that the autumn rains rendered almost impassable. The enemy's cavalry constantly harassed our wagon trains, capturing many, with all their stores and animals. On the 18th of October, 1863, General Grant telegraphed to General Thomas, who had already superseded Rose-



EDWIN M. STANTON.

crans, to hold Chattanooga at all hazards, and Thomas sent back the characteristic reply: "I will hold the town until we starve."

Sherman, commanding the Army of the Tennessee, had been ordered from the Big Black River, twenty miles from Vicksburg, to the relief of Thomas; and the Eleventh and Twelfth corps had been detached from the Army of the Potomac and hurried, under command of Hooker, to Chattanooga. Never before had railroads been used more

effectively for the transportation of troops and munitions of war; for in seven days two entire corps—23,000 men—with their artillery, baggage and animals, were transferred from the Rapidan to Stevenson, Alabama, a distance of nearly 1200 miles. This movement was made under the direction of Secretary Stanton and Quartermaster-General Meigs, but the details were carefully looked after by Colonel McCallum, the superintendent of military railroads, and W. P. Smith, master of transportation on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to whom nearly the whole credit for this rapid movement is due.


Grant reached Chattanooga on the 23d of October, and at once began to lay his plans for the successful campaign which followed. He found that the enemy occupied all the heights around the town, and held possession of the river and all the railroads. Unless he could regain the river and railroads he must retreat; and retreat meant certain disaster. After consultation with his chief engineer, General W. F. Smith, Grant decided upon his course of action. He must gain possession of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, two parallel heights which commanded the town and were held by the enemy. Hooker, who had already concentrated his forces at Brown's Ferry, was ordered to push on to Wauhatchie, in the Lookout valley. Palmer, now opposite Chattanooga, was to pass down the north side of the river to Whiteside, and, crossing there, hold the road over which Hooker passed. W. F. Smith was to go down the river under cover of darkness, cross at Brown's Ferry with 4,000 men, and seize the range of hills at the mouth of Lookout valley.

These movements were executed promptly and with success. Hooker and Palmer moved boldly by day, but the success of Smith's manoeuvre depended upon its secrecy. Hooker and Palmer were soon in the positions assigned them, the former occupying Wauhatchie on the 28th.

During the dark hours between October 26th and 27th Smith's movement was executed. Eighteen hundred men, under General Hazen, floated down the dark and tortuous river a distance of six miles, on pontoon boats and floats, from Chattanooga to Brown's Ferry. At no time were these men out of range of the muskets of the rebel pickets who lined the shore. But the strong current rendered the use of oars unnecessary; and Hazen's brave fellows reached the Ferry in safety at dawn on the 27th. A strong position was at once secured, breastworks thrown up and the low foothills fortified. The enemy, totally surprised, made but a feeble resistance, and then fled up the valley. By noon a pontoon bridge nine hundred feet long spanned the river, and the next day the whole of the Eleventh corps was encamped in Lookout Valley.

As before stated, Hooker's advance, under Geary, appeared at Wauhatchie, in the valley, on the 28th, while the larger part of Hooker's command was still near Brown's Ferry. Geary's position that night was somewhat exposed, and McLaws, observing this, conceived the idea of swooping down in force upon Geary, and destroying him before help could reach him.

BATTLE OF WAUHATCHIE.

HORTLY after midnight, McLaws descended upon Geary like an avalanche, rushing down from the heights upon three sides of the division, while the rebel cannon on Look-out Mountain dropped a rain of metal into their midst. But Geary knew his danger, and was not unprepared. The confident hosts of McLaws, instead of a sleeping enemy, found one that was very wide awake and full of business, and the yelling rebels recoiled in terror before the desolating shower of bullets that met them. Geary's troops fought brilliantly, but were greatly outnumbered and must have yielded before long to the tremendous pressure; but relief came quickly.

Hooker heard the din of battle, and at once divining the cause, he ordered Howard to send Schurz's division on the double-quick to Geary's aid. Springing to arms, Schurz's boys started off on a run and were soon lost to sight in the darkness. Another division—that of Steinwehr—followed closely on their heels, all bent on the same errand. "Forward to their relief, boys!" shouted Hooker, as the hurrying masses of blue shot past him in the gloom.

But a short distance had been covered before the surrounding hills began to blaze with rebel musketry, and it was seen that the enemy was present in force. Tyndale's brigade charged the heights while Schurz, with the remainder of his division, pushed on toward Geary, who was still manfully holding his own against fearful odds.

Steinwehr's division was also assailed by the concealed foe, who poured a murderous fire from the hill along which their path lay. It was deemed necessary to clear this hill of the enemy, whose strength was as yet unknown, and a thin brigade, consisting of the Seventy-third Ohio and the Thirty-third Massachusetts, and commanded by Colonel Orlan Smith, was selected for this desperate work. Smith was directed to take the hill at the point of the bayonet and he at once proceeded to execute the order.

ORLAN SMITH'S GALLANT CHARGE.

A flood of moonlight revealed but a part of the difficulties to be overcome. The hill was steep, 200 feet in height; it was covered with thick underbrush and seamed with gullies; one would think its ascent perilous even by daylight. But nothing could hinder these brave men from making the almost foolhardy attempt. On and up this rugged slope rushed these valiant men of Ohio and Massachusetts, the gallant Ohio colonel in the lead, and waving his followers on to victory. After herculean efforts they reached almost the crest of the hill, when along the rebel rifle pits, now but a few paces distant, there runs a sudden sheet of flame, and two thousand bullets come singing and screaming through the set ranks of the dauntless assailants.

Repulsed, but not disheartened, the boys in blue retired in some disorder to the foot of the hill, where they reformed and prepared for a second assault. They know now what awaits them at the summit, and with firm tread and set teeth these noble regiments again breast the hill, this time to win a victory or die the death of soldiers. There is no hesitancy now; on they push, regardless of the crashing volleys that tear through their thin lines, and heedless of the sneers and taunts that are flung down upon them from the blazing rifle pits above. Not a shot is fired; no word is uttered except the commands and cautions of the officers. Steadily they climb upward, into the very teeth of the rebel guns, and with one wild cheer they clear the rifle pits and drive the astounded foe before them. While the rebels fled like sheep for cover, Smith's victorious heroes fired after them one parting volley, and then rent the clear night air with a cheering shout of triumph.

This charge has been often pronounced the most brilliant feat of the war. Hooker was astounded and delighted, and even Thomas, usually so reserved, pronounced it "among the most distinguished feats of arms."

Meanwhile, Geary had successfully repulsed the enemy, and hurled him back on Lookout Mountain. The Union forces had established a firm foothold in Lookout Valley.


The month following was spent in making final preparations for a decisive struggle. Sherman had fought his way from Vicksburg, and on the 15th of November he joined Grant at Chattanooga. About the same time Bragg committed a huge blunder in sending Longstreet with his entire corps off to Knoxville, thereby playing directly into the hands of the wily Grant, to whom the gods of war were extremely kind. Although, fully sensible of Burnside's peril, Grant deemed it best to secure, if possible, a decisive victory at Chattanooga before

sending to Burnside, at Knoxville, the aid for which he asked. Sending messengers to Burnside with instructions to hold the place at all hazards, Grant now bent all his energies to accomplish the destruction of Bragg's weakened army.


By a series of rapid and skillful manœuvres, Grant's dispositions were soon made, and on the 23d of November the great battle began. Thomas held the Union center, with Sherman on the left and Hooker on the right. Behind the army rolled the Tennessee; before it were the frowning heights of Missionary Ridge, while to the east rose the precipitous and rocky cliffs of Lookout Mountain, well fortified, and swarming with the confederate hosts.

Amazed at this sudden apparition of a powerful army on his right, Bragg at once made preparations to dislodge Sherman. At the same time Grant directed Thomas to advance in force and give the enemy a chance to develop his lines. The day was beautiful, and Thomas' troops, wearied by their long inactivity, were just in the mood for deeds of daring. Dressed in their best uniforms, their weapons burnished and their bands playing lively airs, they came forth in brilliant array. Bragg and his officers, viewing the movement from their elevated position, thought it a grand dress-parade, and so it looked.

ORCHARD KNOB.

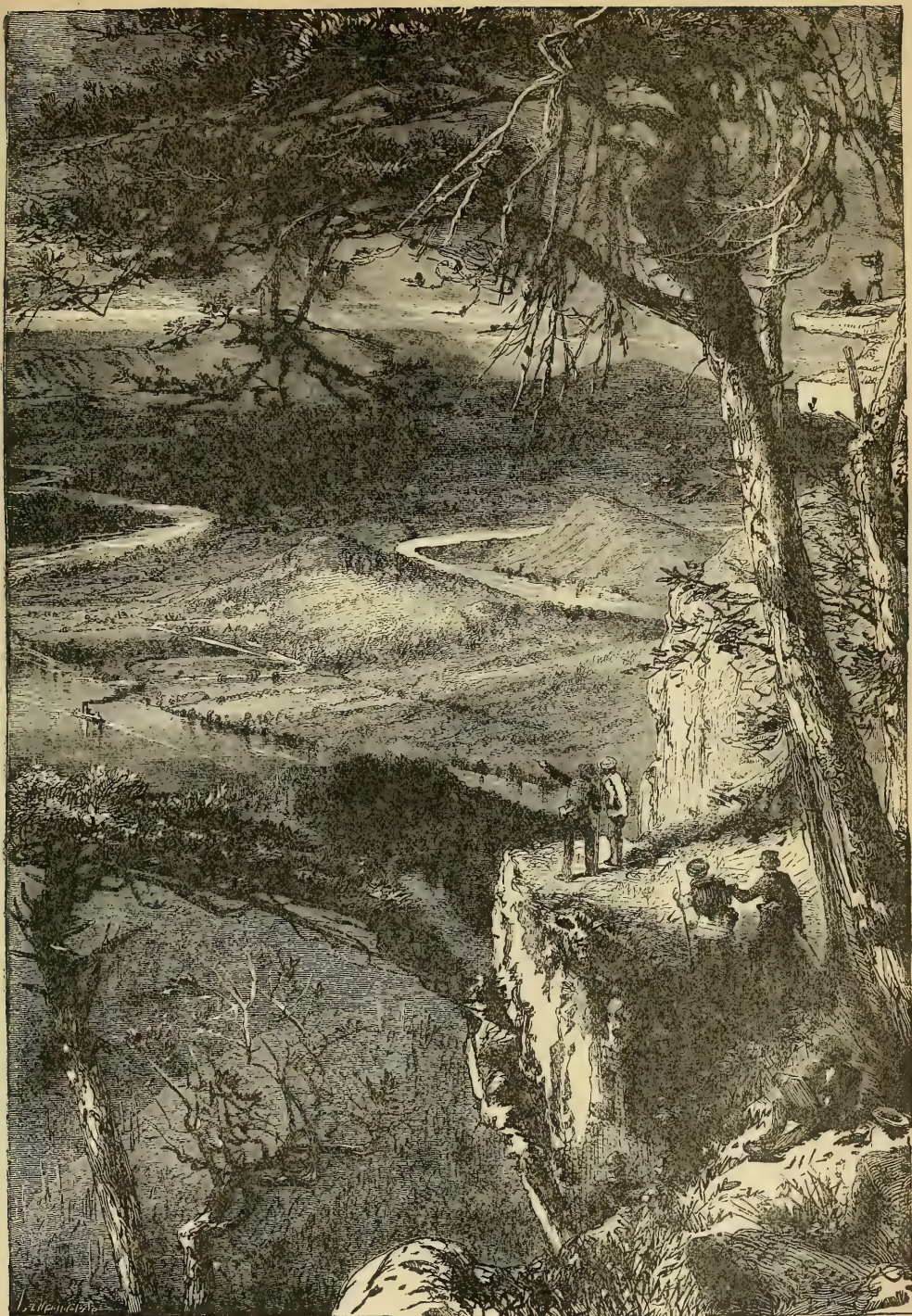
UT the Army of the Cumberland meant business. The divisions of Sheridan and Wood, forming Granger's corps, advanced upon the foe, supported by the Fourteenth corps under General Palmer. Howard's corps was formed in mass behind Granger. As soon as Thomas' troops had got well under way, the heavy guns of Fort Wood began flinging their giant missiles over the heads of our advancing columns, playing havoc upon the defenses of Bragg's first position. Grant, Thomas, Howard and Granger stood upon the ramparts of the fort and watched the steady onward progress of Granger's troops. The rebel pickets were seen to break and fly at the first touch, and, in spite of the well directed fire from its summit, Wood had reached the base of Orchard Knob, a steep and rocky hill lying midway between the river and the ridge, one mile in front of Fort Wood. Without waiting an instant, Wood ordered a charge, and gallantly carried the hill, capturing over two hundred prisoners. A heavy battery was at once advanced to this new and commanding position, and the battle of November 23d was ended—a decisive Union victory.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

HE morning of November 24th found Grant's army in an improving position. Thomas held the ground secured by Granger the preceding day; Sherman was massing his army, horse and foot, on the south bank of the river, with all his artillery in shape for immediate action. The weather at dawn was dull and drizzling; the clouds hung low, and the rebel watchers on the heights could not see the movements of the opposing army. Sherman began his forward march shortly after noon, and by four o'clock his forces held possession of the whole northern extremity of Missionary Ridge, almost up to the railroad tunnel. Here Sherman intrenched himself and awaited further orders.

The main work of the Union army that day, however, was done by the right wing of our army, under Hooker. Shortly after four o'clock on the morning of the 24th Hooker set his columns in motion, having general orders to occupy Lookout Mountain, if such a thing was possible. His original intention was to cross Lookout creek and strike the enemy in front; but the heavy rains had rendered the creek impassable, and a direct movement could not be made until temporary bridges should be constructed. Hooker, therefore, detached Geary, with his own division and one brigade (Whitaker's) from Cruft's division, and sent him to Wauhatchie, with orders to cross the creek there and move down its right bank, while the remainder of Hooker's troops were constructing bridges on the main road. The heavy mist that clung to the mountain, enveloping its high, palisaded crest and its rugged slopes, effectually concealed Geary's movement from the rebels; and, as they were able to catch an occasional glimpse of the bridge-builders through the misty clouds, the attention of the enemy was diverted from the flanking manœuvre.

Eight o'clock found Geary at the appointed place, and soon his entire command had crossed the creek in safety. The enemy's pickets were shortly encountered and captured; then, facing north, Geary extended his line on the right to the base of the mountain, and began his forward march. By this time the bridges were finished, and Osterhaus, with his full division, crossed over. The Nationals were now in strong force on the right bank of the creek. Although thus taken suddenly on flank and rear, the rebels made a stubborn resistance. Two Union batteries stationed on an elevation in the rear now opened upon the confederate position, and under cover of their fire Hooker's men went tearing down the valley like a whirlwind, sweeping every-



VIEW FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

thing before them, driving the enemy out of his rifle pits and capturing many prisoners.

Then facing toward the rugged, cloud-encircled mass before them, Hooker's dauntless battalions, with the desperate fury of war, charged boldly up its rocky sides. This advance was made with wonderful celerity and skill, in spite of obstacles that seemed to render the position impregnable. At this juncture the scene became one of the most exciting interest. The dense fog soon obscured the gallant Nationals as they streamed up the seamy slope, in the face of a plunging fire from the hostile batteries above them. Grant, waiting anxiously in the valley below, could hear the thunder of the cannon and the crashing of the musketry high in the clouds above—as though the gods were warring there—but he knew not the result of the brave effort until the sun dispelled the clouds, revealing the cliffs crowded with the enemy, the frowning guns pouring down a rain of destruction, and Hooker's immortal battalions pressing slowly but firmly on toward the goal for which they were striving. It was a scene such as is witnessed but once in a century. Geary's iron columns, mad with success, grappled with the foe on the rocky ledges, drove him back in confusion to his works, giving and taking blows such as none but a band of heroes could withstand.

Leaping from boulder to boulder, cutting their way through the dense undergrowth and *abatis*, and forcing position after position, Hooker finally reached the plateau on the summit, while the flying confederates could be seen plunging down the jagged face of the mountain on the other side and seeking refuge in the valley below.

When the success of Hooker's army was no longer in doubt, a scene of enthusiasm ensued which beggars description. Men went frantic with joy and shouts of gladness filled the air. Orchard Knob had already been secured, and now Lookout Mountain was ours; all was in readiness for the last grand effort, an attack on Missionary Ridge, which Bragg considered impregnable.

This brilliant feat of Hooker's army is justly invested with a halo of romance that has called forth several poetic effusions of some merit. One of the best from the pen of an anonymous author, runs as follows:

THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

By the banks of Chattanooga, watching with a soldier's heed,
In the chilly, autumn morning gallant Grant was on his steed,
For the foe had climbed above him, with the banners of their land,
And their cannon swept the river from the hills of Cumberland.

Like a trumpet rang his orders—"Howard, Thomas to the Bridge!
One brigade aboard the Dunbar, storm the heights of Mission Ridge!
On the left, the ledges, Sherman, charge, and hurl the rebels down.
Hooker, take the steeps of Lookout, and the slope before the town."

Fearless, from the northern summit looked the traitors where they lay,
On the gleaming Union army, marshalled as for muster day,
Till the sudden shout of battle thundered upward from the farms,
And they dropped their idle glasses, in a sudden rush to arms.

Then together up the highlands surely, swiftly swept the lines,
And the clang of war above them swelled with loud and louder signs,
Till the loyal peaks of Lookout in the tempest seemed to throb,
And the star-flag of our country soared in smoke o'er Orchard Knob.

Day and night and day returning, ceaseless shock and ceaseless change,
Still the furious mountain conflict burst and burned along the range.
While the battle's cloud of sulphur mingled heaven's mist of rain,
Till the ascending squadron vanished from the gazers on the plain.

From the boats upon the river, from the tents upon the shore,
From the roofs of yonder city, anxious eyes the clouds explore;
But no rift amid the darkness shows them fathers, brothers, sons,
Where they trace the viewless struggle by the echo of the guns.

Upward! charge for God and country! up! aha! they rush, they rise,
Till the faithful meet the faithless in the never clouded skies,
And the battle-field is bloody, where a dewdrop never falls,
For a voice of tearless justice for a tearless vengeance calls.

And the heaven is wild with shouting; fiery shot and bayonet keen
Gleam and glance where Freedom's angels battle in the blue serene.
Charge and volley fiercely follow, and the tumult in the air
Tells of right in mortal grapple with rebellion's strong despair.

They have conquered! God's own legions; well their foes might be dismayed,
Standing in the mountain temple, 'gainst the terrors of his aid.
And the clouds might fitly echo pæan loud and parting gun,
When from upper light and glory sank the traitor host undone.

They have conquered! Through the region where our brothers plucked the palm
Rings the noise with which they won it with the sweetness of a psalm.
And our wounded sick and dying hear it in their crowded wards,
And they whisper, "Heaven is with us! Lo, our battle is the Lord's!"

And our famished captive heroes, locked in Richmond's prison hells,
List those guns of cloudland booming, glad as Freedom's morning bells,
Lift their haggard eyes, and panting with their cheeks against the bars
Feel God's breath of hope and see it playing with the stripes and stars.

Tories still in serpent treason startle at those airy cheers,
And that wild, ethereal war-drum falls like doom upon their ears.
And that rush of cloud-borne armies, rolling back a nation's shame,
Fights them with its sound of judgment and the flash of angry flame.

Widows weeping by their firesides, loyal sires despondent grown,
Smile to hear their country's triumph from the gate of heaven blown ;
And the patriot's children wonder in their simple hearts to know
In the land above the thunder our embattled champions go.

MISSIONARY RIDGE.

ON the morning of November 25th the Union army presented an unbroken front from the north end of Missionary Ridge through the Chattanooga Valley to Lookout Mountain. Howard had been thrown in between Thomas and Sherman, while Carlin had been placed between Hooker and Thomas. Bragg had concentrated on Missionary Ridge, having abandoned the valley entirely. Here he held a powerful position, having his batteries well posted and his breastworks well manned. Bragg's right was commanded by Hardie, whose division commanders were Cleburne, Walker, Stevenson and Cheatham ; while the confederate left, under Breckenridge, was made up of the divisions of Stewart, Anderson and Lewis. Grant established his headquarters on Orchard Knob, from which point he had a general view of the whole field.

The slant rays of the rising sun fell upon compact lines of polished steel which extended almost beyond the range of one's vision. The great, decisive day had come. Missionary Ridge loomed up in all its rugged grandeur, its rocky sides apparently casting defiance upon the ranks of puny men below. Upon its crest could be seen the breastworks of rock and timber, swarming with armed men and crowned with artillery. To the right the sharp outlines of Lookout Mountain were well defined against the ruddy eastern sky. Hooker's army was spread out in the intervening valley ; and Sherman's gallant boys were impatiently waiting on the left, while Thomas' stalwart hosts were gathered in the center, like hounds in leash, watching for an oppor-

tunity to complete the work already begun. Such a spectacle as this in the midst of a scene of such bewildering natural grandeur, may not be seen more than once in a lifetime.

Soon after sunrise the battle opened. Hooker was directed to move against the confederate left while Sherman attacked the right: Thomas, in the center, was to advance directly upon the foe as soon as the results on either flank should warrant the movement.

SHERMAN'S ARMY ADVANCES.

The signal is given. General Corse, who leads Sherman's advance, briskly descends the hill, crosses the level ground and starts up the slope of Missionary Ridge. Sherman's well-trained legions are soon in the midst of a desperate fight. General Morgan L. Smith advances along the eastern base while Colonel Loomis, with the two reserve brigades of General John E. Smith, pushes along the western edge of the mountain. Alexander's and Cockerell's brigades, with a part of Lightburn's, are left to guard the position first occupied.

As the Union columns sweep forward in grim array, the confederate cannon play upon them vigorously and the advance is much retarded by the unfavorable formation of the ridge. No wonder Bragg feels secure upon his rocky fortress, for the ground over which his assailants must pass is broken by numerous small ravines, and each rugged crest is well wooded and fortified. The crest which Corse first seized is commanded by a higher crest, thus exposing our advance to a withering fire. Between these two elevations is a deep ravine, through which passes the railroad tunnel, in the shelter of which the confederates are massed. Corse calls up his reserves, but finding that it is unwise to crowd his troops on the narrow ridge, he enters upon a severe hand-to-hand struggle, which results in a terrible loss of life. Both sides fight with desperation, and neither can dislodge the other. Corse cannot carry the works on his front, nor will he yield the position he has gained.

Loomis and Smith, moving along the sides of the mountain, met with better success, having fewer difficulties to overcome. Smith was gradually pressing back the enemy on the left spur of the ridge, while Loomis, on the opposite side, succeeded in getting abreast of the tunnel so that he could open an enfilading fire upon the confederates concealed therein. This cross-fire had the effect of relieving, to some extent, the pressure on Corse's command. In the midst of this fight, and early in the struggle, the gallant Corse was severely wounded and his command devolved upon Colonel Wolcott.

Hour after hour the battle raged at this point. Fresh columns of

SIXTH CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.

SEVENTH CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.

EIGHTH CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.

NINTH CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.



4th Div.

TENTH CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.

ELEVENTH CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.

the enemy came streaming down the hillside, while battery after battery was posted upon the spurs above so as to pour a hot flood of metal upon the wearied and bleeding Nationals. At three o'clock it looked as though Sherman's attack would prove a costly failure, but at this crisis the reserve brigades of Runyon and Matthias were hurried forward. Crossing the open ground on a run, these fresh brigades formed a junction with Wolcott, but, owing to the nature of the ground, they were forced into a position where they were exposed to a flank and rear attack. The enemy promptly recognized this weakness and fell upon Runyon and Matthias almost before they could form their lines. The attack was made vigorously and in overwhelming force; the two brigades were driven down the hill in some disorder. But this advantage was of short duration, for the boys reformed at the foot of the hill and returned to the attack so vigorously that the foe was soon driven back behind the works.

During all this time Grant was anxiously watching the progress of the battle and waiting for an opportune moment to throw Thomas upon the enemy's front. He knew that Sherman was maintaining a desperate fight against fearful odds; but he had faith in old "Tecumseh," for he remembered how Sherman had stood like a wall of adamant at the foot of the bridge over Snake Creek, at Shiloh, his men massed around him, presenting to the foe a huge and shining shield of solid steel which effectually resisted and ultimately turned the tide of battle. He knew that this trusted chief-lieutenant would not fail him now. No doubt Grant would have trembled for the fate of his left wing had it any less vigilant and competent commander. But Bragg was doing exactly what Grant wanted him to do, viz: weakening his center to save his right and left, which were so vigorously threatened by Sherman on the one side and Hooker on the other. While Sherman's valiant legions thus held the foe at bay, drawing to their front the flower of Bragg's whole army, the general-in-chief gave the signal for the grand assault upon the center. It was now four o'clock.

HOOKER'S ADVANCE ON THE RIGHT.

While Sherman was battering away on Bragg's right, Hooker was gallantly carrying out his part of the day's programme. Soon after sunrise "Fighting Joe," who had rested all night upon Lookout Mountain, could be seen moving down its eastern slope and through the valley. Reaching Chattanooga creek, he found that the rebels whom he had driven from Lookout Mountain the preceding night had paused long enough in their headlong flight to burn the bridge. This, unfortunately, cost Hooker three hours of valuable time, and Sherman's

boys were in the midst of the engagement before Hooker could get into action.

The bridge was replaced as soon as possible, and soon the columns passed through Rossville Gap, no opposition being so far encountered. Facing to the north, Hooker now advanced straight along both sides and the crest of Missionary Ridge—Osterhaus on the right of the line, Geary on the left, and Cruft in the center. There was no resisting the impetuous dash of the Nationals. Although the confederates fought with desperation they were steadily forced back from point to point. Cruft, marching steadily and powerfully along the crest, broke the rebel lines to pieces, and the crumbling fragments, flying down the slopes, fell into the hands of Osterhaus on the right or of Geary on the left.

Thus Hooker completely overpowered and outgeneraled Breckenridge, and when Grant's signal guns announced to Sherman that the hour of his relief had come, Hooker's work was also done, and he was ready to assist in the final and decisive struggle.

UNPARALLELED CHARGE UP THE HEIGHTS.

The time had come, and the well-trying soldiers of Thomas' battle-scarred army were about to be put to a severe test. One mile before them a steep acclivity went up sheer four hundred feet. A line of rifle pits encircled its base while its summit was studded with double-shotted cannon. Between Thomas' line and the coveted confederate position was an open space nearly a mile in width, over which the Army of the Cumberland must advance. No ordinary troops, no common bravery, could accomplish the task. But Thomas' soldiers were neither common nor ordinary.

Twenty minutes before four o'clock the signal guns were fired. Strong and steady the order rang out: "Number one, fire! number two, fire! number three, fire!" it seemed like the tolling of the clock of destiny. The signal agreed upon was six cannon shots at intervals of two seconds. When, at "Number six, fire!" the roar throbbed out with a flash, the dead line that had been lying all day behind the works came to life in the twinkling of an eye, and immediately twenty thousand men sprang swiftly forward, moving in line of battle by brigades, a double skirmish line in front, and the reserves, *en masse*, closely following.

The enemy's rifle pits, around the base of the Ridge were all ablaze, and a deadly storm of bullets greeted the assailants at every step. Pressing right onward, the enemy's skirmishers were first encountered, but these were quickly hurled back upon the rifle pits, where the rebels were massed in strong force.

The orders for the movement contemplated a halt in the first line of works for rest and re-alignment; but these orders did not satisfy the brave men of Thomas' army who were burning to wipe out the defeat at Chickamauga. The bold divisions of Sheridan and Wood had not started out for a holiday excursion, nor did they intend to retrace their steps so long as a man remained in the ranks. By a swift and desperate rush they broke through the first confederate line of defenses in two places, and at once all was confusion. Some of the rebels fled up the rocky slopes; hundreds were captured and sent to the rear. Sheridan and Wood led on their men, inspiring them to deeds of valor by their own heroic example. Elated by success, and impatient under the galling fire that was pouring down on them like a deluge from the frowning heights above, the Nationals waited not for re-formation nor for further orders, but, springing over the first line of works, they started to clamber up the precipitous steep before them. The general elevation was four hundred feet, and this involved a scramble of five hundred yards over a slanting surface broken by ravines, strewn with masses of loose rock, tangled with fallen timber and blockaded in spots by huge boulders. At the top, and at intervals between, were posted field batteries and ranks of riflemen who swept the slope with an enfilading fire.

No one premeditated this headlong plunge up the rocky side of Missionary Ridge. Not Grant, nor Sherman, nor Granger, nor Sheridan, nor even the men themselves hoped to do more, at the first onslaught, than to take the works at the base of the ridge. The forward movement was instigated by an irresistible impulse, born of success, and was executed without orders. When Grant saw the boys of the Fourth Corps swarming like bees up the rugged mountain side, he turned to Thomas and said:

"Who ordered those men up the ridge?"

"I don't know; I did not," returned Thomas with his customary coolness.

Grant turned next to Granger. "Did you order them up, Granger?"

"No," said Granger. "They started up without orders. When those boys get started all hades can't stop them."

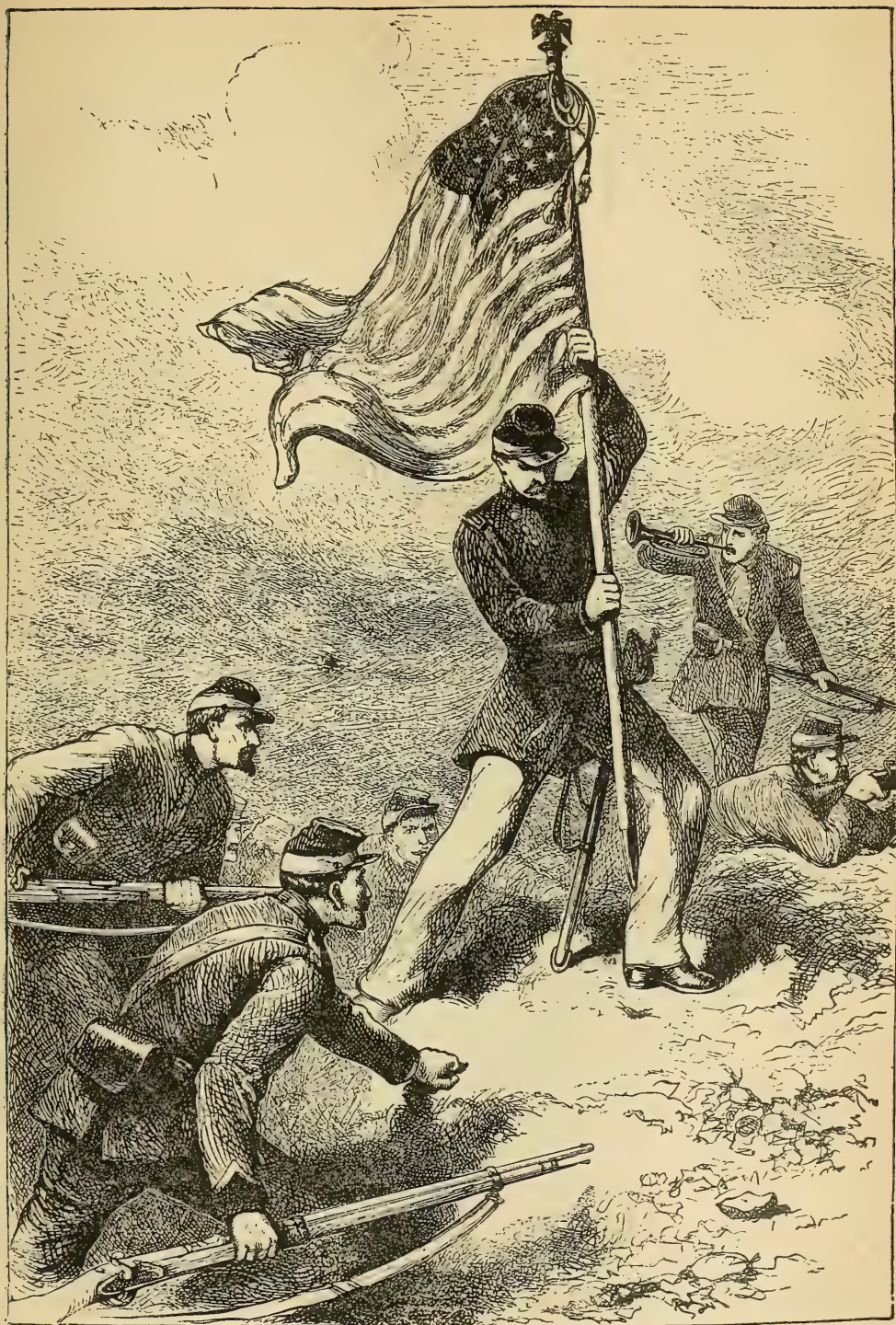
Grant's first feeling of dissatisfaction soon gave way to a sense of pride, mingled with anxiety. He feared that all this valor might end in a bloody repulse. Turning to a staff officer he said: "Ride at once to Wood, and then to Sheridan, and ask them if they ordered their men up the ridge. Tell them to go ahead if they think they can succeed."

When the officer reached General Wood the latter replied: "I didn't order them to go up; they started on their own account, and they're

going up, too! Tell Granger if ne will support us we will take the ridge and hold it."

Sheridan was next seen. "No, I didn't give any such order," said "little Phil," "but we are going up there just the same." Then waving a salute at a group of rebel officers who were standing on the summit, in front of Bragg's headquarters, Sheridan exclaimed, with mock courtesy, "Here's at you, Mr. Bragg!" In an instant two rebel guns, known as "Lady Bragg" and "Lady Buckner," were fired at Sheridan and his party. One of the shells struck so close that Sheridan and Avery were spattered with dust and dirt. "That's mighty ungenerous," exclaimed Sheridan. "I'm going to take those guns for that!"

Nothing less than the palisades of Lookout Mountain could have stopped the Army of the Cumberland. Bragg and his legions above still deemed their position impregnable. All the heights were black with spectators of that wonderful assault. It is doubtful if any of the onlookers expected to see the valiant Nationals gain the crest, but the boys themselves knew they were going all the way up. The guns in the Union works were now necessarily silent. The advancing flags and the glittering bayonets marked the steady onward rush of the Union advance. Every moment a sharpshooter's bullet would cause a banner to drop for an instant, but willing hands would quickly bear the colors aloft again. Soon the regiments, rallying and forming on their colors, began to assume the appearance of wedge-shaped masses, pressing eagerly forward after the brawny guards who pushed the regimental standards steadily forward. Bragg, seeing that Thomas' attack was growing formidable, hurried reinforcements rapidly from his right and left. Large bodies of men could be seen coming up to the front at double quick. The rebel leaders, now thoroughly alarmed, strove to encourage their troops to stand firm. The Nationals were now so close to the summit that the rebel cannon were useless, for they could not be depressed sufficiently to bear upon the advancing army. Then the cannoneers began to roll great shells, with lighted fuses, down the steep incline. Scores of these came bowling down the hill, but to no purpose, for in a moment more the cheering ranks of Sheridan and Wood broke over the crest in several places. Sheridan sprang over the rebel works near Bragg's headquarters, and stood beside the two guns before mentioned, making good his promise to "take" them. Johnson swept over the works on Sheridan's right, and Baird, of the Fourteenth corps, joined Wood in his glorious victory, just in time to change front and oppose a strong force of confederates who were swooping down on our left flank, and whom he drove back with great slaughter.



"NOTHING LESS THAN THE PALISADES OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN COULD HAVE STOPPED THEM."

Soon the confederates were in full retreat, and their abandoned guns were ungraciously ploughing their receding ranks with their own metal. Hooker, his men shouting loud pæans of victory, was still closing in on the right, while Sherman was reaping the reward of his stubborn defense and gallant attack. The sun was still above the western horizon—when Missionary Ridge was in the undisputed possession of the Federal army, whose banners gleamed brightly in the waning light of day while its soldiers rent the air with long and loud shouts of victory and gladness.



MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES B. MCPHERSON, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.
(Killed at the Battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864.)

POST-ROOM RECITATIONS.

A POET'S VISION.

REVIEW OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE DEAD.



READ last night of the Grand Review
In Washington's chiefest Avenue—
Two hundred thousand men in blue,
 I think they said was the number—
'Till I seemed to hear their trampling feet,
The bugle's blast and the drum's quick beat,
The clatter of hoofs in the stony street,
The cheers of people who came to greet,
And the thousand details that to repeat
Would only my verse encumber—
Till I fell in a reverie sad and sweet,
 And then to a beautiful slumber.

When lo! in a vision I seemed to stand
In the lonely capitol. On each hand
Far stretched the portico; dim and grand,
Its columns ranged like a martial band
Of sheeted spectres whom some command
 Had called to a last reviewing.
And the streets of the city were white and bare,
No footfall echoed across the square;
But out of the misty mountain air
I heard in the distance a trumpet blare,
And the wandering night-winds seemed to bear
 The sound of a far tattooing.

Then I held my breath with fear and dread;
Far into the square with a brazen tread
 O'erlooked the review that morning,
That never bowed from its firm-set seat
When the living column passed its feet,
Yet now rode steadily up the street,
 To the phantom bugle's warning—

'Till it reached the capitol square and wheeled,
 And there in the moonlight stood revealed
 A well-known form that in state and field
 Had led our patriot sires;
 Whose face was turned to the sleeping camp,
 Afar through the river's fog and damp,
 That showed no flicker, nor waning lamp,
 Nor wasted bivouac fires.

And I saw a phantom army come,
 With never a sign of life or drum,
 But keeping in time to a throbbing hum
 Of wailing and lamentation—
 The martyred heroes of Malvern hill,
 Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
 The men whose wasted figures fill
 The patriot graves of the nation.

And there came the nameless dead—the men
 Who perished in fever-swamp and fen,
 The slowly starved of the prison pen;
 And, marching beside the others,
 Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
 With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright;
 I thought—perhaps 'twas the pale moonlight—
 They looked as white as their brothers.

And so all night marched the Nation's dead,
 With never a banner above them spread,
 Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished;
 No mark—save the bare uncovered head
 Of the silent bronze reviewer;
 With never an arch save the vaulted sky;
 With never a flower save those that lie
 On the distant graves—for love could buy
 No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long swept the strange array;
 So all night long, till the morning gray,
 I watched for one who had passed away,
 With a reverent awe and wonder—
 Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening line,
 And I knew that one who was kin of mine
 Had come: and I spake—and lo! that sign
 Awakened me from my slumber.

BRET HARTE.

YACOB AT LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.



AH, I shpeaks English a leetle; berhaps you shpeaks petter der German."

"No, not a word." "Vel den, meester, it hardt for to be oonderstandt.

I vos drei yahr in your country, I fights in der army mit Sherman—

Twentiet Illinois Infantry—Fightin' Joe Hooker's commandt."

"So you've seen service in Georgia—a veteran, eh?" "Vel, I tell you Shust how it was. I vent ofer in sixty, und landt in Nei-Yark; I sphends all mine money, gets sick, und near dies in der Hospiddal Bellevue; Ven I gets petter I tramps to Shecago to look for some vork."

"Pretty young then, I suppose?" "Yah, svansig apout; und der peobles Vot I goes to for some vork, dey hafe none for to geef; Efery von laughs: but I holds my head ope shust so high as der steeples. Only dot var comes along, or I should have die, I belief."

"Ever get wounded? I notice you walk rather lame and unsteady. Ah! got a wooden leg, eh? What battle? At Lookout! don't say? I was there too—wait a minute—your beer-glass is empty already. Call for another. There! tell me how 'twas you got wounded that day."

"Vel, ve charge ope der side of der mountain—der sky vos all smoky und hazy; Ve fight all day long in der clouds, but I never get hit until night—But—I don't care to say mooch apout it. Der poys called me foolish und crazy. Und der doctor vot cut ofe my leg, he say, 'Goot'—dot it serf me shust right.

"But I dinks I vood do dot thing over again, shust der same, und no matter Vot any man say." "Well, let's hear it you needn't mind talking to me, For I was there, too, as I tell you—and Lor'! how the bullets did patter Around on that breastwork of boulders that sheltered our Tenth Tennessee."

"So? Dot vos a Tennessee regiment charged upon ours in de efening, Shust before dark; und dey yell as dey charge, und ve geef a hurrah; Der roar of der guns, it vos orful." "Ah! yes, I remember, 'twas deafening; The hottest musketry firing that ever our regiment saw."

"Und after ve drove dem back, und der night come on, I listen, Und dinks dot I hear somepody a callin'—a voice dot cried, 'Pring me some vater for Gott's sake'—I saw his pelt-plate glisten Oonder der moonlight, on der parapet, shust outside.

"I dthrow my canteen ofer to vere he lie, but he answer
Dot his left handt vos gone, und his right arm proke mit a fall ;
Den I shump ofer, und gife him to drink, but shust as I ran, sir,
Bang! come a sharp-shooter's pullet; und dot's how it vos—dot is all."

"And they called you foolish and crazy, did they? Him you befriended—
The 'reb,' I mean—what became of him? Did he ever come 'round?"
"Dey tell me he crawl to my side, und call till his strength all ended,
Until dey come out mit der stretchers, und carry us off from der ground."

"But pefore ve go, he ask me my name, und says he, 'Yacob Keller,
You loses your leg for me, und some day, if both of us leefes,
I shows you I don't vorget'—but he most hafe died, de poor feller ;
I nefer hear ofe him since. He don't get vell, I beliefs,

"Only I always got der saddisfachshun ofe knowin'—
Shtop! vots der matter? Here, take some peer, you're vite as a sheet—
Shteady! your handt on my shoulder! my gootness? I dinks you vos goin'
To lose your senses away, und fall right off mit der seat."

"Geef me your handts. Vot! der left one gone? Und you vos a soldier
In dot same battle?—a Tennessee regiment?—dot's mighty queer—
Berhaps after all you're—" "Yes, Yacob, God bless you, old fellow, I told you
I'd never—no, never forget you. I told you I'd come, and I'm here."

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

THE DEAD COLONEL IN THE BLUE.



OUT where the murky night
Closed o'er the waning fight,
Just there we found him; about him the blue;
Pale the dim lantern's beam.
Still, there the crimson stream
Told how he fell;—ah! the brave heart and true!

Fold the coat round him
Here where ye found him;
Turn the sod over, and bid him adieu;
Lift up brief prayer to God,
Where the torn column trod;
This is "God's acre" for brave hearts and true.

Blood-stained and tattered?
 Ah! naught it mattered
 When through the shot streamed the battle-line blue;
 Honored in story,
 Fold it for glory,
 Leave it about him, the brave heart and true.

Red? Yes, the bayonet
 Stamps there its pathway yet;
 White? Ah, the pallid brow, wrapped in the blue!
 Yet these, his country's sign,
 Well may the hues combine,
 When sleeps in glory the brave heart and true.

Fold the coat round him,
 Just where ye found him;
 Drop the tear, comrades, and bid him adieu;
 Dear be his name and fame,
 His be the high acclaim,
 When sounds the roll-call of brave hearts and true.

"*Attention!*" The quick step;
 Firm now the quivering lip;
 "*Forward March!*" On for the red, white and blue!
 Think of his gallant lead,
 His be your mien and deed:
 Farewell the Colonel! Brave heart and true!

REV. GEORGE B. WILDER.

A DECORATION DAY POEM.



HE child was young and beauteous, the grandsire old and
 gray,
 And hand-in-hand they marched along that Decoration
 Day;
 The maiden bore a chaplet of lily and of rose
 To place above the silent lips that never should uncloze.

They paused beside a hillock upon whose simple stone
 Was graved, in fading characters, that mournful word "*Unknown!*"
 They sat them down upon the mound, and thus the grandsire spoke—
 "My child," said he, with quivering lip, as thrilling memories woke,

"We'll place our humble offering upon this lonely grave,
For here may lie the sacred dust of some forgotten brave;
Perchance on picket-guard he fell, or from the gory plain
His comrades bore a shattered form thro' ranks of trampled slain.

'Twas thus, methinks," the old man said, "thus fell my noble son,
Thy father, child, my soldier boy—my hope, my only one;
He sprang to action swift and strong—he heard his country's call—
'No star shall from our flag be torn, as God is over all!'

"That starry banner blazed afar, the ensign of the free,
The beacon-light of millions past and millions yet to be;
Thy father loved its shining folds, he followed where they waved,
Thro' tangled wood, or frowning height, as battle's storm he braved.

"And once he wrote, 'Your soldier son to-morrow at the dawn
Will meet the foe, and should he fall before the night comes on,
Remember, as our cause is just, that so my heart is brave,
And glory shines beyond the gloom of e'en an unmarked grave.'

"No other tidings ever came, the months and years sped on,
And martial heroes proudly wore the laurels they had won,
And freedom unto every soul within our land was given,
And glory veiled the nameless ones up-borne from strife to Heaven."

The grandsire and the maiden knelt;—upon the vernal air,
Made odorous by the scented bloom he murmured forth a prayer,
It breathed of charity to all—of malice unto none—
That North and South, that East and West might henceforth dwell as one.

MRS. H. N. RALSTON.

NIGHT AFTER SHILOH.



THE darkness fell upon Shiloh,
The stars gleamed out in light,
And Heaven was full of glory,
Though the earth was full of night.
All over the field the soldiers lay,
Life after life ebbed slowly away,
Drop after drop of crimson stain
Dripped down on that battle-trodden plain,
And leader and private, side by side,
In silence suffered—in silence died.

Some wandering night bird overhead,
Some sighing wind from out the pines,
Were the only watchers of the dead ;
And all was quiet along the lines.
All quiet ! the dead, in their long rest ,
The wounded, in anguish unconfessed ;
For hearts were strong, though life was faint,
With victory hushing each complaint ;
And dying men were faithful and true
As ever in life, to the red, white and blue.

All quiet ! what if thoughts fled away
To some fair home of love and rest ?
What if each soldier, where he lay,
Brought round him the faces he loved the best,
A vision of dear ones, young and old ?
Would their hearts break when his grew cold ?
Was his so strong ! Oh, pitying night !
Cover those faces so still and white !
Hide every throb of grief and pain—
Each quivering lip on that dreary plain ;
Breathe softly, oh wind ! on each poor brow—
There are no loved hands to fan it now—
No gentle fingers to wipe away
The battle stains of this bloody day.

In a little thicket of dark pine trees,
That sweetened and cooled the evening breeze,
A soldier lay. The heavy shade
Which pine tree branches above him made
Seemed to shut out both earth and sky—
All mortal love, and heavenly eye.
Was he alone then ? Could none hear
His smothered sigh for home and friends ?
That home among free northern hills,
Where voices of children at their play
Shouted and sang to the mountain rills !
The murmuring night-wind lends its ear,
The tall pine-tree above him bends,
And home and friends are far away.
'Mid heaps of wounded and of slain
He is alone on Shiloh's plain.
Not long alone ; for, from afar,
Seen through a rift where branches sway,
Beams out one single guiding star—

A beacon fire upon his way ;
 And warm celestial glory shines
 Down through the shadowy, dreary pines.
 The fading eyes grow strong and clear :
 Home close at hand, with Heaven so near ;
 How short a step from night and time
 To Heaven's immortal, sun-bright clime !
 And what are griefs, or death, or pain.
 Compared with Heaven's eternal gain ?
 His heart is stilled : that quick, wild beat,
 Which yearned for home and friends once more,
 Grows calm, his coming Lord to meet,
 And triumphs, where it grieved before.
 " I'm not alone. How can I be ?
 For Jesus now remembers me."
 Then with a joyful, faltering tongue
 The dying man broke forth and sung—
 " When I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes."

Another heard it, where he lay
 Bleeding his fair young life away,
 Listened, with one unspoken cry,
 For those he loved to see him die,
 Then caught the glory of the strain,
 And gave the watchword back again—
 " Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my Heaven, my all."

The sweet, faint echoes of the strain
 Floated along dark Shiloh's plain,
 Hushed many a sob—dried many a tear—
 Told many a heart that God was near,
 Until, amid the dying throng,
 Another Christian caught the song.
 His stiffening wounds were all forgot,
 It seemed as though he felt them not,
 As, with slow accents, clear and sweet,
 He laid his head at Jesus' feet—

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

The night came down upon Shiloh ;
But all through the dusky night,
Soul after soul into glory
Went winging its homeward flight,
Their lives, for their country given,
In *victory* ebbed away,
For Death himself was vanquished
Upon Shiloh's plain that day.

THE OLD SERGEANT.



COME a little nearer, doctor—thank you—let me take the cup ;
Draw your chair up—draw it closer—just another little sup !
Maybe you may think I'm better ; but I'm pretty well used up—
Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a-going up !

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to ; but it ain't much use to
try—"

Never say that," said the surgeon, as he smothered down a
sigh ;

"It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die !"

"What you *say* will make no difference, doctor when you come to die."

"Doctor what has been the matter ?" "You were very faint, they say ;
You must try to get some sleep now" "Doctor, have I been away ?"

"Not that anybody knows of!" "Doctor—doctor, please to stay !
There is something I must tell you, and you won't have *long* to stay !

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go ;
Doctor, did you say I fainted ?—but it couldn't ha' been so,—
For as sure as I'm a sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,
I've this very night been back there on the old field of Shiloh !

"This is all that I remember ! The last time the lighter came,
And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name ;
'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON !' just that way it called my name.

"And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow,
Knew it couldn't be the lighter, he could not have spoken so,
And tried to answer, 'Here, sir!' but I couldn't make it go!
For I couldn't move a muscle, and I couldn't make it go!

"Then I thought: It's all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore;
Just another foolish *grape-vine*—and it won't come any more;
But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before:
'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!' even plainer than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,
And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite.

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,
And I heard a bugle sounding, as from some celestial tower;
And the same mysterious voice said: 'IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!
ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON,—IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!'

"Doctor Austin! what *day* is this?" "It is Wednesday night, you know."
"Yes—to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below!
What *time* is it, Doctor Austin?" "Nearly twelve." "Then don't you go!
Can it be that all this happened—all this—not an hour ago?

"There was where the gunboats opened on the dark rebellious host,
And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast;
There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost!
And the same old transport came and took me over,—or its ghost!

"And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss—there McClernand met the tide;
There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlbut's heroes died,—
Lower down where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died.

"There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of the canny kin;
There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rousseau waded in;
There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began to win;
There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began to win.

"Now a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my head,
I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead;
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

"Death and silence!—death and silence! all around me as I sped!
And behold a mighty tower, as if builded to the dead,
To the heaven of the heavens lifted up its mighty head,
Till the stars and stripes of heaven all seem waving from its head!

"Round and mighty-based it towered, up into the infinite,
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright;
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding stair of light
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight!

"And, behold, as I approached it, with a rapt and dazzled stare,
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great stair,
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of —'Halt, and who goes there?'
'I'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are.' 'Then advance, sir, to the stair!'

"I advanced! That sentry, doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne.
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line!
'Welcome, my old sergeant, welcome! Welcome by that countersign!'
And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of mine!

"As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking only of the grave;
But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and bloodless glaive;
'That's the way, sir, to headquarters!' 'What headquarters?' 'Of the brave!'
'But the great tower?' 'That,' he answered, 'is the way, sir, of the brave!'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform of light;
At my own so old and tattered, and at his so new and bright.
'Ah!' said he, 'you have forgotten the new uniform to-night,
Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o'clock to-night!'

"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting *there*, and I—
Doctor, did you hear a footstep? Hark!—God bless you all! Good-by!
Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I die,
To my son—my son that's coming—he won't get here till I die!

"Tell him his old father blessed him as he never did before,
And to carry that old musket—" Hark! a knock is at the door—
"Till the Union—" See! it opens!—"Father! Father! speak once more!"—
"Bless you!" gasped the old gray sergeant—and he lay and said no more!

FORSYTHE WILLSON.

A RHYME OF THE NAVY.



T was a bright March evening, in the spring of Sixty-two,
The ocean monster Merrimac off Craney island drew,
All freighted with her forty guns, the monarch of the seas,
With Rebel soldiers on her deck, and banners on the breeze.

She was the staunchest ship of war that ever put from shore,
'Tis said her like was never launched upon the seas before ;
And at each side an iron-clad, the Jamestown and the York,

Prepared to make of Yankee sloops a supper for the shark.

And straight to Newport News they bore, fast plowing thro' the spray,
To where our little Cumberland lay rocking on the bay ;
And where the crippled Congress, too, as yet unused to wars,
At anchor swung upon the tide, beneath the Stripes and Stars.

As darkness fell on Hampton Roads, that long remembered night,
No choice was left our Yankee tars but strike their flag, or fight ;
No shadow of a hope to cheer, no Providence to save,
They could but make a gallant stand, and gain a glorious grave.

From Fort Monroe a cry went up of strong men in despair,
They saw the doomed ship's streamers wave, but could not reach them there ;
They saw the triple monsters near, with dark insatiate brow,
And treason floating at the mast, and death upon the prow.

Each pivot gun was in its place, each bluecoat at his post,
And still the Merrimac drove on, as noiseless as a ghost ;
On board the Cumberland no word escaped a soldier's lip,
But every man resolved to die ere he'd desert the ship.

And now the heavy Armstrongs are groaning o'er the deep,
And shrieking storms of solid shot from hidden engines leap ;
At once, and with an awful crash of thunder-stricken walls,
Before the traitor's plunging prow the Union frigate falls.

Her shattered hull is settling fast beneath the dusky sea,
With fifty gunners on her deck, too proud to bend the knee ;
And lo! from heaps of mangled men some reel with death-dim eye,
And stagger fiercely to their guns an instant but to die.

Thro' all the thunder of the fray was gallant Morris heard,
To left and right among the crew, who kindled at his word ;
I trow no mortal men e'er fought more truly brave than they,
And nobly did they meet their doom upon that bloody bay.

And still our starry banner swung sublimely at the mast,
And when the blessed ship went down it fluttered to the last;
And as the morrow's sun arose upon the red sea sand,
Its rainbow bows were floating still above the Cumberland.

And what a Sabbath morn was that, and who can tell the woe
That beat within our soldiers' breasts, like billows to and fro?
Full well they knew another hour would turn the tide of war,
And many a brother man would fall, in the cause he battled for.

And now the floating fort again comes driving up the sea,
Round Tanner's Point and Craney Isle, with spirits light and free,
And pleasure boats are at the stern, with lords and ladies gay,
To see their Southern kraken sweep our sloops of war away.

Then onward up the Chesapeake, with naught to stay her power,
She'll sink her flukes at Washington before another hour,
And thro' the National Capital will howl the dogs of war,
And Philadelphia, too, must fall, New York, and Baltimore.

But see! what tiny thing is that, far northward on the brine,
No larger than a grain of sand, or purple drop of wine?
What means that shouting up and down the old Virginia shore,
And why do those old harbors ring as they never rang before?

Go back! go back! oh, Merrimac! the Lord is on the sea,
'Twas He that put yon boat afloat, and you must let her be;
Death rides gigantic on her tower, and warns you to return,
Now speed you back, proud Merrimac, or a bloody lesson learn.

Undaunted, free, the ocean-waif comes dancing down the tide,
With Freedom's passport on her prow, and a jolly crew inside;
And when full into view she hove, the rebels roared and laughed,
And swore it was a "Yankee cheese" upon a "Yankee raft."

They scarcely deemed her worth a shot, so short, so weak and small,
Two port holes in a turning tub, a flag—and that was all.
But see! Upon the traitor fierce, she rushes swift and bold,
Like David on Goliath, in the holy war of old.

Now clouds of flashing fire and smoke around the foemen wrap,
And deep amidst the tempest wild the cannon thunders clap,
While crashing round the ships like hail, the iron bullets shower,
Great God our gallant soldiers shield in this terrific hour!

But hark ! Above the battle din breaks forth a joyous peal,
The baby "Monitor" has crushed the Rebel's ribs of steel ;
She staggers, stricken to the heart, as a lightning-shattered tree,
And drags her shameless, bleeding hulk forever off the sea.

Now lift your voices, every one, and fling your banners out,
On every sunny hill and plain, let "Freedom" be the shout ;
Huzza for noble Ericsson, and gallant Worden, too,
And glory to the "Monitor," and its heroic crew.

Of all the tales of naval strife that mortal yet has read,
There is not one compares with that at Hampton Roads, 'tis said ;
And as the tide of time flows on, the story'll still be told,
How the boasted "Merrimac" went down in the Civil War of old.

J. N. MATTHEWS.

THE GREAT COMMANDER.



CIVIL soldiers, reassembled by the river of your fame,
Ye who saved the virgin city bathed in Washington's clear
name,
Which of all your past commanders doth this day your memory
haunt ?
Scott, McDowell, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, McClellan, Halleck,
Grant ?

There is one too little mentioned when your proud reunions come,
And the thoughtful love of country dies upon the sounding drum ;
Let me call him in your muster ! Let me wake him in your grief !
Captain by the Constitution, Abr'am Lincoln was your chief.

Ever nearest to his person, ye were his defense and shield ;
He alone of your commanders died upon the battle-field ;
All your Generals were his children, leaning on him childish-willed,
And they all were filial mourners round the mighty tomb he filled.

Tender as the harp of David his soft answers now become,
When amid the cares of kingdoms rose and fell some Absalom ;
And his humor gilds his memory, like a light within a tent,
Or the sunken sun that lingers on the lofty monument.

Like the slave that saw the sunrise with his face turned toward the West,
As it flashed, while yet 'twas hidden, on a slender steeple's crest ;
So while Victory turned her from him, ere the dawn in welcome came,
On his pen Emancipation glittered like an altar flame.

Feeling for the doomed deserter, feeling for the drafted sire,
For the empty Northern hearthstone and the Southern home afire,
Mercy kept him grim as Moloch, all the future babes to free,
And eternal peace to garner for the millions yet to be.

Not a soldier of the classics, he could see through learned pretense,
Master of the greatest science, military common-sense ;
As he watched your marches, comrades, hither, thither, wayward years,
On his map the roads you followed, you can trace them by his tears.

In the rear the people clamored, in the front the Generals missed ;
In his inner councils harbored critic and antagonist ;
But he ruled them by an instinct like the queen among the bees,
With a wealth of soul that honeyed Publicans and Pharisees.

Faint of faith, we looked behind us for a chief of higher tone,
While the voice that drowned the trumpets was the echo of our own :
Ever thus, my old companions ! Genius has us by the hand,
Walking on the tempest with us, every crisis to command.

Like the bugle blown at evening by some homesick son of art,
Lincoln's words, unearthly, quiver in the universal heart ;
Not an echo left of malice, scarce of triumph, in the strain,
As when summer thunder murmurs in pathetic showers of rain.

Years forever consecrated, here he lived where duties be,
Never crying on the climate or the toil's monotony :
Here his darling boy he buried and the night in vigil wept,
Like his Lord within the garden when the tired disciples slept.

How his call for men went ringing round the world, a mighty bell !
And the races of creation came the proud revolt to quell !
Standing in the last reaction of the rock of human rights,
Worn and mournful grew his features in the flash of battle lights.

Once, like Moses from the mountain, looked he on the realm he won,
When the slaves in burning Richmond knelt and thought him Washington,
Then an envious bravo snatched him from the theatre of things,
To become a saint of Nature in the Pantheon of Kings.

Faded are the golden chevrons, vanished is the pride of war ;
 Mild in Heaven his moral glory lingers like the morning star,
 And the Freeman's zone of cotton his white spirit seems to be,
 And the insects in the harvest beat his army's reveille.

All around him spoiled or greedy, women vain and honor spent,
 Still his faith in human nature lived without discouragement ;
 For his country, which could raise him, barefoot, to the monarch's height,
 Could he mock her, or his mother, though her name she could not write ?

Deep the wells of humble childhood, cool the spring beside the hut—
 Millions more as poor as Lincoln see the door he has not shut.
 Not till wealth has made its canker every poor white's cabin through,
 Shall the Great Republic wither or the infidel subdue.

Stand around your great Commander ! Lay aside your little fears .
 Every Lincoln carries Freedom's car along a hundred years.
 And when next the call for soldiers rolls along the golden belt,
 Look to see a mightier column rise and march, prevail and melt.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

LINCOLN'S LAST DREAM.



APRIL flowers were in the hollows ; in the air were April
 bells,

And the wings of purple swallows rested on the battle shells ;
 From the war's long scene of horror now the nation found
 release ;

All the day the old war bugles blew the blessed notes of
 peace.

'Thwart the twilight's damask curtains
 Fell the night upon the land,
 Like God's smile of benediction
 Shadowed faintly by His hand.

In the twilight, in the dusklight, in the starlight, everywhere,
 Banners waved like gardened flowers in the palpitating air.

In Art's temple there were greetings, gentle hurryings of feet,
 And triumphant strains of music rose amid the numbers sweet.
 Soldiers gathered, heroes gathered, women beautiful were there :
 Will he come, the land's Beloved, there to rest an hour from care ?

Will he come who for the people
 Long the cross of pain has borne—
 Prayed in silence, wept in silence,
 Held the hand of God alone?

Will he share the hour of triumph, now his mighty work is done?
 Here receive the people's plaudits, now the victory is won?

O'er thy dimpled waves, Potomac, softly now the moonbeams creep;
 O'er far Arlington's green meadows, where the brave forever sleep.
 'Tis Good Friday; bells are tolling, bells of chapels beat the air
 On thy quiet shores, Potomac; Arlington, serene and fair.

And he comes, the nation's hero,
 From the White House, worn with care
 Hears the name of "Lincoln!" ringing
 In the thronged streets everywhere;

Hears the bells—what memories bringing to his long uplifted heart,
 Hears the plaudits of the people as he gains the Hall of Art.

Throbs the air with thrilling music, gayly onward sweeps the play;
 But he little heeds the laughter, for his thoughts are far away;
 And he whispers faintly, sadly: "Oft a Blessed Form I see,
 Walking calmly 'mid the people on the shores of Galilee;

Oft I've wished His steps to follow;
 Gently listen, wife of mine!

When the cares of State are over,
 I will go to Palestine.

And the paths the Blessed followed I will walk from sea to sea,
 Follow Him who healed the people on the shores of Galilee."

Hung the flag triumphant o'er him, and his eyes with tears were dim,
 Though a thousand eyes before him lifted oft their smiles to him.
 Forms of statesmen, forms of heroes, women beautiful were there,
 But it was another vision that had calmed his brow of care.

Tabor glowed in light before him,
 Carmel in the evening sun;
 Faith's strong armies grandly marching
 Through the vale of Esdralon;

Bethany's palm-shaded gardens, where the Lord the sisters met,
 And the Pæschal moon arising o'er the brow of Olivet.

Now the breath of light applauses rose the templed arches through,
 Stirred the folds of silken banners, mingled red and white and blue;
 But the Dreamer seemed to heed not: rose the past his eye before—
 Armies guarding the Potomac, flashing through the Shenandoah;

Gathering armies, darkening navies,
 Heroes marching forth to die ;
 Chickamauga, Chattanooga,
 And the Battle of the Sky ;
 Silent prayers to free the bondmen in the ordeal of fire,
 And God's angel's sword uplifted to fulfill his heart's desire.

Thought he of the streets of Richmond on the late triumphant day,
 When the swords of vanquished leaders at his feet surrendered lay,
 When amid the sweet bells ringing all the sable multitudes
 Shouted forth the name of " Lincoln ! " like a rushing of the floods ;
 Thought of all his heart had suffered,
 All his struggles and renown,
 Dreaming not that just above him
 Lifted was the martyr's crown ;
 Seeing not the dark form stealing through the music-haunted air ;
 Knowing not that 'mid the triumph the betrayer's feet were there.

* * * * *

April morning ; flags are blowing : 'thwart each flag a sable bar,
 Dead, the leader of the people ; dead, the world's great commoner.
 Bells on the Potomac tolling ; tolling by the Sangamon ;
 Tolling from the broad Atlantic to the Ocean of the Sun.
 Friend and foe clasp hands in silence,
 Listen to the low prayers said,
 Hear the people's benedictions,
 Hear the nations praise the dead.
 Lovely land of Palestina ! he thy shores will never see,
 But, his dream fulfilled, he follows Him who walked in Galilee.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE HEROINE OF TENNESSEE.



COME in, stranger, and rest a bit, an' let us have a talk—
 The waggin o' yer tongue won't weary you nigh as much as it
 does to walk ;
 You'll find things topsy-turvy, an' anything but neat,
 But the backlog now is blazin', an' throwin' out the heat ;
 It will take the frost outen yer joints, you can go then feelin'
 prime ;
 But the fire can't do that for me—I'm stiff with the frosts o'
 time

I tell ye, mister, I'm lonesome, too, for thar's just the dog an' me,
 That's ben runnin' things hyere in the cabin sense Virginny left Tennessee.
 Virginny's my gal, or us'ter be, she's marrid now, an' livin' in style,
 I've ben up North to see her; jes ben home but a little while;
 I tell ye, stranger, I'm lonesomer now than ever I've ben in my life,
 'Ceptin' once—when Samantha war buried—Samantha, she war my wife.

I wish yer could a' seen Virginny when she war about sixteen.
 It don't sound smart for a father to brag—in fact, I think it looks green;
 But it wasn't her beauty I war thinking about; 'tain't o' that I war gwine to
 brag;

'Twas the grit o' the gal I hed in my mind, an' the love she hed for the flag.
Which flag? Good Lord, my friend, why, we war squar' an' true,
 Or my girl would never hev married that Yank, that wore the Union blue.

You want to hear the story, hey? 'Twan't much of a one, I 'low,
 But it made Virginny a lady—wall, she war one, anyhow—
 But she hed no book larnin', 'cept what she larnt o' me;
 For schools war a mighty scarce thing, my friend, on the mountains o'
 Tennessee.

But it made little odds to that young Yank, when he thought she'd saved his
 life,

An' he wrote to his dad—a rich ole chap—"I've a heroine for my wife!"

But I'm gittin' ahead o' my story. 'Twar the winter o' sixty-three,
 When a Yank that had ben a prisoner war a makin' for liberty.
 He had crawled right up to the cabin, an' hadn't made a sound,
 An' Virginny an' me had no idee thar war any one around,
 'Till we heered the faintest rappin'—wasn't sure it war a rap—
 "Go to the door," says I to Virginny. "Please do you go this time, pap."

Them war her words. It war mighty strange! she hed never refused before,
 An' there she stood, like a gal o' stone, starin' hard at the door.
 For the very fust time in her life, I think, her face war as pale as death,
 When the bay of a bloodhound, clus by the door, made her fer to gasp for
 breath.

She hed a sharp knife in her hand jest then, an' when I opened the door,
 The houn' hed jest sprung on the shiverin' Yank, an' bore him down to the
 floor.

Virginny she sprung towards 'em—she caught a glimpse o' his clothes;
 In less'n a minnit the blood o' that dog on the floor o' the cabin flows.
 She made short work o' that animal; every blow she reached his heart.

An' the glare in her eyes war that wild, sir, that it farly made me start.
 Her voice rang out like a bugle, "Hyere, pap, you bury the houn',
 An' I'll wash up this blood, for thar's more'n dogs that's huntin' this soldier
 down!"

There was no tremblin' o' her voice, no fear about her then;
 If they'd come a-huntin' him, she'd fought a dozen men
 With that butcher-knife, jest as she did the houn';
 But the Yank spoke to her softly, and she kind o' quieted down,
 An' went up to him shy-like, as though she war afraid
 O' the man whose trip to etarnity she had so much delayed.

Lord, how he thanked us. It sounded mos' like a pra'r;
 The tears war a-glistenin' in Virginny's eyes as she bent over him thar,
 A-drinkin' his words, for hyere war a chap that she had longed to see,
 A brave man from the North, that fought for the flag o' the free.
 "How can I ever repay you," said he, "for this great kindness shown?"
 Her lips never moved, but her eyes kind o' said, "By claimin' me for your
 own!"

But the thought never entered her mind, yer know, 'bout her bein' his wife;
 To the simple girl he war a part of herself, sence she hed saved his life.
 People love years in moments, sometimes; these two did that day,
 When their eyes first met, when the dog let go, as his life-blood ebbed away.
 The free heart of Virginny, my gal so brave and true,
 Was 'prisoned that day with another, that beat 'neath a suit o' blue.

S. N. COOK.

SINCE MICKEY GOT KILT IN THE WAR.



PINSION claim agent? Will thin, sor,
 You're the mon that I'm wanting to see.
 I've a claim for a pinsion that's due me,
 An' I want yez to git it for me."
 "Will, no sor, I never was wounded,
 For the fact is I didn't enlist;
 Though I would have been off in the army,
 Had I not had a boil on me fist.

"But me b'y, me poor Mickey was kilt, sor!
 An' whin poets the story shall till,
 Sure the counthry will thin be erecting
 A monument there where he fill!

He was not cut in two wid a saber,
 Nor struck wid a big cannon-ball,
 But he lepped from a foor-story windy,
 An' bedad, he got kilt in the fall."

" Yis, it was a rash lep to be making ;
 But, in faith, thin, he had to, I'm sure,
 For he h'ard thim a slamming and banging,
 An' a thrying to break in his dure!
 They were going to capture poor Mickey,
 An' to kape from their clutches, poor b'y,
 He had to lep out of the windy,
 An', indade, it was foor stories high!"

" No, it wasn't the fall, sor, that kilt him ;
 It was stopping so suddent, you see.
 Whin he got to the bottom it jarred him,
 An' that kilt him as dead as could be.
 Och ! he loved the owld flag, did brave Mickey !
 An' he died for his counthry, although
 He was not kilt in battle exactly—
 He was lepping the bounties, you know !"

" 'Twas the marshal was afther him ! yis, sor,
 An' in fact, he was right at the dure,
 Whin he made the lep out of the windy
 An' he niver lept bounties no more !
 So, of coorse, I'm entitled to pinsion ;
 An' the old woman, too, is, because
 We were both, sor, dependant on Mickey,
 The darling, brave b'y that he was.

" Af coorse, you'll not have anny throuble,
 So go on wid yez now, an' fill
 Out a lot of thim blank affydavits,
 An' I'll swear to thim all, so I will.
 It is swate, yis, to die for one's counthry ;
 But, bedad, I can't hilp but abhor
 Thim battles where people git hurted,
 Since Mickey got kilt in the war."

T. H. LESLIE.

THE CHALLENGE.



LOWLY o'er the distant mountain sinks the glowing sun to
rest,
Gilding with its lingering splendor the horizon of the west;
And the twilight, softly falling over forest, field and hill,
Brings the hour of peace and comfort, bidding all the world be
still.

Save the faint and hollow murmur of the distant waterfalls,
Or some bird returning homeward, to its mate a greeting calls:
Save the far-off drowsy tinkle from the herd upon the hill,
All the sounds at length grow fainter, nature sleeps—the world is still.

Now are seen, amid the darkness, fires glowing warm and bright
For beside the Rappahannock two great armies meet to-night;
On its banks they build their fires, on the sod their arms they lay;
On one bank the Blue are camping, on the other side the Gray.

Soon there comes from o'er the river strains of music loud and grand;
'Tis the sound of martial measure from the Union army's band;
And "We'll Rally Round the Flag, Boys," was the soul-inspiring air;
To cheer the weary soldier's heart, there's none that's half so fair.

Now at length the strain is ended, and the army of the Gray
Quick the challenge has accepted, but another air they play;
"The Bonnie Blue Flag" in lively measure, with its accents sweet and clear,
Giving hope to every soldier, driving from them thoughts of fear.

Then again from o'er the river, from the gallant boys in Blue,
Come the notes of "Hail Columbia," loud and joyous, firm and true,
Swelling like the voice of nations, borne on wings of music grand:
Born within the hearts of freemen, uttered by the Union band.

Scarcely has the lingering echo from the mountain died away,
When "Away Down South in Dixie," from the army of the Gray,
Speaks their dearest wish and purpose, tells of hopes as strong and true,
As were those so dearly cherished by the army of the Blue.

Sweet the sound of martial music, floating on the evening air;
Terrible the dark forebodings that their lively measures bear;
To the ear it brings its beauty, to the heart the throbs of pain;
Thus together joy and sadness blended in the same refrain.

All is hushed. The silvery rippling of the river flowing near,
And perhaps the faggots crackling are the only sounds they hear ;
Not the faintest echo answers from the hills now lost to view,
All are waiting for the answer from the army of the Blue.

But within one soldier's bosom there is born a gentler strain,
And the comrades' untrained voices join him in the sweet refrain.
But it bears no word of challenge, has no thought of party pride,
For its visions are of loved ones, and the hallowed fireside.

"Home, Sweet Home," the notes float upward, out upon the quiet night,
Others now have caught the meaning, and their melody unite,
As the chorus still is swelling every voice prolongs the lay,
Rendered by the words and music from both the Blue and Gray.

Fuller, stronger grows the music, swelling upward through the air,
Even to the gates of heaven and perhaps it enters there,
Where the notes are sweetly blended with angelic singers' lay,
Blending, all in one grand chorus, there is known no Blue, no Gray.

The song is o'er, the closing measure softly now has died away ;
But we hear no challenge further from the Blue or from the Gray.
For the theme so aptly fitted to each weary soldier's heart
Brooks no thought of civil warfare, and no words of hate impart.

As each soldier, worn and weary, on his humble couch is lain ;
Something in his dusky features takes away the powder stain.
Can it be the dew from heaven, falling on the sleeper's face ?
Or do tears thus undiscovered down the soldier's features trace ?

J. T. KENOWER.

A LITTLE CHILD.



DOWN from the hill, up from the glen,
With waving flags and warlike din,
They rushed—two troops of mounted men—

The boys in blue, the boys in gray ;
And they had almost met that day,
When lo ! a child stood in the way.

Its hands were filled with flowers ; its eyes,
As clear and soft as summer's skies,
Were opened wide in grave surprise.

Upon the pretty baby head
 The sun a golden blessing shed.
 "I want mamma," the sweet voice said.

Both captains shouted "Halt!" The men
 Reined in their eager steeds and then
 The blue leaped down, and up again,

And galloping like mad, he bore
 The child he grasped a mile or more
 Back to its mother's cottage door.

Loud rose the cheers from blue and gray,
 As smilingly they turned away;
 There was no battle fought that day!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE VETERANS.



HE past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation, the music of the boisterous drums, the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part from those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whispering, and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babies that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with those who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing, and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door, with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by

holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone and forever. We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of the war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right. We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel. We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured. We are at home when the news comes they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silver head of the old man bowed down with the last grief.

The past rises before us and we see 4,000,000 of human beings governed by the lash; we see them bound hand and foot; we hear the hounds tracking women through the tangled swamp. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite! Four million bodies in chains! Four million souls in fetters! All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free! The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. Those heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see houses and firesides, and school-houses, and books, and where all was want and crime and fetters, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of the sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

ENDING THE WAR.

AS we lay facing the rebel lines around Petersburg that last winter of the war the men in the rifle pits refrained from firing at each other, except when ordered to do so to cover some new movement. One night I was in a pit about half a mile from what was known as the "crater," and I soon found that there was a "Johnny" in a pit facing me, and only a stone's throw away. Everything was quiet in that neighborhood, and I had been in the pit about an hour when he called out ;

"Say, Yank, what about this hyar wah?"

"What do you mean?"

"When are you 'uns gwine to quit?"

"When you are licked out of your boots."

"Shoo! you can't do it in a hundred years."

"Well we are going to keep trying."

He was quiet for a few minutes, and then said :

"Say, Yank, this is an awful wah."

"Yes."

"Heaps o' good men being killed."

"Yes."

"Heaps o' property gwine to wreck."

"Yes."

"Does you 'uns lay it to me?"

"Well, you are helping to keep the war going."

"And I hadn't orter?"

"Of course not."

"And if I should come over to you 'uns it might end this furse?"

"It would help."

"Wall, seems that way to me. 'Pears to be a sort o' duty. If I kin stop this bloodshed an' won't do it, then I'm onery mean, hain't I?"

"You are."

"Hain't got no true speerit in me, hev I?"

"No."

"Then I guess I'll come. I'm aheadin' right fur yer, and do you be keerful that your gun don't go off."

He came to my pit, bringing his gun along, and as I passed him to the rear he said :

"This ends the wah, and I'm powerful glad of it. Reckon your Ginenal Grant will be surprised when he wakes up in the mawnin' an' finds the rebellion all petered out an' me a-eating Yankee hard tack."

AN ANTIDOTE FOR COWARDICE.

IUST before the battle of Antietam five recruits came down for my company. There were no bounty jumpers at that stage of the game, although the courage and patriotism of all the recruits could not be vouched for. One of the batch was named Danforth, a farmer's son, fresh from the corn fields, and as we took up the line of march to head Lee off and bring him to bay Danforth said to me:

"Sergeant, I've made a mistake." "How," I replied.

"I hain't got no sand. I allus thought I had, but when I come down here and see what war is, I find I hain't got the spunk of a rabbit." "That's bad," said I.

"So it is. We're going to have a fight purty soon, and I know what'll happen. I shall bolt as sure as shooting."

"Then you'll be called a coward, and disgraced forever."

"That's so, and I don't want it. Will you do me a favor." "Well?"

"Wall, if I kin git mad I'll be all right, and forgit my shaking. Keep an eye on me, and as soon as we git within five miles of the rebels kick me good and stout."

After some further talk I promised him. We were in Hooker's corps, and as we moved in against Jackson, Danforth obliqued alongside and said:

"Sergeant, kick me or I shall bolt. I haven't got sand enough to see a chicken die."

We were moving through the timber, and I stepped behind him and "lifted" him twice as hard as I could kick. He shot aside, and the next time I saw him we were at a fence on the edge of a corn field. The fire was hot and men were falling thick. I had just fired from a rest on the top rail when Danforth came up, faced the other way and said:

"More kicks, Sergeant! I know I've dropped two of 'em; but my sand is going!"

I kicked him again with a good deal of vigor, and just then we got the order to advance, and he was the first man over the fence. Half an hour later we were driven back, considerably disorganized, and as I reached the fence I came across Danforth again. He had a rebel captain by the collar, and was carrying the officer's sword in his hand. As he saw me he called out:

"Sand is all right, Sergeant. No more kicks. As soon as I take this chap to the rear I'm going back and collar old Stonewall himself or die trying!"

HISTORY

OF THE

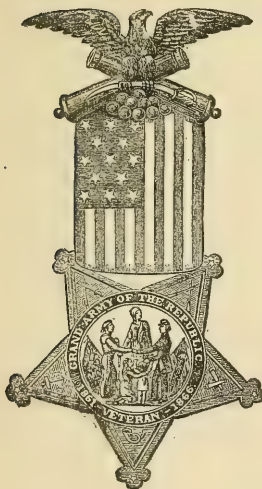
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

ODE TO FRATERNITY, CHARITY AND LOYALTY.



VETERAN band, our Army Grand, before our dreaming eyes ye stand
Twisting with a firm, strong hand the three-fold cord of Unity.

First, ye choose a fibre dyed
In your common heart's-blood tide,
Type of man to man allied—
The bright **RED** strand, Fraternity.




Next, a fibre spotless, clear,
Bond of a sacrifice sincere,
Type of love that conquers fear,
The pure **WHITE** strand of Charity.

Last, the thread we glorify,
Tinted like a summer's sky,
Color for which heroes die,
The true **BLUE** strand of Loyalty.

Long may your triune motto shine, long live its sentiments divine,
Long may the triple cable twine to bind the land's integrity.

ORIGIN AND PURPOSE.

HE American passion for "organizing," and "appointing a committee," manifests itself under all varieties of circumstances. Any phase of things is a sufficient pretext for the American citizen to "call a meeting" for some specific purpose not hitherto provided for.

One might suppose that the severely methodical conditions of army life might have satisfied the yearning of the most enthusiastic "organizer" who happened to be subjected to its stern requirements; but even under these conditions the national impulse to confer, deliberate and resolve, possessed the citizen-soldiers. During the later months of the civil war and for several years thereafter numerous societies were formed, all from some motive of co-operation or commemoration.

THIRD ARMY CORPS UNION.

The first of these societies was the Third Army Corps Union, organized in 1863, at the headquarters of Gen. Birney, then commanding the First Division. An exigency, not met by the army regulations, called for this co-operative movement on the part of the officers of the corps. Their leading motive, at the time, was to provide means to send home for burial the remains of officers in the corps who were killed in battle, or who died in camp or hospital; a motive that no doubt appealed strongly to every man among them as he dwelt on the possibility of dying in the enemy's country and filling a nameless grave. It is interesting to note that this first social aim of the soldiers' unions was one allied to the most tender and sacred feelings for home and friends, and one that had in mind not only the natural wish of the soldier to sleep his last sleep by the side of his friends in peace, but also the kindly purpose to mitigate the sorrow of those left to mourn by giving them the sad comfort of weeping over their precious dead before he was hidden from their sight forever. The bond of friendship thus solemnly sealed has never been broken.

SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

The second organization during the war period was the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. This society was formed shortly before the disbanding of the army, but in anticipation of the final muster-out. Naturally, its leading idea was patriotic commemoration, and its stated objects, as far as they went, were identical with those that afterward became the platform of that universal brotherhood of veterans—the Grand Army of the Republic. Several names conspicuous

in the Society of the Army of the Tennessee are names identified with the history of the Grand Army of the Republic through many eventful years—notably the names of Generals Logan and Fairchild, two of the most honored and efficient Commanders-in-Chief of the Grand Army.

This society, like the Third Army Corps Union, at its outset was composed of officers only. The rank and file while still in the field had no opportunity for such extensive concerted action as that possible to the commissioned officers, but while formal action was practically impossible, to the great mass of the soldiers the idea of commemorative re-unions was omnipresent.

Major Stephenson and his companion-in-arms, Chaplain Rutledge, are the accredited founders of the Grand Army of the Republic, and all admit that to Major Stephenson's enthusiasm the order owes its first organization. But perhaps it would not be correct to say that in any one spot alone are to be found the germs of the idea—a sentiment so general sprang into life in various ways all through the army. Sometimes it was narrowed within the compass of a small group of personal acquaintances; sometimes the circle of sympathy expanded far enough to include a whole division or corps.

HELPLESSNESS THE KEYNOTE OF VETERANS' SOCIETIES.

Usually, the central idea that inspired these unions was the memory of a certain battle, or campaign, that had distinguished these men from their fellow-soldiers: and with the memory arose the feeling that those who had suffered so much in common should, in after years, have as large a measure of mutual recompense as it was possible to secure by standing shoulder to shoulder in peaceful projects, as they had marched together on warlike expeditions.

In all these veteran societies, the keynote was this spirit of helplessness—a sentiment that had been developed by the “inductive process” during the years of “daring and suffering.” In emergencies of danger and privation and sorrow each soldier had learned, as never before, how dependent is every one upon his fellow-men. Independence, in the personal sense, is an illusion of prosperity. In reality, there is no such thing as independence, but when one is in comfortable circumstances and surroundings he easily fancies that he has nothing to ask of any other man. It is trouble or peril that sends him to some one else; and then is made the unconscious confession of weakness, the tacit admission that all his arrogant assumption of self-sufficiency has been an empty boast.

This experience of a mutual dependence was one of the most startling revelations to many of those who composed the great Union army.

Men, who at home had known only the elegant comforts of refined living, found themselves placed where not merely comfort but even relief from grievous hardships could be secured only through a generous comradery with others. Men, who at home would have turned away in disgust at the idea of drinking from a cut-glass goblet, after some one else, now, on the dusty march, gratefully accepted a draught from the gray canteen proffered by another weary soldier. Sturdy men, who had been accustomed thoughtlessly to appropriate all the comforts of a well-appointed home, now stripped off their army blankets to wrap them around some slender fellow whose patriotism and bravery could not ward off the ague-fever. Some thought of the lads at home, scarcely younger than this stripling soldier, may have impelled the bearded man to care for somebody else's boy, as he would have wished somebody else to care for *his*, had their circumstances been reversed.

And then, in the lulls of strife, when the regiment camped for days in monotonous dread and speculation, how the boxes used to come from the north and the east and the west, with their store of home-made delicacies! And then the royal generosity of the favored soldier, as he unpacked his treasures! The roll of fresh butter that one loving mother had sent to her boy was shared with a score of other mothers' boys, until it melted away "as a morning dew." And the box of "ginger-snaps" that became a Mecca for everybody as long as they lasted!—while the soldiers exchanged jolly reminiscences of the big stone jar that used to travel, like a planet, from shelf to shelf, and pantry to pantry, upstairs and down-cellar, in the fruitless effort to elude the discovery of the small boy. How the blue-coated warriors laughed to recall those youthful foraging expeditions, when they were wont to commit the one crime that a boy always expects to be forgiven without repentance—the pilfering of his grandmother's irresistible "cookies."

Or, Hal's mother had sent him several pairs of warm socks, and Hal shared them with Jim, who had no "folks" to send him anything. And so it went on, until the box was empty; but the hearts were full—for the whole company had shared the sweet thoughtfulness of one patriotic home where "the soldiers" were never for one moment out of mind.

HEARTS JOINED BY MUTUAL SORROW AND DANGER.

Then, there were sombre hours, when the battle line was rolling mercilessly nearer and nearer; and men whose reticent silence had never before been broken looked into each other's eyes, and each

committed his solemn heart-secrets to the other's keeping as they promised that if either one fell in battle that day, the other should take from his breast-pocket the picture, and the lock of hair, and the letter already written and addressed, and send them with gentlest words of sympathy to one who, hundreds of miles away, was keeping a heart-watch over the career of her brave darling. And they sealed this compact with one last strong clasp of hands; for the set lips dared not speak lest they should quiver, and the eyes gazed away to the blue hills, because a soldier must not shed tears. With many, it was a last farewell on earth; but each went through Gethsemane to meet his cross the stronger for the silent eloquence of wordless sympathy.

Strange were these friendships between men who, but for the war, would never have known of each other's existence—each in his far-away home—but here joined by ties peculiarly binding and singularly unlike the attachments of peaceful and uneventful life.

What wonder that after all these experiences of mutual reliance, the thought of separation was swiftly followed by the thought of reunion. Could these men go back to their several homes and forget those who had been thus strangely associated with them for this brief, terrible season of danger and daring? Or would the muster of war be replaced by a muster of patriotic veterans, who might reassemble at stated intervals to keep one another reminded of what they had enjoyed or suffered together; to renew their allegiance to the principles that had actuated them, in their righteous conflict; to keep sacred the memory of comrades whose lives had sealed their bond of loyalty; more yet, to give practical proof of the sincerity of this veteran spirit, by making material provision for the comfort and support of the families bereft by these sacrifices; and to cultivate in the hearts and lives of the veterans themselves those tender and generous sentiments which the brutalities of war were so calculated to kill out, and which each one must revive and cherish lest he should suffer that worst result of battle-strife—that retrograde step in the progress of civilization—a deadening of the finer sensibilities of his nature. Should the patriots of the Union repeat the history of other nations, demoralized by war, or should sweet charity and brotherly kindness successfully combat these perils, and the nation become purer for the baptism of fire that had consecrated her anew?

Such anxious questions filled the minds of thoughtful people as they pondered the issues of the war. And from every quarter of the army came the significant answer to the question, as everywhere knots of soldiers planned for future meetings of their respective regiments or divisions.

While many different bands of veterans were projecting re-unions on one or another exclusive basis, there were some who were planning the establishment of a grand comprehensive order. The impulse of personal friendship that inspired each group of mess-mates was an expression of the same feeling that, broadening in its application, developed into the comradeship of the Grand Army of the Republic. They were the budding shoots from which the interlacing branches of the strong forest were ultimately to grow.

POLITICAL EXIGENCIES DEMAND ORGANIZATION.

It is impossible to surmise what might have been the trend and growth of this veteran spirit, but for President Lincoln's untimely death. This terrible event caused a violent agitation of public sentiment, and especially in that vast army then about to be dispersed to their civilian occupations. Antagonisms that had been gradually yielding to the soothing influences of victory and assured peace, were roused to a bitter spirit of aggression; and the generous impulse that before had been leaning toward a magnanimous amnesty for repentant rebels, was checked by a renewed distrust. The effect on the veterans' societies was to strengthen the patriotic bond that held them together, while at the same time to make them more jealous of any possible foe to the principles that they had defended.

The policy of President Johnson was calculated to strengthen this bitterness; and through the rancorous spirit aroused by the acts of that administration, and the debates in Congress during that period, the veterans—who had organized as a harmonious brotherhood devoted to sacred memories of the past and peaceful pursuits for the future—found themselves forced into a new warfare. The battle smoke had rolled away from the harbors, and the dread rumble of cannonading no longer sounded from the wilderness; but from the national capital came the sound of discordant opinions, that were echoed from every rostrum and every press in the land, while men in the shops and men in the counting-rooms, and even men in the pulpits took up the murmur of debate.

This peace—this longed-for, prayed-for, joyfully-welcomed peace—was it better or worse than the war it had supplanted? Or, indeed, was it not merely a lull in the storm, before a darker cloud should come than had before rolled over? So thought many desponding ones; and the soldiers, albeit their rifles were once more stacked in the armories, fought their battles over again each day as they read the morning papers.

The November elections in 1866 found a large proportion of the

Union veterans in a decidedly belligerent state of mind. Besides the political grievances which so many of them resented, there were personal and material reasons why the veterans realized the need for some definite action on their part. They had come home to take up the broken thread of their occupations, after months or years of absence—in many cases to find another hand busy at their loom, and another web prosperously progressing where they had hoped to resume their own. Boys had grown up into a precocious band of workers, and able-bodied “stay-at-homes” had comfortably grown fat on the unprecedented business opportunities growing out of the necessity for maintaining an army; but where was the niche for the returned soldier? Nowhere—except in rare instances—unless he fought for it, and not then, if he fought single-handed. Several years of experience in the kind of effort put forth by organized masses may have emphasized, in the mind of the soldier, the motto “United we stand, divided we fall!” At all events, the veterans found it to their advantage to stand by one another, politically, in 1866—their specific purpose being not merely the sustaining of the principles of federal government, but also the securing of fair play for ex-soldiers in the political and business life of the nation that they could justly claim to have preserved. Various political clubs of veterans were formed, some representing local interests, and some in preparation for the presidential campaign of '68; and always they were recognized as an influential exponent of the trend of political opinion among the veterans of the civil war. And what of the fraternal re-unions that had been so cordially agreed upon by so many comrades while still in the field?

This political warfare had not entered into the scheme of the soldiers, who had imagined a future filled with the peaceable fruits of loyal devotion. They did not foresee the tragedy that began with the assassination of their beloved President, and continued through what seemed like the insidious murder of a nation but just saved from its open foes. Instead of being permitted to carry out the ideal plan of patriotic commemoration originally devised, they met the more salient necessity for continuing the defensive attitude of a nation's bulwark.

The most curiously complicated result of this unlooked-for political upheaval was the effect that it had on the progress of the Grand Army of the Republic. No wonder that the dream of a gloriously generous and peaceful society was broken, and that the need for some sterling and unyielding platform for this veteran army was recognized. While evidently there was an earnest effort on the part of the leaders to keep the original idea unchanged, yet they did not hide the indignant feelings that had been developed since the war by provocations in

some respects more exasperating than the firing of the guns at Sumter.

The sentiment largely prevailing among veterans at that time is significantly shown in the resolutions adopted at the first mass meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic—the Springfield convention, July 12, 1866.

In effect the resolutions expressed the sentiment that was firing the brain of every loyal veteran, and plainly conveyed a rebuke to the existing administration. Everyone knew who and what were meant by “we will make it ever our care that no known enemy of the country shall wield power in the Republic”—“secret machinations”—“rash admission to place and power of those who were active participants in rebellion,” etc. An ominous shake of the head seems a fitting accompaniment to every clause.

If there was any subtle suggestion of “politics” in this, even the most conservative were defiantly willing to ignore it. Moreover, the phrasing of the resolutions was diplomatic; “make it ever our care”—was so vague, and withal so patriotic in a general way, that the most cautious could take no exception to it; while at the same time, it meant as much as the most radical partisan chose to interpret it to mean. This latitude of interpretation possibly accounts for the wide range of opinion reached as to the political designs of the Grand Army of the Republic.

It seems quite probable that this intense though vaguely expressed purpose of challenge and defiance for a time superseded all other motives. Loyalty demanded so much that fraternity and charity were somewhat overshadowed in the immediate purpose and action of the veterans, during the trying years immediately following the close of the war.

Nor is this a matter for adverse criticism. It would have been little to the credit of the Union soldier if he had remained unmoved under the insults offered to every veteran by a policy that unchecked would have nullified the results of the war. In the face of existing facts, conservatism was little better than treason, and the hot-headed ones were ready even to suspect the loyalty of anyone who could keep cool. While perhaps some were indiscreet in words, and over-zealous in action, still the soldierly spirit with which the veterans met this emergency was cheered to the echo by all loyal citizens.

POLITICS CHECK THE GROWTH OF THE ORDER.

But right at this point arose the complication that so seriously interfered with the organization of the Grand Army. Each veteran was two separate characters; the same soldier was one moment a fraternal

TWELFTH AND TWENTIETH CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.

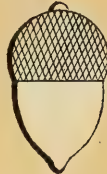


3d Div.

FOURTEENTH CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.

FIFTEENTH CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.

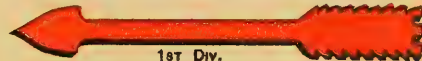


4th Div.

SIXTEENTH CORPS.



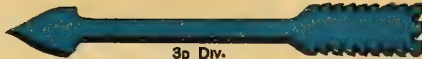
SEVENTEENTH CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.

EIGHTEENTH CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.

NINETEENTH CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.

comrade, the next instant a belligerent "Boy in Blue." The veteran who one evening attended the meeting of the Grand Army Post, the next evening shouted himself hoarse at a mass-meeting to cheer the candidate of his choice; and people reasoned this way: "The Grand Army men are managing this caucus, and therefore the Grand Army is a political scheme for controlling elections; and whereas the candidates thus urged for nominations are Republicans, therefore be it resolved that the Grand Army is a partisan club devoted to the interests of the Republican ring."

The ingenious sophistry of this reasoning beguiled a great many people usually capable of logical judgment; and un-subdued rebels, and never-subdued-because-always-skulking "rebel sympathizers" used this artful argument to prejudice the unthinking, and many veterans who belonged to the Democratic party declined to have anything to do with the Grand Army.

Also, on the ground that a secret political society was a menace to free institutions, many men of all parties opposed the Grand Army, believing it to be identical with the *political* clubs of veterans. Even the veterans themselves did not always remember to make the distinction, and so the general public may be excused for not realizing the difference.

In vain the leaders of the Grand Army protested that it was not a political club, still less a partisan club. People persisted in regarding it in that light—for were not some of the most aggressive politicians of the day Grand Army men?—and did not certain Posts cause it to be understood that they would support certain candidates and none others? Was not this sufficient proof of their partisan character? And so the reckless and unauthorized action of the indiscreet few militated against the interests of the order that they were all the while anxious to glorify.

The Grand Army of the Republic had been fairly established in several of the western states in the spring of 1866, and before the most troublous political complications developed; but even there, where it might have been supposed to be least misunderstood, it suffered by reason of this confusion of ideas as to the motives of the organization. At the east no Posts had been chartered until after the formation of the political clubs before referred to—that by their very titles were known to be composed of recently returned soldiers; and it seemed doubly difficult for the representatives of the Grand Army to secure a fair hearing in the face of the prejudice that existed.

Still, the work of establishing Posts and Departments went on; and year after year, at the annual encampments, the delegates vehemently

reiterated the assertion that the Grand Army of the Republic was *not* a political organization, and did *not* permit the discussion of partisan measures, etc., etc.; and finally, in 1869, the encampment incorporated in its rules and regulations a definite article to this effect, which served the double purpose of assuring the public, and of placing the members of the Grand Army, themselves, under a stricter law in regard to the matter.

TRIUMPHING OVER DIFFICULTIES.

Since that time the progress of the order has been interrupted here and there, more or less, by the same old question and doubt. In the reports of the annual encampments frequent reference is made to this; and it was not until 1876, that the Commander-in-Chief was able to say with assurance:

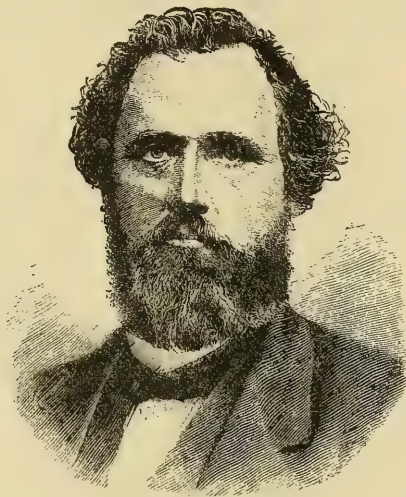
“The tender twig which for years past required so much nourishment and care, and which so often bent to the storms of prejudice and adverse criticism, has stretched its roots so widely and deeply, and has become so firm and strong, that it no longer needs that ceaseless watchfulness, exercised by former Commanders, to protect it from public opinion without, or weakness from within.”

And of late years the Commanders-in-Chief have referred to this question only to congratulate the Grand Army on the fact that the charge of partisanship preferred against the order has happily become a thing of the past.

Still, every presidential campaign, and many a local election, are attended with peculiar conflicts of argument resulting in discords that are liable to mar the harmony of feeling between members of even an avowedly non-partisan society; and perhaps, far more than appears on the surface, the prosperity of the Grand Army is affected by these influences. But the rapid increase in membership, within the last decade, would indicate that the real purpose and effort of the Grand Army is at last understood and appreciated. The practical workings of the order, the unswerving adherence to its Declaration of Principles, and the dignified and business-like methods of its various responsible committees—notably the standing committee on pensions—the noble charity dispensed through a well-managed treasury, and last, but not least, the inspiring words of the Commanders who year by year become the spokesmen of the veteran band—all command the respect and confidence and gratitude of a people whose homes are bright and warm to-day because the Grand Army of the Republic once stood between them and destruction.

If any one has been accustomed to put aside a volume of statistical

history, as a thing inevitably dry and uninteresting, let him be convinced of his misapprehension by a perusal of the journals of the successive "national encampments" of the Grand Army. At first skipping the details that seem of no special significance, and which are only bewildering to the uninitiated, one is surprised to find how interesting these same minute points may become, later on, when the whole meaning of some salient event is dependent—to our thinking—on one little fact; and we turn back to search the record of a certain Post, of which our hero was a charter member, and every item concerning it takes on the color of absorbing interest.



MAJOR STEPHENSON.

It is a fine study in climax to note from year to year the persevering efforts of the officials to develop the organization, always in accordance with its motto of "fraternity, charity and loyalty;" to perceive where the ever watchful care of conservative wisdom has placed the check on a too bold and defiant radicalism, while, at the same time, it yields not one inch of the ground sternly held by the patriotic citizens of the federal union; to mark how, step by step, the order has marched steadily forward, out of the distrust that shadowed its beginnings, into the confidence of the people who now believe—because it has been proved to them—that the Grand Army is patriotic and not partisan; to observe the steady growth in its membership, despite the ever-increasing roll of the departed, the growing balance in its treasury, albeit the constantly widening scope of its charities; more, finally, to reflect how a quarter of a century of culture in the sentiments of

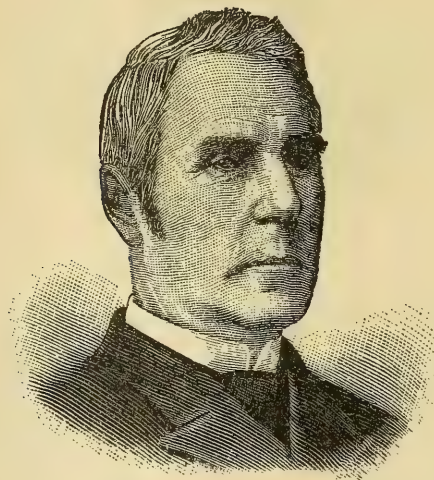
loyalty and brotherly kindness has raised the average of character in the citizenship of the nation, and proven our Grand Army to be second to none among the civilizing forces at work in our day and generation.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE ORDER.

LET us read the history, and absorbed therein we may find the spell broken only when the evening shadows falling on the page compel us to pause for awhile. Then, in panoramic order, we may picture the events that mark the chain-links in this entrancing story.

BIRTH-PLACE OF THE G. A. R.

First, we see a rolling plain, covered with myriads of tents just spread—a halt of Sherman's army. Dusty blue coats everywhere. In the heart of the camp the regular companies of the Fourteenth Illinois infantry; line officers' tents to one side. In one of these are two



CHAPLAIN RUTLEDGE.

men arranging the tent appointments. We cannot hear their words, but the earnest gesticulation, and the enthusiasm in both faces, and the impulsive striking of hands in token of compact convince us that these are Major Stephenson and Chaplain Rutledge, projecting the Grand Army of the Republic.

Through a broken dream of battle and march, and muster-out, we follow the shadowy figures until we see them once more distinctly.

Now the scene is laid in Springfield, Ill. A physician's office—but the medical library is dusty and neglected—a calendar bears the date: "February, 1866." There are present a group of enthusiastic veterans in whose eyes flash "sparks from the camp-fire"—Stephenson, Rutledge, Snyder, Phelps, North and others; notes, memoranda, resolutions, on which the ink is still fresh; and the doctor still writing with the energy born of an intense idea. The group disperse, each one to bear a message, or make an investigation, and shortly return to renew their conference. Behold the nucleus of the Grand Army of the Republic!

The vigorous purpose that actuates these pioneers in the Order is embodied in the "Declaration of Principles" contained in Article I of the Constitution that they adopt, and which reads as follows:

ARTICLE I.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

SECTION 1. The soldiers of the Volunteer Army of the United States, during the Rebellion of 1861-5, actuated by the impulses and convictions of patriotism and of eternal right, and combined in the strong bands of fellowship and unity by the toils, the dangers, and the victories of a long and vigorously waged war, feel themselves called upon to declare, in definite form of words and in determined co-operative action, those principles and rules which should guide the earnest patriot, the enlightened freeman, and the Christian citizen in his course of action; and to agree upon those plans and laws which should govern them in a united and a systematic working method with which, in some measure, shall be effected the preservation of the grand results of the war, the fruits of their labor and toil, so as to benefit the deserving and worthy.

SECTION 2. The results which are designated to be accomplished by this organization are as follows:

1st. The preservation of those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together, with the strong cords of love and affection, the comrades in arms of many battles, sieges and marches.

2d. To make these ties available in works and results of kindness, of favor and material aid to those in need of assistance.

3d. To make provision, where it is not already done, for the support, care and education of soldiers' orphans, and for the maintenance of the widows of deceased soldiers.

4th. For the protection and assistance of disabled soldiers, whether disabled by wounds, sickness, old age or misfortune.

5th. For the establishment and defense of the late soldiery of the United States, morally, socially and politically, with a view to inculcate a proper appreciation of their services to the country, and to a recognition of such services and claims by the American people.

The next scene that comes clearly out of the cloud of retrospection reveals the memorable Springfield Convention of July 12, 1866. We pause long enough to note the resolute faces, and to hear these stirring and significant resolutions unanimously adopted :

“RESOLVED: That we, the Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, recognizing the power of the principles of association, do hereby pledge ourselves, each to the other, to render all material aid and assistance in supplying the wants of the widow and the fatherless, and in furnishing employment to the poor, and to those wounded and disabled in the service of our common country.



MAJOR NORTH.

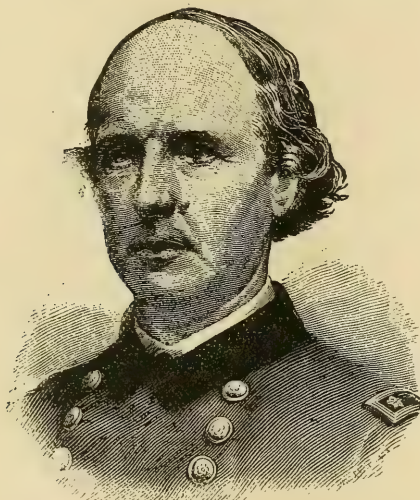
“RESOLVED: That as we have stood by the government at the peril of our lives in war, so will we make it ever our care that no known enemy of our country shall wield power in the Republic, but the same arms which defended its sanctuary against open violence will protect it unflinchingly against all secret machinations, and never lay down our weapons until peace based on the principles of universal liberty shall be assured.

“RESOLVED: That treason consummated in rebellion is a crime of the most malignant nature and that every possible guarantee should be demanded by all branches of the government against the rash admission to place and power of those who were active participants in rebellion, and thereby forfeited the rights of American citizens; and that we, the soldiers of the nation who fought for supremacy of the national authority, have a right to demand that the safety of the Republic should be held paramount to all other considerations by the Executive and Congress.”

THE FIRST NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT.

Then we swiftly pass on to the meeting at Indianapolis a few months later, on November 20, 1866, when the formal organization of the National Encampment takes place, and General Stephen A. Hurlbut is elected commander-in-chief.

Then follows a year of enthusiastic effort, combatting opposition, denying false accusations, and promulgating the true principles and aims of the order, with more or less of the vicissitudes of success and failure, until the National Encampment is again in session, at Philadelphia, January 15, 1868, when the varying sentiments regarding the mission of the Grand Army find issue



MAJOR-GENERAL STEPHEN A. HURLBUT,

(First Commander-in-Chief.)

in an exciting debate, the most significant event of the session, on the question as to whether the Grand Army of the Republic should or should not be a distinctly political club. The decision is finally made in the negative, and this clause is added to the "Declaration of Principles:"

"Yet this association does not design to make nominations for office, or to use the influence as a secret organization for partisan purposes."

Whereupon, Democrats and Republicans shake hands, and jointly elect General John A. Logan commander-in-chief; and the Grand Army of the Republic, its platform clearly defined, fairly starts out on its career.

General Logan is twice re-elected, and thus becomes the chief of this valiant band for three years during this period of great uncertainty and trial to the country, and of peculiar complications to the Grand Army of the Republic. Assisted by an able staff, General Logan administers the affairs of the order, standing at the portals of the national capital, to remind open enemies and secret foes that the defenders of the Union are still its "Grand Army," of peace, if it may happily be so, of war, uncompromising and decisive, if that be necessary to save the country from disintegration.

In this character we see General Logan, dark, resolute, firm, the exponent of the veteran spirit resisting the undertow of disloyalty that, more treacherous and dangerous than the insurgent wave, threatens to drag the nation out to the whirlpool of compromise.

MEMORIAL DAY INSTITUTED.

Again we see him absorbed in thought, the stern face softened and a deep pathos in the clear dark eyes, as he dictates "General Orders, No 11;" and soon thereafter we see companies of veterans marching slowly and meditatively, with wreaths and garlands. The bands are playing "Tenting To-night," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "The Vacant Chair," etc. The blue-uniformed line winds in and out among the shrubbery of a rural cemetery, pausing ever and anon to cover with flowers a mound marked by a tiny American flag.

Transition: We see the National Headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic. A group of earnest staff-officers bringing **1869.** order out of confusion; letters filed; accounts systematized; projects, past, present and future, correlated and extended. In the midst, the commander-in-chief, the feared, the admired, Logan, always equal to the occasion.

On the scene moves, until we behold the session of the National Encampment, on May 12, 1869, adopting the revised Ritual and Rules, and incorporating this important article:

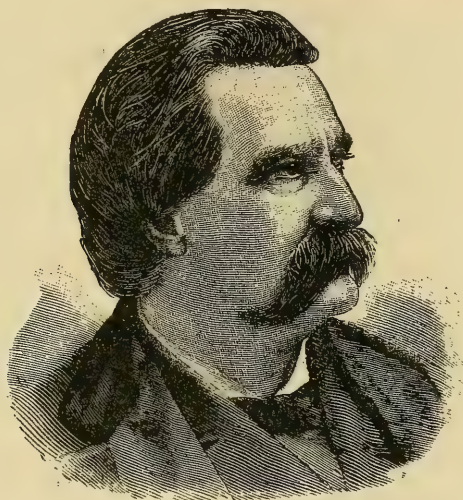
"No officer or comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic shall in any manner use this organization for partisan purposes, and no discussion of partisan questions shall be permitted at any of its meetings, nor shall any nominations for political office be made."

Again we see General Logan's earnest face, and hear his resolute voice as he pronounces his annual address; and these words linger in our memory:

Politically, our object is not to mingle in the strifes of parties, but by our strength and numbers to be able to exact from all a recognition of our rights with others.

We desire, further, by this organization, to commemorate the gallantry and sufferings of our comrades, give aid to bereaved families, cultivate fraternal sympathy among ourselves, find employment for the idle, and generally, by our acts and precepts, to give the world a practical example of unselfish, manly co-operation.

Thus far our efforts have proved successful. The report of the adjutant-general will present fully the history and progress of our order, and more than sustain our highest hopes of the future. The burden of many crosses has been lifted from many hearts. Famishing souls and bodies have been fed. Manly excellence has been developed and cultivated, while public, social and domestic life among our comrades has been purified and blessed through our humane endeavors,



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN ALEXANDER LOGAN,

(Commander-in-Chief, 1869-70-71.)

I congratulate you that our order flourishes now as it never has done before, and that peace, tranquility and industry are comparatively universal among ourselves and throughout our national domain.

Let us foster and cherish this benevolent order, so useful in the past, so beneficent in the present, and giving such promise for the future. Let us unite in vigorous efforts to extend and perpetuate its power.

While in the flush and strength of manhood we may not fully grasp and realize the fact that man's true interest lies in doing good; but when the golden bowl of life is breaking, when our faces become carved in storied hieroglyphics by the stylus and pantagraph of age, each act of kindness done, each word of kindness spoken, will, by natural compensating law, return like the dove of Ararat to the soul from which it was sent, and bearing with it branches of unfading green from the Post "beyond the river."

With scarce a pause we traverse the space of another year, as on the wing, and in bird's-eye view we observe the Grand Army permanently establishing Memorial Day, and urging its recognition as a national holiday; discussing schools and homes for soldiers' orphans; planning for the welfare of veterans; and thus step by step inaugurating the work of the Grand Army in the lines of its special

1870. effort; and all along the way defending itself from misapprehension and misrepresentation, until, at the next annual session, Commander-in-Chief Logan in his address finds it necessary again to explain the true character and aim of the Grand Army, which he does, in these concise sentences:

The objects of our organization seem not to be fully understood by a portion of our fellow citizens. You will, therefore, excuse me if I give a brief sketch of the purposes of the Grand Army for the information of those who may be prejudiced against us as a secret order:

The Grand Army of the Republic is not a political organization, destined to serve the ends of any political party, as is evident in this, that all political parties are represented in its membership. As men and patriots, many of us mingle in national and local affairs, but in doing so do not take with us any benefits or provisions of our order; our only political creed being the love of our country and its hallowed institutions.

We have but three objects obligatory upon us as members of this order, namely: To promote the love and practice of fraternity, liberal distributions of charity, and unequivocal loyalty. The founders of the order were actuated by the fact that when the war ended we had on this continent a million and a half of fighting men, a greater part of whom were our own comrades, good and true, who were in no haste to lose sight of every trace of the associations of a soldier's life, and let "old acquaintance be forgot." They were flushed with such victories as no soldiers ever were before; hence, they needed some resort where they might meet together in social reunion and interchange experiences and opinions, and thereby keep alive the vivid scenes of war, interspersed with incidents full of interest to them, and needed something to check the impulsive, whose very spirit and fire made them such good soldiers. Hence, it was conceived that good might spring from these reunions, and that, with certain rules and regulations, they might promote pleasure and security to the independent, and material aid to the dependent, and organize the survivors of the war into an order that would be perpetual in its existence, and so successful in its good work as to shed additional lustre upon its members.

General Logan's closing words on this occasion refer to the influence of the Grand Army as a teacher of patriotism to rising generations, and these are the sentences that last fall on our ears:

The tree of liberty, watered and trained by the influences of the Grand Army, will send forth no disloyal shoots to dishonor our flag; but every branch, as it

takes up its burden of life, will have that vital principle of loyalty so engrafted that treason can never destroy it. And when the encampments that know us now "shall know us no more forever" the feeling of fraternal regard we have nourished will shed its silent tear over our graves; the charity we have promoted will throw its mantle over our shortcomings, and the spirit of loyalty we have cultivated will still rally round the flag we loved, to perpetuate our memories.

How true to-day, of General Logan himself!

Another year of work follows this season of inspiring conference, and at last, on May 10, 1871, at the close of General Logan's
1871. administration, we witness the assembling of the National Encampment in Boston. An interesting episode of this session is the receipt of a telegram from the Universal Peace Convention, simultaneously meeting in New York, worded as follows:

Universal Peace Convention, in session in Cooper Institute, New York, May 10, 1871; to National Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic:

"We congratulate you on a peaceful encampment. As veterans, can you not add your protest against war, that there may never more be another war encampment?"

To which the still militant, though peaceful, Grand Army promptly dispatched this reply:

"Your congratulations reciprocated. The Grand Army of the Republic is determined to have peace, even if it has to fight for it."

A significant epigram. It is not yet time to be sentimental about peace until its foundations are a little more secure. And yet, the march is toward the realm of peace; if warfare comes, it will be, as before, the fault of aggressive traitors.

Listening with keen attention, we hear these words, which the commander-in-chief in the annual, and now farewell, address is leaving as a text for his successors:

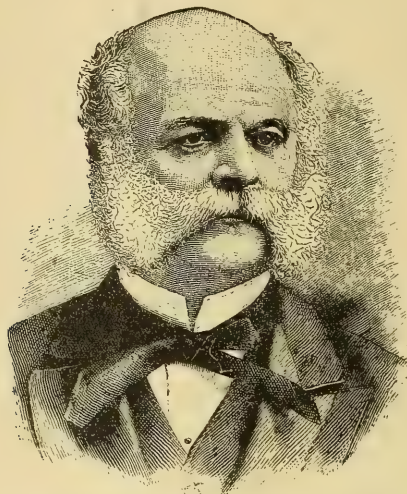
We must remember that great ends are accomplished, not by spasmodic and fitful exertions, but by steady, systematic and persevering movements. This was the spirit that nerved us during the fiery ordeal of the late war, and crowned our arms with victory.

Let us, then, strictly conform to our Rules and Regulations, and, systematic as an army when marching to the field of battle, let us, like good and faithful soldiers, press forward in the great work of promoting and extending the cordial virtues of our creed—Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty; and the tree of liberty, fostered by the genial influence of the Grand Army of the Republic, will send

forth its inspiration to the utmost extremity of our beloved country, until every heart shall again be warmed by the vital principles of loyalty, and every remnant of treason driven from our land.

Such is our mission, and such our bright anticipations, and if true to our faith and active in our efforts, when we have met together for the last time, and have sounded our last reveille, other tongues and other voices will bless the name and work of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Our next view of the Grand Army shows the figure of General A. E. Burnside riding along the lines; and, the work of re-organizing and consolidating the ranks goes on with energy and dispatch. Gratuitous devotion of time and strength on the part of staff-officers results in placing the treasury of the order in a solvent condition for the first time since its establishment. From this time on we shall notice how the cash balance grows.



MAJOR-GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE,
(*Commander-in-Chief, 1872-73.*)

An uncompromising veteran, General Burnside clearly draws the line between charity and compromise, in these words:

Whilst we should declare ourselves as loyal in the extreme, and utterly in opposition to any doctrine which would tend in the slightest degree to revive the heresy of secession, we should declare our charity toward those of our late enemies in the field who have now recognized, or may hereafter recognize, the great wrong they have done to our country. Charity is a Christian virtue, but I am free to say to you here, that while I fully endorse the theory or practice, if you may call it so, of forgiving those who fought against us, and granting to

them all the amnesty which the wisdom of our representatives in Congress may deem right and proper, I find it even more difficult to forget and forgive the shortcomings of men in the North who had all the lights before them, and while our comrades were in the field, enduring all possible hardships, risking life, reputation and fortune—risked nothing, but sat in their safe quarters at home, and either croaked about the inefficiency of our armies or shivered with fear to such an extent as to make them ask for compromise—thus failing to show the courage and sagacity necessary to realize that a great God in Heaven would crown our efforts with success, if we only used our best endeavors to maintain the integrity of our nation. These men we necessarily hold in distrust, and they can never, for one moment, receive our sympathy or friendship. A brave, open enemy may be respected, but a halting, false friend must always be despised.

During the two years of this administration, the work already so well begun is energetically prosecuted, and pensions and civil appointments for veterans are subjects persistently kept before the President and Congress.

THE GRANT-GREELEY CAMPAIGN.

Within this period, 1871–1873, we see a unique presidential contest going on in our country, one in which the variations of opinion are extreme, and yet the party-lines so confused that the most intelligible designation for the respective allies of the principal contestants is “Grant men,” or “Greeley men;” and the close of the campaign leaves the Greeley men uncertain whether they are Democrats or Republicans. A curious confusion of politics, in which it might have been easy for partisanship to creep in where more definite political oppositions would have been recognized at the portals and driven off. In

1873. his address as commander-in-chief, at the Seventh Annual Session, on May 14, 1873, General Burnside alluded to the fact that during the political campaign no case of partisan action on the part of a comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic had been reported; a gratifying indication that the veterans, in the face of a crucial test, were living up to their “Declaration of Principles.”

Again we turn to the moving scene, and pass over the period of the next administration, that of General Charles Devens, extending from '73 to '75, marked by vigorous prosecution of pension claims, and bearing the impress of the keen, cultured New England mind, that wastes neither time nor words in aimless heroics, but crystallizes both into action speedy and effective.

1875. General Devens thus briefly expresses his opinions on several important points, in his address at the Ninth Annual Session, in Chicago, May 12, 1875:

In some of its forms and in the modes in which it enables its members to recognize each other, the Grand Army of the Republic is a secret organization. But its secrecy is limited to these; in all its real purposes and objects it has no concealments or reservations, nothing it is not ready to spread before the world fully and frankly. It seeks no objects that are not sought by every true man who endeavored, whether in the field or out, to do what he could for the preservation of the Union so lately imperiled, and who is ready now to honor and cherish those by whose efforts it was saved.

It has no system of politics in which all cannot unite, whatever other differences they may have as to men or measures, who agree that what was done to maintain the government was demanded by the highest considerations of patriotism and duty. Did it have any political objects in a narrow or individual sense; was it intended to elevate this man or party to power and place, or to prevent another from obtaining it, a proper and deep distrust would and ought to prevail in reference to it. No body of citizens, even if they have been soldiers, can be allowed to separate themselves in their political relations from the great body of their fellow citizens, and form a distinct class, without just ground of objection and complaint.

Nor is it our desire to keep alive any ill feeling which has been engendered during the War of the Rebellion. The object of every war that can be justifiably waged, is that thereby peace may be secured, and those who forced upon us, by insulting our flag, by attacking our army, by battering down our fortresses, this strange and unnatural conflict, were our countrymen.

Let the necessary and logical results of our triumph be preserved inviolate, alike in the union of these States, and in liberty to every man who treads their soil, and the passions and bitterness of the conflict should be allowed to die. But we cannot, and we ought not to allow the memory of those by whom these results have been achieved to sink into oblivion; justice to their cause, gratitude for their services, demand that we at least should claim for them a place to which they are rightfully entitled among the heroes and martyrs of liberty.

The adjutant-general at this time reports an increase of five per cent. in membership, and the quartermaster-general's financial report is equally encouraging; and, altogether, when the Ninth Annual Session closes we feel sure that the success of the Grand Army is no longer a matter of question.

And now the picture brightens, with many side lights thrown upon it. We behold a "gala day" in Philadelphia, flags everywhere, bunting ubiquitous. No need to be told that this is '76.

1876. "The Orators' Post," No. 2, of Philadelphia, is the proud host of the National Encampment, and is ably assisted by the rest of the Department of Pennsylvania, in showing honor to the Tenth Annual Session, which opportunely is held in the "Centennial" city, on June 30th. Singularly, the number of delegates and officers of the encampment is exactly one hundred.

One wishes that one were a "veteran," when watching the good times that they are having, the drives, the breakfast at Belmont Mansion, the brilliant parade, and the reunions, and the interchange of courtesies that bind society with an unwritten statute.

But it is not all gala day. In the earnest conference of the session, these representatives of the Grand Army transact the business of the order, and receive from its various officers the assurance of its continued prosperity. General John L. Hartranft commander-in-chief,



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. HARTRANFT,
(Commander-in-Chief, 1876-77.)

delivers an able address which is a careful explication of the oft-repeated "Declaration of Principles;" and which contains this effective reference to the Centennial Exposition:

When you visit the great Exposition of art and industry now open in this city, you will be gratified to see the substantial contributions made by our nation to the comfort, luxury and progress of humanity. And, as you witness this Exhibition, I feel assured you will experience no greater pleasure than in the thought that, through your efforts in part, our great nation was preserved in its integrity for a future of usefulness, honor and glory; and with the natural and just pride that comes of this thought, let there go apace a resolution to do your share towards effecting a true reconciliation between the sections of our common country, and to advance every effort that will unite with you our late foes in promoting the prosperity of our country and enlarging the scope and purpose of our free institutions.

While we dream of waving tri-colors, and martial music dying in the distance, this vision fades, and we are carried around the circle of another year; and on June 26, 1877, we again see the **1877.** popular General Hartranft wearing the badge of commander-in-chief. This time the city of Providence has the honor to receive the members of the National Encampment with a hospitality that "Little Rhody" knows so well how to extend.

This session is full of earnest meaning. From hour to hour we mark significant action. General Hartranft's address contains a critical analysis of the "soldier element" among the citizens, North and South; and his reference to the Southern element is especially worthy of thought. As he speaks, we swiftly take notes as follows:

One fact established by the war is inspiring to every lover of free institutions. It proved that our nation could rely upon the patriotism and gallantry of its people. It solved the problem of a strong free government, abolished standing armies except as a police, and returned to the old days of a nation in arms without falling into anarchy on the one hand, or despotism on the other.

It was also taken for granted that the discipline of the camp unfitted the individual for peaceful life. If arms were our profession there might be some ground for such a belief. But war was an incident of our careers; we were soldiers as part of our duty as citizens. I do not think a man is a worse citizen for having been a good soldier. On the contrary, I think he is the better for it. The promptness with which our people took up arms, their courage and fidelity in the field, the ease and safety with which they were disbanded, and the alacrity with which they resumed their civil pursuits, have often been referred to with surprise and admiration. But there is another fact not the less admirable and surprising. The soldiers of the South, who know the cost of disloyalty and the futility of their principles, have also been the better citizens of that section. They have gone to work with accustomed energy and fidelity, having learned to respect the convictions of others and patiently to submit to the will of the majority. On the other hand, the most pestilent classes of the South have been the non-combatants. The men of war promptly moulded their swords into pruning-hooks, and their spears into plowshares; but the professed men of peace fanned the embers of hate and have labored to keep alive the passions and prejudices of the past. It is evident that the olive branch in the South has been twined around the swords that were surrendered at Appomattox and Greensboro.

What this generation fought for and secured may be gradually lost by the negligence, self-interest and the indifference of succeeding generations. Another generation may have to fight over the same grounds and for the same objects; but all will not be lost; they will win the easier because it has been once won.

Nevertheless, comrades, though this war was fought upon so plain an issue, it was fought in faith, in hope and in charity. We entered the contest with a

loyal faith in the principles and institutions established by our fathers, we fought for four years, animated and sustained by the hopes of victory, and we laid down the sword in the hour of triumph "with malice toward none and charity for all." Upon that platform we still stand, loyal to our nation, hopeful of its future and charitable to its foes. On the latter we would impose no restrictions which freemen ought not to endure, or ask any submission which freemen ought not to give; we simply ask that they give up the pistol and the lash, concede free speech, a free press, and free votes, and submit to the decision of the ballot. More than these we do not ask, and the contest will go on, in peace or war, until they are secured of all men.

Our organization, then, is founded upon loyalty to the country. Beyond that it has no political significance. Beyond that it is an association of men, who have participated in the same victories and defeats, who have the same convictions and hopes, common memories and mutual sympathies. It is intended to perpetuate old friendships, to revive old memories, and for the mutual support and assistance of old comrades.

The Committee on Resolutions at this session call attention to the meaning of "Memorial Day," as sacred "to those only who fought in defense of Unity," thus rebuking the sentimentalism that couples the Blue and the Gray in equal honor.

At the close of the session an especially graceful resolution of thanks to General Hartranft indicates the unbounded esteem in which the Pennsylvania soldier and statesman is held by all his comrades, and this feeling is further expressed in the beautiful souvenir presented to General Hartranft during the exercises of the "Camp-fire" that is held after the close of the official meeting.

We watch the embers glow and fade; and again we see the Grand Army in the field at work, under a new commander-in-chief, General John C. Robinson, who for two years guides the projects of the veteran band.

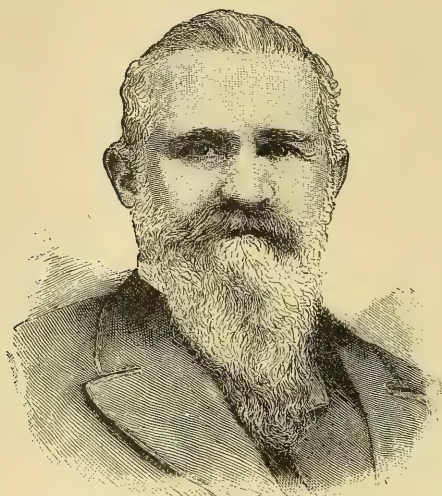
BEGINNING OF PENSION LEGISLATION.

During General Robinson's administration every good work of this order is furthered by energetic speech. Pension legislation is urged and urged again; and many excellent suggestions and
1877. resolutions find their way into action. During the "strikes" of 1877, the Grand Army, through its commander-in-chief, offers its services to the United States government, if needed, to suppress anarchy. Though it is not necessary to call them out, they at least put themselves on record as the foes to every form of rebellion against the laws of the land.

Notable re-unions and parades occur during this year, in various

parts of the country, all reflecting credit on the Grand Army of the Republic; and the Thirteenth Annual Session of the Encampment finds the order in a prosperous condition. Referring to this state of affairs, General Robinson says, in his address:

At no time since its organization has the Grand Army of the Republic occupied so high and proud a position as to-day. The charge, so long and persistently made, of its being a political organization, is no longer heard. We have outlived prejudice and overcome opposition. People have seen our good works and become satisfied that we are connected with no party or sect; that we are what we profess to be, a fraternal, charitable, and loyal association; that



GENERAL JOHN C. ROBINSON,
(*Commander-in-Chief, 1877-78.*)

among the men who have faced a common danger, toiled together on the long and weary march, drank from the same canteen, bivouacked under the same blanket, stood shoulder to shoulder in the shock of battle, there exists a fraternal feeling that can be found nowhere else; that our charity is not confined, but extends to all our former companions in arms, and to all widows and orphans of those who wore the blue; that our loyalty consists in a determination to preserve the Union of the States, and to uphold the flag of our country as the emblem of universal liberty, equal rights and justice to all men.

* * * * *

Our Order is now firmly established upon the best and surest foundations. It has secured the respect and good will of all. Let us continue to merit the good opinion of mankind by pursuing closely the path we have marked out, laboring earnestly for the extension and perpetuation of our Order, by keeping fresh and green the fraternal feeling that binds us together as soldiers and sailors of the

Republic, by disinterested and liberal charity, and that loyalty to the Union which is born of pure and lofty patriotism.

The address throughout is eloquent and patriotic ; and other speeches made, and resolutions adopted during the session mark it as one full of fire and purpose, a fitting prelude to the second year of General Robinson's administration, which now unfolds before our mental vision.

During this time, from June 4, 1878 to June 17, 1879, through the efforts of the Grand Army, an important bill for the
1878-79. payment of arrears of pensions is passed by Congress. Special efforts are made to establish soldiers' homes. The reports show a gain of over four thousand members, and a still increasing cash balance.

General Robinson in his address speaks some stirring words on behalf of the loyal veterans ; some scathing comments on the class who retarded a work which they had neither the courage to prosecute nor the definiteness to fight against openly. His sentences speak for themselves.

As an organization we owe allegiance to no political party, and our Constitution expressly forbids the discussion of partisan questions in our meetings, yet we are bound to protect the interests of our comrades ; and I cannot avoid expressing my indignation that Union soldiers (perhaps maimed and crippled in their country's service) should be removed from positions of trust and deprived of their means of support to make room for men who fought for the dissolution of the Union. It is no violation of our organic law to call your attention to this matter, for it is one that affects every loyal soldier in the land. If this Encampment cannot repair the wrong, it can at least place on record its protest against the act.

Soldiers must stand by and support each other, or their rights will be ignored and trampled upon. We are not ready yet to admit that the cause of the Union is the lost cause. We do not admit that there is any doubt as to which was right and which was wrong, in the great conflict through which we have passed. We had no doubt while the conflict lasted ; we have none now. While we are confident that we were right and our opponents were wrong, we are willing to believe they were honest and sincere. We can honor and respect the brave men who manfully fought us face to face, but have only scorn and contempt for their northern allies, who, when we needed sympathy and support, kept up the fire in the rear, criticised our operations, magnified our reverses, and had no words of encouragement or cheer for our success. Those we contended against were our own countrymen. They were as earnest and enthusiastic as ourselves, but we felt that their success would be equally ruinous to the North and South. Therefore we never acknowledged defeat, but after each reverse were ready to resume the offensive, determined then as now, that in this

country there shall be but one government and one flag. The Grand Army of the Republic, composed exclusively of men who devoted themselves to the accomplishment of this object, will insist upon a faithful observance of the terms agreed upon at the close of the war.

One of the most important acts of this session is the adoption of an amendment referring to eligibility to membership, and containing this sentence :

“No person shall be eligible to membership who has at any time borne arms against the United States.”

This action seems but another chord struck in harmony with the keynote of unswerving loyalty sounded by Commander-in-Chief Robinson in his addresses, and one which shows the Grand Army veterans to be still the stern soldiers whose unyielding strength makes them all the more surely the guardians and conservators of peace.

On June 8, 1880, the delegates to the Fourteenth Annual Session assemble at the Soldiers' Home, in Dayton, Ohio. The commander-in-chief this year, is the Rev. William Earnshaw, who, as chaplain of the “Home,” is, in a sense, both host and guest, and his addresses happily suggest this accidental condition when he says :

Comrades : The place at which you meet is in many ways a strong reminder of the days when you were loyal soldiers of the Republic. Here are the tents and the camping ground. Here are the cannon, shot and shell. Here are the stacked arms and accoutrements. Above all this you see about you over four thousand disabled heroes, who stood shoulder to shoulder with you in the days of glory ; and be assured, comrades, that from them you are receiving a most hearty greeting. Some of them may not have a hand left to grasp yours as in other days, or legs to come to you, but their hearts are still the same ; and they join you in singing, “We drank from the same canteen.” Your presence here will be long remembered by many who are weary and worn, but they are now resting from the fight.

We see a large company of veterans who have never before had an opportunity to witness this spectacle of a National Encampment, the disabled soldiers who find, in the Home at Dayton, a place to pitch their tents for a brief season before the order comes for the final march to the camping-ground beyond the verge of time.

SONS OF VETERANS AND WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS.

Commander-in-Chief Earnshaw speaks a good word for the Sons of Veterans, and Chaplain-in-Chief Lovering later on urges the

recognition of the Woman's Relief Corps, which has been organized and is already in good working order as a volunteer ally of the Grand Army of the Republic. These two important questions of recognition and alliance are referred to committees, for future action.

Pensions are discussed; the question of cannon-metal for badges, which has frequently been before the house, is again referred to at this session; and many other interesting details are noticed. The adjutant-general reports an increase in membership of over thirteen thousand; the quartermaster-general reports assets of nearly \$8000; showing that in numbers and in finances the order is progressing.

The tone of this session is very genial, and resolutions of appreciation and thanks are voted to all whose courtesy has made the occasion so happy a one. Owing to the surroundings, the re-union and camp-fire at the close of the session is one peculiarly realistic in its memories. Again we feel the impulsive wish that we were veterans! This time, not for the sake of sharing in holiday festivities, but that the deep pathos of heroic sacrifice might for one hour touch our lives with its sublime discipline. The light of the camp-fire glimmers and quivers through wet lashes, and we close our eyes and meditate in silence, until the sound of voices deep in conference arouses us, and we become aware that another year has rolled away, and now, on June 15, 1881, the Grand Army is again in session to tell one another and the world what has been done in the name of Fraternity, Charity and

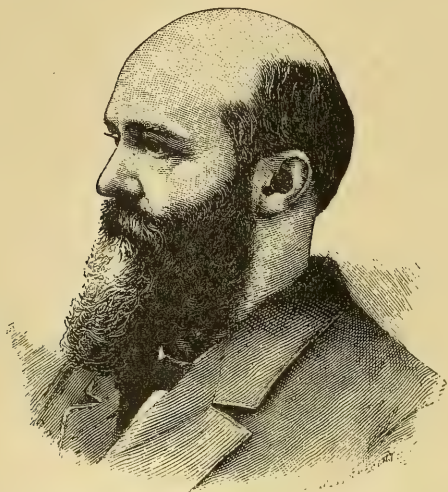
Loyalty since the earnest pledges were renewed one year ago.

1881. Evidently the practical good sense of the Grand Army is the hand-maiden of its impulsive heart; for every word spoken and every deed recorded is business-like and effective. Commander-in-Chief Wagner has set a most satisfactory fashion, that of visiting departments, and reports that nearly every department in the country has been visited during the year by himself, or an authorized assistant. The personal influence exerted in this way is shown in the fact that two hundred and forty new Posts have been organized, and the gain in membership for the year is over fifteen thousand. The constantly increasing fund in the treasury, far in excess of the expenses of the order, leads the commander-in-chief to suggest that either the assessments should be reduced, or else a permanent fund should be created to provide for the old age of the Order.

The committee that was appointed to consider the alliance with the Woman's Relief Corps report an amusingly cautious and hedged-about preamble followed by resolutions cordially granting to the Woman's National Relief Corps the privilege of adding to its title: "Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic," etc. The committee on the

"Sons of Veterans" report a very generous endorsement of the youthful order; but the paternal veterans are destined to have some little trouble yet, disciplining the willful youngsters.

This session is held in Indianapolis, the scene of the first encampment in 1866; and Commander-in-Chief Wagner, in the course of his address, takes occasion to recall that "day of small things," and



GENERAL LOUIS WAGNER.
(*Commander-in-Chief, 1881.*)

contrast it with the picture of to-day. The reports of staff-officers fully sustain the congratulatory speech of the commander-in-chief on the prosperous condition of the Grand Army to-day.

"SECTION 1754, REVISED STATUTES."

The many "resolutions," committee reports, etc., crowd the session with interest and enthusiasm. We cannot stop to review them all, but note one—the request that "the President of the United States shall see to it that *Section 1754 of the Revised Statutes* is enforced," a demand so often reiterated by the Grand Army that the United States Government, though an "unjust judge," would be forced to heed it.

The social and friendly spirit of this session keeps pace with its executive energy; and the closing hours are marked by the usual interchange of thanks and good wishes as the Grand Army resumes its march once more with a cheerful readiness and a hopeful anticipation of greater results than have yet been attained.

And again we see them pressing forward, now under the leadership of Commander-in-Chief George S. Merrill; and the next Annual Session, June 21, 1882, finds the Encampment at Baltimore.

The circle of the year has borne three dark shadows, for **1882.** within this time have passed away Generals Hurlbut and Burnside, and President Garfield. The remarks of Commander-in-Chief Merrill on these sad losses, are, like everything else in his masterly address, appropriate and elegant.

WONDERFUL GROWTH OF THE ORDER.

The commander-in-chief makes reference to the significant fact in the growth of the order, that the increasing membership has been marked by quality as well as quantity, since so many representing the better element among the veterans have of late years, after much conservative delay, been induced to join the Grand Army. Major Merrill has followed the example of his predecessor, and has visited as many departments as possible, and with satisfactory results.

The Pension Committee and the committee who waited on the President in reference to "1754," report progress. Staff-officers report the same growing prosperity; yes, that is the very idea, the growth, the prosperity, seem to fill one's vision. A gain of nearly 30,000 members, and a large number of new Posts chartered, many of them in the late rebel states, are significant indications of the growth of the Grand Army; and the quartermaster-general's report shows a corresponding increase in the assets of the order, one notable item in his report being the investment of \$5,000 in government bonds, the beginning of the "permanent fund" suggested by Commander-in-Chief Wagner at the session of last year. Surely, the day of struggle and uncertainty for the Grand Army of the Republic is past.

Commander-in-chief Merrill, in his Memorial Day order, has given us this exquisite bit of poetic prose:

Upon the bud and blossom, leaf and laurel we one year ago laid upon the grass-grown mounds, has fallen the heat of summer and the snow of winter, and their beauty and perfume are gone forever; but as we join in these sadly sweet ceremonies, the story of valor and patriotism we will keep as fresh in our memories and as fragrant in our hearts, as when for the first time we came to bedeck these shrines with the early offerings of an opening spring.

To country, these fallen comrades offered the service and sacrifice of their lives; let us reverently give one day in loyal devotion to their memories; search out every one of their known resting places, so that in all our broad land, wherever exists a Post of the Grand Army, not a single grave of a Union soldier or sailor shall be unvisited—not one which willing fingers and grateful hearts

do not unite to cover with myrtle and evergreen, entwined with bright blossoms upon which the glad sunlight has painted something of eternal beauty, tokens of life's frailty, emblems of valor's immortality.

And now we listen to the commander's dignified address, full of energy and shaded with pathos, and pronounce it well worthy to be named an oration. As he proceeds, we follow his rhythmical sentences to this fitting close :

The Grand Army is to-day the representative organization of the soldiers and sailors of America ; the one great association which includes the veterans of every army, and all ranks ; the men who followed the flag upon the land and who fought beneath its folds upon the sea ; men of every nationality, color and creed ; the officer who wore the well won stars of a general, and the private whose only badge of distinction was in patriotic and faithful service in the ranks, all upon the common level of *comrades* of the flag.

Seventeen years have successively come and gone since the ranks from which the Grand Army can be recruited were closed forever ; as an organization, we have nearly reached the summit of our life, and shall soon be marching, with ceaseless tramp, but ever lessening tread, adown the slope, toward the land beyond, where the waves of eternity's ocean are ever beating upon the sand and shingle of the shore. Let us strive to so fulfil our duty to ourselves, our country and our God, that when our last battle has been fought, our last march ended, we may join the Grand Army of Peace in their shining tents upon the eternal camping grounds above.

We may not linger over the details of this year. Its joys and its griefs have been many ; its lessons are correspondingly useful and eloquent. So many interesting lights and shades appear in the picture of this Encampment that we are loth to turn away from it. But time sweeps on relentlessly, and another scene unfolds. The Grand Army appear rallying around a young and enthusiastic leader, one already well known in the ranks as an influential organizer. In his own western country few could be found among the veterans who have not long before heard the name of Paul Vander Voort. With characteristic ardor he devotes himself to the national leadership, and this year, 1882-1883, finds him travelling constantly, all over the United States, to visit the many State Departments, and give to scattered or indifferent comrades the patriotic exhortation that no amount of printed orders, and codes, and manuals could convey, but which goes with the magnetic presence and the unquestioned sincerity of the living man. Our view of this year reveals the commander-in-chief thus rallying and inspiring flagging departments, and adding daily to the membership of the Grand Army of the Republic ; for who could resist the

patriotic eloquence, or the eloquent patriotism of the man who had put his whole heart into the work of promulgating Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty?

We watch the unfolding scene until July 25, 1883, is reached, when we listen with the rest to the able, unassuming address in which the commander-in-chief reports the results of the year past; and we heartily echo the words of General Logan, who, commenting on the address, says:

I wish that all the people who have been worrying their brains in foreign lands and in our own land, to ascertain why the Union army was successful in its struggle for this great country and why, when disbanded, there was not a ripple upon the surface, could have been here to-day and listened to this able and eloquent address from a private soldier of the ranks; they then would understand why slavery fell and liberty lived. They would then understand why the Union army was in the twinkling of an eye dissolved into society without a ripple upon the surface. They would also understand why the old starry banner floats to-day, and why the grandest Republic that ever existed exists to-day, and why it will be perpetuated.

How can we describe the complex picture of this year, as painted in the exhaustive reports of the staff-officers and committees, and in the legislation of the session! The membership gain for the year is over 46,000, and seven permanent departments have been organized. Over \$100,000 has been expended in charities. Seventy-five thousand badges, made of "captured cannon" metal, have been issued; and Quartermaster-General John Taylor reports assets of nearly \$12,000, and liabilities none. We can only say, marvelous are the results of energy and enthusiasm well directed! We must study the picture again and again, for it is impossible to fix every detail in mind in this hasty review. Every project of the Grand Army seems to be kept in view, and progress along the line of purpose is marked. The remarkable extension of the roll-call during the year will ever be a memorial of the enthusiasm of this administration.

But the canvas moves on; on march the Grand Army, with colors flying, and with trumpets sounding no uncertain notes. As they near the city of Minneapolis, and pitch their tents for the Eight-

1884.teenth Annual Session, on July 23, 1884, we see that another commander leads the van. The four stars now shine on the breast of Colonel Robert B. Beath, one whose name is inseparably associated with the name and fame of the Grand Army of the Republic. Like his predecessor, he, too, has journeyed far and near to visit the many departments, and to meet the allies of the Grand Army, espe-

cially the Woman's Relief Corps, now prosperously at work as "our Grand Army Reserve."

The commander-in-chief, in his brief and comprehensive notes on the events of the year, gives us but a modest etching of his own executive career. But the committee on the address have seized the brush, and are bringing out the high lights as they comment on and endorse the many important and wise acts of this spirited and successful administration. Listen to the committee's *resumé* of the commander's address, and note what is said of establishing Soldiers' and Sailors' Homes; of charities dispensed; of the noble auxiliary work of the Woman's Relief Corps; of reverent respect for religion; of the never-forgotten pension claims, conservative and reasonable in their demands, but firm in pushing them; of the success of securing cannon-metal for badges, and of the nearly 100,000 badges this year distributed; of the 250 post-charters applied for during the year, showing that the work of organizing still goes bravely on; of the need for thoughtful care on the part of every one to avoid even the approach to a partisan spirit; and so on, and on, until the commander's field-glass has swept every objective point, and reviewed every battalion of the Grand Army. At the close, we hear the committee paying this compliment to General Beath:

"We desire to express the thanks of the committee to the commander-in-chief for the clear, full and terse suggestions and points made in his address, which served to lighten, to a considerable degree, the labors of the committee, and enabled us to concur in all his recommendations, whether herein specially mentioned or not."

During this year Commander-in-Chief Beath has been ably assisted by the senior and junior vice-commanders. The Junior Vice-Commander, W. H. Holmes, has, as usual, been absorbed in advancing the interest of the Grand Army on the Pacific slope, and his special report is full of interest. He speaks of the founding of the Veterans' Home, at Yountville, California, for which the Department of California had raised nearly \$40,000. Also, he spoke of the G. W. De Long Post, that has been established in Honolulu, by the veterans whom the vicissitudes of business have sent to find a home in these far-off Pacific Isles; but who, remote from native land and the scenes of their soldier life, keep fresh the memories of "61-65" by camp-fire and reunion, and by the sacred observance of Memorial Day.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND NEW MEMBERS.

The adjutant-general reports a gain by muster of over 100,000 members, and a net gain of nearly 90,000. Several important departments

are reported organized in the south and the far-west. A relief fund of over \$150,000 has been expended during the year, nearly 90,000 veterans having shared in its benefits.

Quartermaster-General Taylor still reports the prosperous financial standing of the order, the account for the year closing with a cash balance of over \$13,000.

As the session proceeds, again we hear an echo that sounds like "1754;" and we remember that this is a band who never surrender and never retreat, stern soldiers who meet a duty with features set as though cast in bronze. But stop—the lines relax, the flush of vital sympathy suffuses each face, and all other thoughts are forgotten for a moment, while hands are plunged into pockets, and a prompt and generous provision is made on the spot for one of the visiting comrades who, by a severe accident, has been seriously injured and disabled—a practical demonstration of the leading thought in their triune motto.

Later, we see the great Encampment enjoying the sunshine of its social farewell hours as only those can who take recreation with a clear conscience after duty faithfully performed. And here in the heart of a continent throbs the heart of its patriotic people, as around the camp-fire once more the comrades gather to listen to the inspiring words of gifted orators in their band, whose mission it is to teach, by line upon line and precept upon precept, the meaning and the purpose of the struggle and the victory that the Grand Army year by year celebrate.

A few hours they spend in song and reminiscence, and then again they resume the march of practical action, and another year's work unfolds upon the canvas of time. Again we behold a young and spirited commander-in-chief, John S. Kountz, speeding hither and thither, crossing and re-crossing the territory of our country with a net-work of 30,000 miles of railroad travel, as he visits thirty-four of the departments of the Grand Army.

OVERCOMING THE OPPOSITION OF RELIGIOUS SECTS.

Quick to detect the practical difficulties that impede the success of the order, he notes especially the opposition that comes from the conscientious scruples of certain religious sects, and with busi-

1885. ness-like directness he broaches the matter to prominent representatives of these churches. The candor of the young commander-in-chief turns over the fathers of the Catholic church to a hearty endorsement of the Grand Army; and other conservative bodies of Christians also decide favorably as to permitting their communicant

members to join the order. This friendly and reasonable conference is one of the most sensible as well as most important acts of the administration, and one in which the personal influence of Commander-in-Chief Kountz is gracefully shown.

We watch the commander as he leads his loyal band on their



A FREQUENT OCCURRENCE.

untiring march, until on the 24th of June, 1885, they reach the city of Portland, Maine, where they halt for the Nineteenth Annual Session of the Encampment.

And again we hear, this time from Adjutant-General Alcorn, of the still increasing roll-call, until now the order numbers over 260,000

veterans, with a net gain of nearly 1000 Posts during the year. With this report of members is also given the partial report of relief extended to 15,000 comrades and others through a fund of over \$170,000, not to mention the incidental charities that everywhere are extended at need, and of which no account is kept.

We pause to reflect on this evidence of fraternity and charity, and even as we muse we see the five hundred men of the Encampment rising by our impulse to cast their silent vote in adoption of this resolution :

RESOLVED: By the Nineteenth National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, assembled in the city of Portland, Maine, representing 300,000 soldiers and sailors in the United States, that in this, the first hour of our assembly, we tender to the distinguished comrade, soldier and statesman, General Ulysses S. Grant, our profound sympathy in his continued illness, and extend a soldier's greeting to our beloved commander and comrade, who has for months endured unspeakable agony with that characteristic fortitude that has challenged the admiration of the world.

Swiftly over the wire the message is flashed to the cottage at Mt. McGregor, where the hero is fighting his last battle, with an enemy that, for him as for all of us, can be vanquished only by the Captain of our Salvation. Swiftly again over the wire comes the answer from the chieftain's eldest son and inseparable companion :

MT. MCGREGOR, N. Y., June 24, 1885.

JOHN S. KOUNTZ,

Commander-in-Chief:

General Grant directs me, in reply to your dispatch, to tender through you to each one of the three hundred thousand veterans, his comrades, now represented at Portland, his thanks for their interest in his health and welfare. General Grant wishes to take this occasion to also thank them for their splendid services which have resulted in giving freedom to a race, peace to a continent, and a haven to the oppressed of the world.

F. D. GRANT.

Great in battle and in siege, but greater still in his steadfast calm ! Grant at the front, yielding not until the enemy surrendered, is not so sublime as Grant at Mt. McGregor, dictating his Memoirs as quietly and dispassionately as though no shadow of swift-coming death were lengthening toward him, commanding his mind and spirit, and leaving to his loved ones the legacy of his *finished work*. "Nothing in his life so became him as the manner of his leaving it."

And this veteran band, whom in this retrospective vision we behold

receiving the spirited response of their chieftain, are worthy of the leader. Their conquests of peace are greater than their victories of war, for it is self-mastery that every veteran of the Grand Army of the Republic is learning; and in the culture of the nobler traits of his character he is demonstrating the truth that "he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city;"—learning too, the truth that all the world must learn, that the fundamental secret of peace with one's fellow men is self-control.

But in our musing we are forgetting the moving scene before us; and returning to observe it with renewed attention, we find the Encampment deep in the discussion of pension legislation, and planning for the systematic presentation of claims of veterans, under the Revised Statutes. *Seventeen-fifty-four again!*

And when the serious business of the Encampment is ended, we see again the smiles of mirth, and the handshaking, and the expression of mutual good wishes for one another, and mutual hopes for the continued prosperity of the Grand Army of the Republic, now about to start on another march around the annual circuit.

Now the leader is General S. S. Burdett, the distinguished agrarian lawyer, whose active service in the field as a captain of cavalry was interrupted only because his "judicial mind" made him valuable in the office of judge-advocate. And now his combined military enthusiasm and executive ability fit him for the office of commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of Peace and Progress.

As we watch the movements of the Grand Army through this year's campaign of effort, we see that the several objects of the order are constantly kept in mind. Over \$200,000 is expended for relief of needy veterans. The memorable "Section 1754" is kept alive by the inbreathing of a patriotic spirit, and thus rescued from the dead-letter fate that befalls too many statutes.

During the year the badge of the order is perfected in design by the addition of significant marks, and patented as the exclusive badge of the Grand Army of the Republic. The commander-in-chief visits half of the existing departments during the year, and also confers with the national officers of the Woman's Relief Corps.

Early in this official year the Grand Army is called to mourn the death of its comrade, and former chief, General Grant.

1886. Commander-in-Chief Burdett's first General Order is relative to the project for establishing at the national capital a fitting memorial of General Grant. Progress in the matter is, however, delayed from motives of expediency. When time rolls around to August 4, 1886, the Grand Army have crossed the plains, and the Rocky Moun-

tains and San Francisco are enlivened and inspired by the presence of the valiant veterans.

The commander-in-chief addressing the Encampment, says :

Threading a continent in our this years march, we pitch the tents of the Twentieth National Encampment on this our further shore, salute the glory of the mountains which to our fathers were nameless shadows in a foreign land, and hear with gladness the music of waves which sing our anthem, where yesterday the starry flag was but a strange device. It has been the lot of the Grand Army to compass the land it helped to save.

Then follows an earnest and comprehensive speech in which the chief reviews the important acts of his administration and the developments along the line of the Grand Army enterprises. The effect of his suggestions is seen in the report of the Committee on the Address, which report, with slight amendments, is adopted as the sense of the Encampment. We note several points in the committee's report, as especially significant. The following comment and resolution gives to the Grant memorial project a formal recognition :

Your committee call special attention to the action of the commander-in-chief touching the matter of creating a fund for the erection of a suitable memorial to our late Comrade U. S. Grant. We fully approve of the action already taken and recommend a resumption of the scheme now held in abeyance, and the raising of a fund, through the organization of the G. A. R., of not less than \$100,000, for the erection of such memorial at the Capital of the nation.

RESOLVED: That there be created a committee, to be known as the Grant Memorial Committee, to be composed of one member from each department and the commander-in-chief elect, who shall be chairman of said committee, whose duty it shall be to supervise the creation of a fund for the erection of a suitable memorial at the Capital of the United States.

Also we note these paragraphs in the report, which show the present attitude of the Grand Army of the Republic toward these two most closely related allies :

The warm words of commendation of the Woman's Relief Corps, contained in the address of the commander-in-chief, will meet with a hearty response from every member of the Grand Army of the Republic. There is no brighter page in the history of the rebellion than that which records the heroic sacrifices of American women. At the fireside, where tears are shed and breaking hearts commune with God, there may be found a valor and heroism that never shone on battle-field, nor answered to the trump of fame, and the story of a grander martyrdom than any page of history records sleeps in many and many an humble grave where a woman's pulseless heart goes back to dust. It is fitting,

therefore, that the patriotic women of America should share with us the work which recalls a past in which they bore so conspicuous and so honorable a part. We have so frequently and so unreservedly given our endorsement to the Woman's Relief Corps, that, as our commander suggests, "a breach of promise would lie if we should now attempt to ignore the bargain, or refuse a dutiful performance of conditions." But such a wish is farthest from our thoughts. Rather let the union be fully consummated, and may we walk together in Faith, Love and Charity, until death do us part.

The organization known as the Sons of Veterans has always received the God-speed of our National Encampment. It is a natural outgrowth of the lessons of loyalty taught by our Order, and is, we believe, destined to exert a powerful influence in behalf of loyalty and good citizenship, long after the Grand Army of the Republic shall have passed away. We therefore cordially endorse the sentiments expressed in the commander's address touching this active, growing and useful organization.

Quartermaster-General Taylor reports a cash balance of over \$23,-000, and he also urges the propriety of reducing the price of badges and supplies in view of the yearly increasing surplus in the treasury. The committee recommended that \$200,000 of the surplus be invested in United States bonds.

The adjutant-general reports a membership in good standing of over 250,000, and a net gain of over 25,000 during the year.

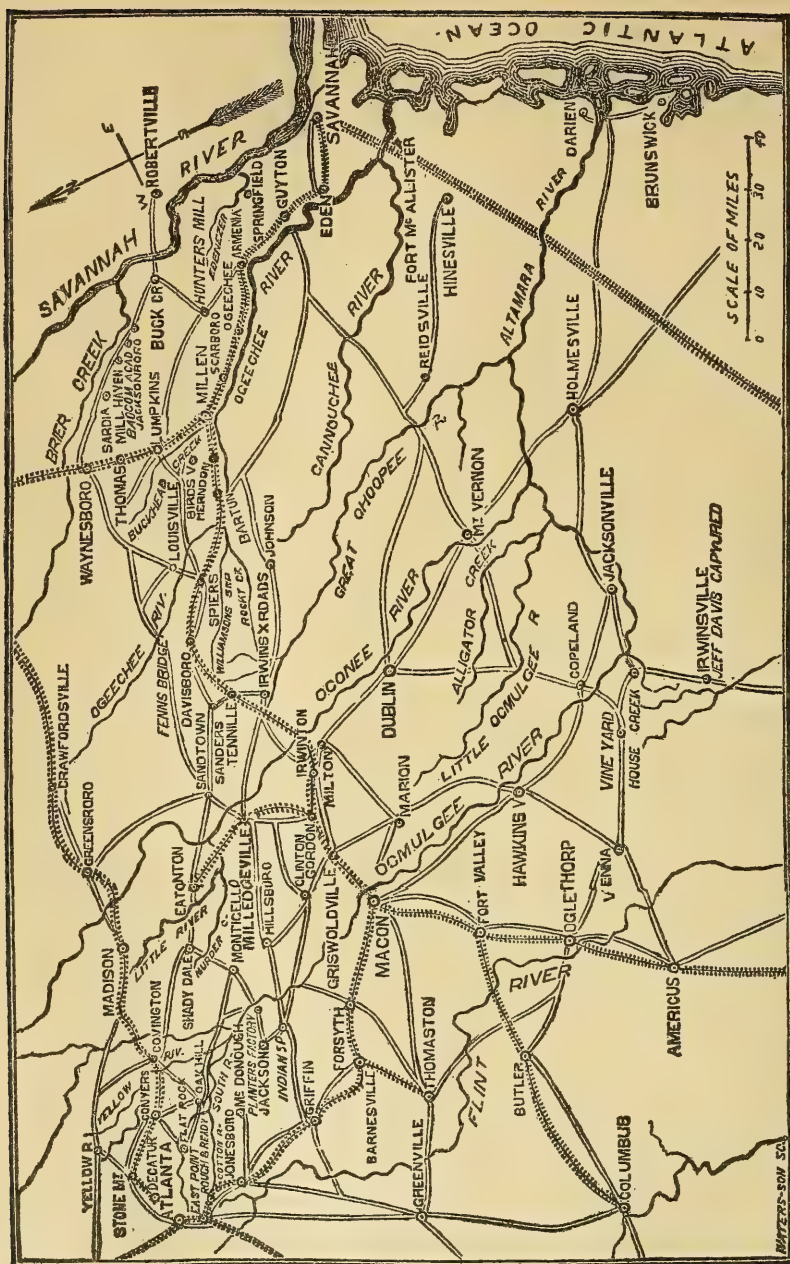
The Standing Committee on Pensions present a very interesting report of their effort to get the veterans' claims before Congress, with mingled success and failure. They close their report with this conclusive suggestion :

After an experience in this work of four years, your committee is of the opinion that it is alike wise and for the best interests of the veterans to pursue the course marked out by previous National Encampments, and that the Grand Army shall continue to demand of Congress the prompt passage of the measures heretofore endorsed by this encampment in favor of the aged, the poor and needy veterans, and that until this is accomplished, the rich and well can afford to wait before demanding pensions for themselves.

The Committee on Resolutions report the following on that never-forgotten question of civil appointments for veterans :

RESOLVED: That we request the rigid enforcement of the provisions of Section 1754, Revised Statutes of the United States.

RESOLVED: That patriotism, justice and equity alike demand that the provisions of Section 1754, Revised Statutes of the United States, be so amended as to embrace all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors now disabled by reason of wounds or disease contracted in the service of their country, whether discharged for physical disability or otherwise, when found to be fully competent.



MAP OF SHERMAN'S MARCH FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEA.

RESOLVED: That the obligation which the government of the United States owes to the soldiers and sailors disabled in its service, differs in no respect from those due to any of its other creditors, unless it be that they are of a more sacred and binding character, and in the payment of these obligations no measures for raising the money required should be employed which are not applied to every other species of indebtedness.

RESOLVED: That the commander-in-chief of the Grand Army be requested to procure orders from the secretary of war, and from the secretary of the navy, permitting the officers, soldiers and sailors who served in the army and navy of the United States, and who belong to this organization, to wear the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic, where so serving.

Among the pleasing incidents of the proceedings we note the presentation to the National Encampment, on behalf of G. W. De Long Post, of Honolulu, of a gavel made from the wood of trees indigenous to the Sandwich Islands. Also, a banner is presented to the Department of California, by the Department of New York; as though the Atlantic thus greeted the Pacific across three thousand miles of intervening land.

The scene of this session being associated with the Mexican war, rather than the civil strife, it seems especially appropriate that General Sherman, a hero of both conflicts, should be called upon to digress somewhat from the usual topics of reminiscence and deliver an address upon the conquest that gave us California. The general, in this address, correlates the achievements of American soldiery, and makes this reference to the attitude of these younger veterans:

You, my beloved comrades of the war of 1861-5, have abundant reason for your faith in the majesty and security of this new Union, with the Atlantic States, the Pacific States, and the great center, bound together in harmony by rivers and mountains, and by bands of steel, each state controlling its own property and interest, with a strong government over all. Yet in your conventions and feasts you can well spare some words of cheer to your old comrades of the Mexican War, who did so much to enlarge the national domain and make possible the glorious work you afterward so thoroughly accomplished. We cannot expect to tarry long to enjoy the fruits of our labor, but untold generations of intelligent men and beautiful women will be here to protect, defend and maintain these conquests, and meantime we have a right to be proud and content that in our day and generation we have largely contributed to build up and strengthen the fabric of government fashioned by our fathers, sanctified by the great name of Washington, made double precious by the noble virtues of our martyred Lincoln, and crowned by the achievements of our comrade, Grant.

We listen to the address and all the while are conscious of an under-current of reflection. It is the gray-haired veteran of many a siege

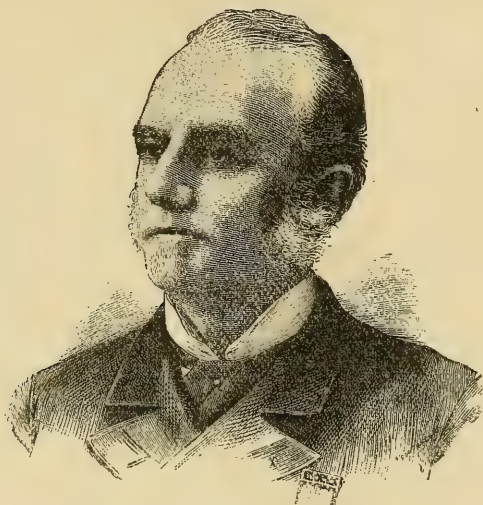
who speaks. To him, after a lifetime of active service, the vista lengthens far behind; and as he looks forward he sees, with a clearer perception than the less experienced can have, the inevitable logical outcome of existing conditions, the glories and the dangers that are included in the possibilities of the unknown future. It is indeed fitting that the venerable chief should utter words of thoughtful suggestion and temperate exhortation to these impetuous younger veterans

Another thought impresses us as we survey the scene. Less than forty years ago this golden shore was an unexplored world. To-day it teems with life, and we see here and now a brilliant display of lavish generosity that exceeds anything ever before experienced by the National Encampment. Munificent sums have been contributed to insure the comfort and pleasure of every delegate to the official gathering and every veteran from the ranks of the Grand Army who has journeyed hitherto to attend its annual camp-fire. Truly a golden country it seems with its fruits and flowers and its open-handed hospitality, which is not confined to the session of the Encampment proper, but extends to the numerous receptions given to visiting comrades by the principal cities and towns of California during the week following the session. Much of the spirit of good-fellowship that characterizes pioneers in any new country lingers yet in this younger region of our land, to remind the older and more conservative "East" that we may be in danger of becoming selfish if we do not remember to keep alive the impulsive friendliness that belongs peculiarly to new lands and new homes, but which is not amiss in older and more settled communities, and which, more than any other personal element, is allied to democratic ideas. Conservatism, socially, tends to aristocratic exclusiveness—a tendency sufficiently marked in American society to-day to be a source of anxious thought to lovers of free institutions and equal rights. Let us learn here in the whole-hearted generous "West" how noble and self-respecting is respect for one's fellow-men; and how narrow and narrowing in their influences are the subtle aims of selfish exclusiveness. If our Encampment on these western shores impresses on us no other incidental lesson, let it be this: that Fraternity implies the universal brotherhood of men, that Charity seeketh not her own, and that Loyalty respects the humblest citizen of the land as the unit of its national life.

The day of conference is ended, and the veterans, once more in readiness for their yearly march, pause to say farewell to the Pacific shore. The waves lapse upon the beach, the sunset gun booms over the water. The sunset rays redden across the foaming sea, the stars

come out in the blue field, and Nature in its emblematic colors salutes the Grand Army of the Republic.

We close our eyes to rest and to dream of the events that have filled these recent hours with pathos, with joy, with energetic action and with welcome recreation; to dream of the future so eloquently foretold, not so much by the words that have been spoken as by the prophetic meaning that always lies hidden in sterling deeds, if we are philosophical enough to discover it. We awake to behold the begin-



GENERAL LUCIUS FAIRCHILD

(*Commander-in-Chief, 1887.*)

ning, at least, of the realization of this prophecy as the veteran band, through their responsible representatives, go forward on the track of unswerving purpose adopted and authorized by the Encampment.

As we view the field of this year, we see leading the army the figure of one held in highest esteem by his countrymen, one whose popularity in his own life-long home furnishes an exception to the rule that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own people:" General Lucius Fairchild, the ideal soldier and statesman, the graceful diplomat, the honored citizen, the beloved friend and comrade. We recollect that the boys of Wisconsin, his young friends and comrades in '61, can never say enough in praise of the gallant young captain whose military bearing on duty was equalled by the frank cordiality with which he welcomed the boys to his tent to have the royal "good times" which they recall now as the bright spots in a memory otherwise shadowed with stern recollections. What

wonder that the veterans promptly fall in line with such a leader! The power of a gracious personality is felt wherever the commander-in-chief appears, as he speeds from point to point with untiring devotion, visiting the greater number of the departments during the year. Everywhere by his inspiring words and genial presence he is the exponent of fraternity, charity and loyalty a living epistle of patriotism seen and read of all men.

While General Fairchild thus rallies the forces of the Grand Army at its remote posts, the officers at National Headquarters are at work making perfection more perfect, one might almost say, as they study the constant improvement in what already seems a thoroughly systematized management of Grand Army affairs.

The committees are at work, conspicuously the standing committee on pensions. We see them as they meet at the national capital and hold earnest conference with the prominent members of the Senate and the House. We note their untiring efforts to secure legislation in favor of such a bill as would rescue the disabled and needy soldier from the humiliating condition of enforced pauperism. We see the difficulty and the discouragement that meet them at every step. We note how one "clothed with a little brief authority" may antagonize, for awhile, the wishes of the great mass of patriotic citizens, and delay the results that are sure to come eventually, when the representatives of the people wake up to a realization of the deep disgrace of allowing the country's defenders to suffer in unrelieved poverty in their advanced age. Strange, that any one calling himself a federalist can be so stolidly indifferent to the claims of veterans, whose presence in any community should be a constant inspiration to the gratitude of those who at heart endorse the policy which the Union army defended. Is there a modicum of disloyalty in this grudging of pensions? Or is it only a characteristic selfishness that is manifested chiefly by those who, during the war took good care to keep there own precious bodies out of danger of being disabled? We listen to the well-fed and well-couponed statesmen who so grandiloquently defend the stronghold of the Treasury, tragically representing it as being "systematically robbed" by the award of pensions. We wish that by way of an object lesson these pompous grumblers could just for one day have an empty coat-sleeve; a business prospect ruined; a chronic phase of ill health fastened on them by army exposures; or a pair of crutches in place of their strutting legs. Perhaps then their logical wits would be sufficiently sharpened to enable them to discover that but for this veteran army, for whose disabled members a modest relief-pension is asked, there might now be no treasury to defend, still less a "surplus"

to worry over. Indeed, it is possible that the mission of the "surplus" would be promptly recognized by the construction of aqueducts to convey the swelling streams into the private reservoirs of these very men. We should see "pension legislation" then on the grandest scale ever witnessed in the world's history. The selfishness that denies a crust to another, is always ready to grab the whole loaf for itself. If there is any statesman who will bear watching, in the interests of the defenseless treasury, it is the sneering, insulting opponent of soldiers' pensions. More than that, I would not trust him not to run up a rebel flag if he had control of the ropes.

The general sentiment of humanity is expressed in the saying, "It were better that ninety-nine rogues escape than that one just man be hung." So, it were better that one lazy or improvident ex-soldier should be supported, than that the existence of such, here and there, should be made a triumphant argument against caring for the great mass of really deserving patriots. Even though the utmost vigilance in examining into "claims" may not always prevent the award of undeserved pensions, still, the United States Government may safely conclude that "it is better to be sinned against than sinning" in this matter. The children of this generation of statesmen do not wish to be ashamed of their parents, or to feel a hot blush whenever they see a faded blue coat in the almshouse enclosure.

How can we help these thoughts as we watch the year's experience of the Committee on Pensions! Five representative men from the Grand Army of the Republic with their commander-in-chief, a half-dozen generous patriots whose personal power and prosperity relieve them the necessity of asking anything for themselves, but who are all the more devotedly engaged in securing help for their less fortunate comrades.

A year of serious reflection; a year of stern indignation; a year that might make a bitter pessimist of any soldier who did not reflect that representatives do not always represent, and that the heart of the American people is with the Grand Army, despite the grudging action of some who temporarily hold the legislative and the veto powers. Courage, soldiers! The wisdom of your fellow-citizens cannot go so far astray as to permit the repetition of such blunders. Each November on its fateful "first Tuesday" will record, one after another, handwriting on the wall, the purport of which will be to inform some candidate for re-election that by the deliberate decision of his constituents he is hereby permitted henceforth to give his undivided attention to his own private affairs. The Grand Army may devote itself to the mission of cultivating fraternity, charity and loyalty; the

great mass of the citizenship of the country will take care of the political battle of the day. And whatever party he may nominally represent, the man who is not a friend of the veteran soldiers will not be entrusted with the management of the government which their sufferings and sacrifices preserved. Trust your loyal countrymen for that. A large proportion of the voters of to-day are not veterans; the fates decreed that they should be born a few years too late for that. But many of them remember the strangely solemn time when many a home was left in the care of a gentle mother, and the children gathered



GENERAL JOSEPH R. HAWLEY,
(*Junior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, 1870.*)

close at her elbow as she read the letter from the soldier husband and father, or breathlessly scanned the dispatches that seemed a weird echo of the dreadful battle. Some of them remember the childish awe with which they gazed on the soldier's metallic casket as it was borne into the village church, its sable cover hidden by the stars and stripes that the hero carried when he fell. Some of them are too young to remember even thus imperfectly that day of somber mystery when even children's sunshine seemed to fall through smoke-stained clouds, and the light of many an aged life went out and left a midnight darkness where only the Christian's faith could discern the stars shining through.

But even those who have recently attained their majority are listening with sympathetic attention to the story of the conflict, and studying its underlying principles; and to intelligent young America, north and south, the logic of a true patriotism is more convincing than the sophistry of selfish ambition. Shall they forget the men whose bravery

brought the question to its just conclusion? Trust the boys, veterans; some of them may make mistakes, but we believe that, in the main, they will honor themselves by honoring the defenders of the national faith.

Need we say this to the brave Committee on Pensions, whom we have watched with such intense and absorbing interest? Ah, they know it already; and it is their faith in the ultimate justice of the American people that brightens each care-worn face as they return from Washington and prepare their calm and dispassionate report for the coming National Encampment; a report that will not be news to anyone who has been watching the progress of events, but which will not only present the fact in systematic shape, but contain also the suggestions of the committee, three of whom are Past Commanders-in-Chief of the Grand Army—men who are, perhaps, better informed than any others could be of the needs and claims of veterans.

While they frame their report we will turn our eyes upon the city of St. Louis, where the grandest preparations are being made to receive the delegates to the Twenty-first Annual Session of the National Encampment. One hundred thousand dollars is the sum raised within the business limits of the city, for nothing is too good for the veterans, and nothing is too good for St. Louis. Little do the coming soldier's imagine the splendid show of decorations, illuminations, etc.,

1887. that is to greet their eyes. These citizens of St. Louis are like enthusiastic and generous children planning no end of gorgeous things "to s'prise you;" among them four beautiful stained-glass transparencies, two showing Grant on horseback, and two life-size likenesses of President Lincoln. It is pleasant to know that these four transparencies are now placed as memorial windows, one in each of four leading Soldiers' Homes in the country.

September 28, 1887, has come—what if it does rain? The camp-fires burn with undiminished flame as in every Post Room resident members extend hospitalities to visiting comrades, while citizens at large, and municipal officers of St. Louis, welcome the brilliant and talented representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic.

We see many thousands of the Grand Army drawn up in line, and ignoring the falling rain they march through the principal streets of St. Louis, and are reviewed from the grand stand by the commander-in-chief. And again we see the assembled Encampment. In many an earnest face the lines of thought have deepened since one year ago. The fatigue of many weary miles of travel has left its pallor on the chiseled face of the commander-in-chief, but through it, as through the rose-tinted marble, the glow of enthusiasm reveals the spirit that has given

inspiration to so many thousands during these months of swift, brief visitation.

As the business of the session proceeds, we hear Adjutant-General Gray reporting a membership of about 321,000, with a net gain of over 25,000, and a gain of 540 Posts during the year. Quartermaster-General Taylor reports that the assets are over \$33,000, the cash balance over \$12,000; and that the Grant Memorial Fund has grown to over \$8000. It is also stated that while over a quarter of a million dollars has been reported expended for charity, this sum does not represent more than one-half of the actual charities, so much being done informally and not reported by the Posts. One pleasant incident of the charities of the Grand Army this year is referred to—the prompt raising of a sum for the people of Charleston, S. C., at the time of the earthquake disaster. General Fairchild had promptly gone to Charleston, and at his call a liberal subscription had been at once forwarded to the scene of the disaster. Here, where the first rebel gun was fired, one of the soldiers who was first to respond to the ominous war-call, heaped coals of fire on an enemy's head. Oh, the glorious victory of charity, the sweet revenge of generosity!

We hear with pleasure of the progress of the Woman's Relief Corps, as shown in a communication from their National headquarters; and the Grand Army recognize the work of these energetic allies by adopting the following Resolution:

The committee recommend that this National Encampment most heartily endorse in every respect our auxiliary organization, the Woman's Relief Corps. The aid and assistance rendered by this noble body of women to our comrades and their families when sick or needy, can never be forgotten, and your committee feel that this Encampment cannot find words too strong to sufficiently express its entire appreciation and approval of the good work done by the Woman's Relief Corps since its organization.

The dark shadow falls over the Encampment when, in hushed silence, reference is made to the death of Past Commander-in-Chief John A. Logan, which has occurred since the last session of this body. Appropriate resolutions are unanimously adopted, as follows:

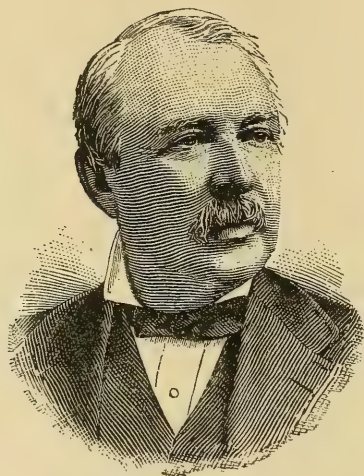
The National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, assembled in its twenty-first annual session, at St. Louis, Missouri, recalling the fact that since its last meeting more than three thousand of the comrades of the Order have paid the last debt of nature, and among them their always beloved comrade and former leader and Commander-in-Chief, Major-General John A. Logan, and desiring in special manner to record their high esteem of his skill and valor as a soldier, of his abilities and faithful services as a statesman, of the purity

and beauty of his private and home life, of the signal services he rendered his comrades while Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and of the unfaltering and vehement patriotism which was a chief element of his character, therefore

RESOLVES AND DECLARES: That in common with his fellow-citizens in general, the members of the Grand Army of the Republic deplore his death as a public calamity.

That among the millions who from private life entered the military service of the Union and were spared until peace came with victory, he was rightfully accorded the high distinction of being "The Chief of the Volunteers."

That as a statesman he was sagacious, painstaking, clear in his comprehension of the needs of his country, vehement in defending and promoting her interests



JOSHUA T. OWEN.

(*Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, 1870.*)

and her honor, and the relentless foe of waste and corruption, whether public or private. We especially remember that it was his pride and pleasure to give his best services to forwarding in the National Congress the just demands of his soldier comrades.

That the Grand Army of the Republic is indebted to his administration of its affairs for the establishment, in everlasting memory of its sacred dead, of that new feast which we call "Memorial Day;" that it is also indebted to him for those measures and incentives which prevented the threatened entrance into our Order of political purpose and propagandism, and against all temptation has maintained its freedom from them to the present hour.

That to his widow, Mrs. Mary S. Logan, whose devotion to the interests of the Grand Army of the Republic is well known and here acknowledged, are extended our most sincere sympathies in her bereavement.

That a page in the Journal of this encampment be set apart for an engraved portrait of Comrade Logan, to be executed under the direction of the present commander-in-chief and adjutant-general, at the cost of the National Encampment, and that a copy of such Journal, specially bound, be presented to Mrs. Logan.

In reference to the project for a monument to General Logan, the committee presented a report from which we make this extract:

We therefore, believing every comrade in the United States will wish to join in this work, recommend that the Grand Army, through its several Departments and Posts, be earnestly requested to *at once* raise the small sum of ten cents from each of its members for said object, and that a permanent committee of five be appointed by this body, with power to fill vacancies, whose duty it shall be to co-operate with the committee of five appointed by said Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to carry on and complete the work of erecting the statue in Washington. We recommend that all sums so collected shall be transmitted through Department and National Headquarters to said committee, with a roster of all the names of comrades who shall contribute to said fund, that the latter may be preserved in the archives of the society having in charge this noble work.

Should any department, comrade or other person desire to contribute a larger sum than the amount herein specified, we recommend that such contribution be received.

We suggest that the permanent committee so appointed be required to report its work to the National Encampment annually.

A further expression of respect for the departed general is contained in one clause in the report of the Committee on Pensions, recommending, among several objects of continued effort, to secure "the same pension for the widow of the representative volunteer soldier of the Union Army, John A. Logan, as is paid to the widows of those typical regulars, Thomas, the 'Rock of Chickamauga,' and Hancock, always 'The Superb.'"

The commander-in-chief announces that Mr. Joseph Drexel, owner of the now historic cottage at Mt. McGregor, has signified his intention of conveying the property to the Grand Army to be kept as a perpetual memorial of General Grant.

The Pension Committee's report speaks for itself. It is a record of valiant effort, but of meager success and abundant failure. But the calm spirit of the veteran is shadowed forth in the words of the commander-in-chief when in his annual address he dwells upon the subject, and sums up the platform of the Grand Army in these words:

We have been for years of one mind in considering it but simple justice that the United States should at least grant a pension of not less than \$12.00 per

FORAGING—A REMINDER OF BY-GONE DAYS.



month to all persons who served three months or more in the military or naval service of the United States during the war of the rebellion, and who have been honorably discharged therefrom, and who are now, or who may hereafter be, suffering from mental or physical disability, not the result of their own vicious habits, which incapacitates them for the performance of manual labor.

Our path in this direction has been straight. We have diverged neither to the right nor to the left. We have seen before us our needy, disabled comrades, and shoulder to shoulder we have marched in the way where relief for them could be won. We will not desist now. We will not be persuaded to desert them. Because they are in sorrow and distress they are a thousand times more than ever our comrades. Because they need help, we will draw closer and closer to them. They shall not be the inmates of the common pauper house, nor shall their widows or their orphan children, if we can prevent it.

We will continue to ask for aid until there is no wail of sorrow heard from the destitute and disabled veterans or their families.

The delegates further express their endorsement of the committee in the following:

RESOLVED: That the zeal and wisdom displayed by the members of the National Pension Committee entitle them to our warm thanks and praise. Though they have encountered in their years of service, difficulties and obstacles of no common order, they have increased, rather than diminished, their earnestness in behalf of their comrades. No men could have labored more diligently and wisely than they have, or secured more success, and they are entitled to the gratitude of every veteran and friend of the veteran.

Notwithstanding the fact that recent events have been so calculated to cause irritation and resentment, the tone of this session is marked by courtesy in words and forbearance in action. Shadowed, perhaps, with graver thought than ever before, its impetuous impulses developing into more deliberate purposes, its youthful ardor deepening into manly earnestness, as indeed must be; for the chestnut curls once pressed down by the soldier-cap now show the silver strands, and the name "veteran" is growing every year a more appropriate appellation.

Recalling the picture of this vast assembly, we like best to linger in memory of that point in the moving scene when every eye is fixed on the face of the commander-in-chief as he pronounces his address. With them we listen to the patriotic and masterly sentences in which the dignity of the orator and the charm of the converser are so happily blended; and we shall now recall General Fairchild's closing words:

I heartily congratulate all who have the pleasure to attend this great reunion of old comrades whose friendship was welded in the hot flame of battle, in the camp, on the march, and cemented by the love which all bore and still maintain

for the Union. In Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty we stand, proud of the fact that there is not now, nor has there ever been, any bitter feeling of hate for those of our fellow-citizens who, once in arms against us, but now being loyal, have long ago taken their old-time places in our hearts, never, we devoutly hope, to be removed therefrom. We have not now, nor have we at any time since the war closed, had any disposition to open again the bloody chasm which once unhappily divided this people. We not only will not ourselves re-open that dreadful abyss, but we will, with the loyal people, North and South, protest against all attempts which others may make to do so, by holding up, for especial honor and distinction, anything that pertains to or in any manner glorifies the cause of disunion.

With the people of the South we only ask to continue the friendly rivalry long ago entered upon in the effort to make our beloved land great and prosperous and its people intelligent, happy and virtuous.

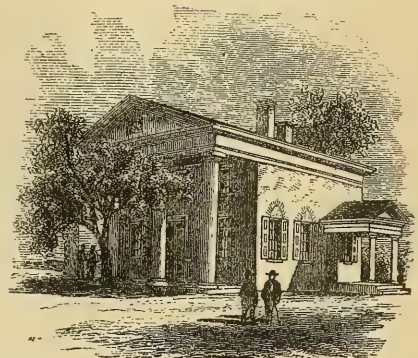
We will rival them in exalting all that pertains to and honors this great Union and in condemning everything that tends to foster a hostile sentiment thereto. We will rival them in earnest endeavors to inculcate in the minds of all the citizens of this country, and especially of our children, a heartfelt love for the United States of America, to the end that present and coming generations shall in every part of the land believe in and "maintain true allegiance thereto, based upon a paramount respect for and fidelity to its constitution and laws," which will lead them to "discountenance whatever tends to weaken loyalty, incites to insurrection, treason or rebellion, or in any manner impairs the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions," and will impel them "to encourage the spread of universal liberty, equal rights and justice to all men," and to defend these sentiments, which are quoted from the fundamental law of our Order, with their lives, if need be; and to the further end that they shall so revere the emblems of the Union that under no circumstances can be coupled with them, in the same honorable terms, the symbols of a sentiment which is antagonistic to its perpetuity.

The contemplation of the grand picture of a long ago preserved Union, a mighty people prospering as no people on earth ever before prospered, with a future far beyond that which opens to any other nation, a land, comrades, which to all its citizens is worth living for, and a country and government worth dying for, constitutes the greatest reward of those who have suffered and bled and striven that such a spectacle might be possible.

No idle creation of a poetical imagination this; no mere flight of oratory; but the solemn truth that none can utter so understandingly as those who have demonstrated its reality. No transient suffering—happily long past; no single stroke of daring—recounted with glowing pride; no hair-breadth fortunate escape—recalled with self-gratulations; none of these nor all of these have been this hero's only tutors; but a quarter of a century of daily, hourly deprivation has been his stern disciplinarian. What is it, we ponder, to face the sacrifice of a

lifetime? It is to feel one's whole nature rising in defiant protest; to be overwhelmed with bitter despair; to lie crushed, and to long for death! Or else, it is to nerve one's self for a brave struggle; to match the ordeal with a cheerful fortitude; and out of the deepest abyss of helplessness to climb, hour by hour, to the loftiest heights of self-mastery, to learn at last that the royal way of the cross leads to the kingdom. May the recompense ever be full and rich! The rewards that follow earnest striving, the sweet compensations of a peculiarly tender affection, the soul-culture developed through suffering, the spirit's victories that crown patience—all these lie hidden within the folds of that empty sleeve.

For a moment more we behold the commander-in-chief facing this veteran audience. The firm lips have just closed over the last syllable of his address. The hair above the forehead is touched with frost, but no wintry gloom shadows the illumined face. And yet, there is more pathos in the smile of one who has conquered, than in the downcast look of the weakling! As he stands there, the type of those whose living sacrifice has paid a nation's ransom, from many a loyal heart arises the incense of prayer; and in the silence we seem to hear echoing down the centuries the benediction of the priests of Aaron:



SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:

The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace!

The scene changes. A few hours later we see the representative members of the Encampment, nearly six hundred in number, assembled as the guests of the citizens of St. Louis at a grand banquet where the good cheer is not confined to "creature comforts," but is largely contributed by eloquent speeches and the hearty exchange of compliments and good wishes. Thus ends the programme of entertainment of the Twenty-first Annual Session. Ends, but does not cease to exist; for the Grand Army will ever cherish the memory of the magnificent reception accorded them by this prosperous and enterprising city.

Many of the veterans before departing for their distant homes pay

a visit to the tomb of Lincoln, at Springfield, Ill. No wonder that their thoughts dwell with peculiar interest on the man whose solemn assurance of care for the soldier and the soldier's widow and orphan have recently been so contemptuously ignored by prominent officials. Once the heart of Lincoln set the rhythm, and the heart of a continent beat in unison as patriots all over the land shouted "We are coming Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong!" And, though in the noise of petty strifes that perfect stroke may seem at times to be lost, one need only to pause and listen to discover that the pulse of loyalty still throbs in the veins of patriotic America. As the veteran soldiers leave this silent sepulchre and return to the line of march, it is with renewed hope and faith that they unfurl the banner bearing the device: "Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty."

Major John P. Rea, already an experienced official of the Grand Army in lesser fields, is the newly-elected Commander-in-Chief of the National Encampment. Like his distinguished predecessor, he too devotes time and strength to the constant visiting of departments, and the personal investigation of every line of work carried on within the Grand Army's field.

Again we see the Committee on Pensions taking up the cause of disabled comrades. Again we see them thwarted by delays and technicalities, their chief aims defeated, and their years of effort rewarded during this period with the passage of a few minor measures only. To the credit of manliness be it said that the bill authorizing a special pension for Mrs. Logan is promptly passed. Also, the bill granting arrears of pensions to the widows of veterans. But all measures looking to the comfort and respectability of needy veterans themselves meet persistent opposition from the Chairman of the House Committee on Invalid Pensions. This one man, accidentally invested with power, improves this transient opportunity to make his own prejudices the well-spring of his official acts. With even less encouraging results to report than last year crowned their efforts, the Committee on Pensions await the re-assembling of the National Encampment.

At the National Headquarters, and wherever staff-officers and committees have been located, active work has been going on, the results of which appear in the reports made at the Annual Session.

1888. Swiftly the days pass; not all unshadowed, for on August 6, 1888, General Sheridan departs this life, after weary weeks of suffering, and the Grand Army mourns its brilliant cavalry chieftain.

The flags that have been tied with black are again unfurled to the breeze when the second week in September 1888 arrives. Columbus,

Ohio, is the city favored this year with the spectacle of a patriotic reunion, on a grander scale than has been presented at any time since the Grand Review in 1865. The parade on the 11th of September is five hours in passing a given point. The veterans of Ohio regiments carry their old flags, each of which has a glorious train of associations. The naval veterans are conspicuously honored in this parade by the splendid models of war-vessels, which are mounted on wheels and drawn by engines, and from which, at intervals, bombs are thrown to the height of three or four hundred feet. The commander-in-chief, as



JOHN P. REA.

(Commander-in-Chief, 1889.)

he reviews the parade, is surrounded by a distinguished group—General Sherman, Ex-President Hayes and five Governors of States, all veterans of the civil war.

September 12th witnesses the formal opening of the Twenty-second Session of the National Encampment. The commander-in-chief addresses the assembly, and concisely sums up the results of the year's work. Evidently he voices the sentiments of all present when he says, referring to pensions:

Let our action be of a manly, dignified character, worthy the men and the cause we represent, and justly exemplifying that comradeship which is the tie that binds us together. No measure receiving the endorsement of this Encampment, followed by the earnest, hearty support of our entire membership, will fail to receive favorable consideration from the National Congress. Through this body, and this alone, our Order must speak, or speak in discordant tones.

It is not to be expected that all will agree upon any measure proposed, but when, after discussion and deliberation, the majority have decided on a measure, all should yield and give it their support. It is only by so doing that the Grand Army of the Republic can wield the influence in aid of needy comrades that the nation is ready to accord it, but which it has not exerted in the past.

The commander-in-chief refers to the Sons of Veterans. After several years of uncertain trend and more or less unsettled organization, the impulsive Sons have at last grown discreet enough to merit the paternal blessing, which is bestowed upon them in these words:

It will be but a short period until our ranks are so meagre, and the surviving comrades so weighed down with the burden of years, that our organization will have ceased to be an active force in the works of loyal love and charity which it has ordained. The tender ceremonies of Memorial Day will then be performed by others or not at all. It seems to me that it would be the part of wisdom for us while yet in our vigor to establish such relationship between our Order and the Sons of Veterans as to properly recognize that organization. The young men composing it feel a just pride in the deeds of their fathers, and moved by filial love have settled their difficulties and are anxious for recognition from us. I would recommend the appointment of a committee to report to the Twenty-third National Encampment a plan defining and establishing such relations with that order as the character of its membership, its aims and objects and its natural affinity to the Grand Army of the Republic, seem to demand. I have every reason to believe that all objectionable features now characterizing that order and standing in the way of such recognition will gladly be removed upon our request.

The Committee on Resolutions, later on, act upon the suggestion of the chief by reporting the following, which is unanimously adopted:

RESOLVED: That the Encampment indorse the objects and purposes of the Order of Sons of Veterans, U. S. A., and hereby give to the Order the official recognition of the Grand Army of the Republic, and recommend that comrades aid and encourage the institution of Camps of the Sons of Veterans, U. S. A.

RESOLVED: That with pride and heartfelt pleasure we place on record our heartfelt appreciation of the hearty welcome and most generous hospitality extended to the Encampment and to the membership of the Grand Army of the Republic by the citizens of Columbus, and by State and department officials, who have freely opened to us the hospitable homes of their beautiful city and allowed us to take entire possession of their city, their capital and their State, and whose unceasing efforts and boundless liberality combine to make this the most successful, as it is the most numerously attended, National Encampment our Order has yet held.

The commander-in-chief, as he nears the close of his address, has these encouraging words for the Grand Army and the land which they call their own :

Wherever I have gone, north or south, east or west, I have received a kindly greeting and a cordial welcome, most gratifying, because it came spontaneously as an evidence of the high regard of the people of this republic for the survivors of the army and navy which conquered treason, cemented the Union, and established upon a basis of universal equality the grandest nation of the earth. In all sections of the country I have found the comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, in community and in State, occupying the highest positions, enjoying the full confidence of their fellow-citizens, and living manly lives worthy the earnest they gave of fidelity and loyalty in the terrific conflict through which they passed in their youth.

Comrades, we will soon pass through the dark valley, over the river, and pitch our tents within the shadow of the dim unknown, but behind us as a monument of achievement will remain the ocean-bound American republic, the only true republic the world has ever known, within whose borders there is no peasant, no serf, no slave, only men and women living in the consciousness of the true nobility of manhood and of womanhood. Across this continent, from the rock-bound coast on which beat the waves of the Atlantic, over mountain and valley for thirty-five hundred miles, to where the calm Pacific beats on California's golden strand, there is to-day a great unbroken level of happy American homes, in which live the representatives of all races, of all nationalities, of all civilizations; and all are gathered around the altar of one common country, in the brotherhood of universal freedom. Over all the starry banner under which we fought, and whose folds we emblazoned with the names of the proudest victories humanity ever won, waves as the ensign of that government which is the realized hope of the great and good of all the ages. When within our borders hundreds of millions shall live the home life of American freemen, and around their hearths the story of your deeds shall be told, those teeming millions will still have but one flag, one country, one destiny.

Then follows the report of Adjutant-General Fish, showing a membership in good standing of over 350,000, with a net gain of more than 33,000, and nearly 400 new Posts chartered during the year. It is significant of the spread of the order, geographically, that early in this year permanent departments have been organized in Idaho and Arizona. The quartermaster-general's report shows the same admirably systematic management that has for years kept the financial standing of the Grand Army of the Republic "as good as gold."

The judge-advocate reports, relative to the Drexel Cottage at Mt. McGregor, that the legal steps for transferring the property have been brought to a halt by the death of Mr. Drexel. A committee is ap-

pointed to take charge of the matter, and see if the original plan can still be carried out.

Closely associated with this reminiscent reference to General Grant comes the thought of "Little Phil;" and we see the veterans, many faces showing the trace of recent tears, rising in silent token of approval when the committee present the following:

Whereas, since the meeting of the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, held over a year ago, our comrade, Philip H. Sheridan, the General-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, has passed over the river of death to the great beyond,

RESOLVED: That with sincere sorrow we mourn the loss of one of the brave defenders of the nation, one whose brilliant achievements in arms, whose heroic courage in the hours of peril, snatching victory from defeat, and whose untiring energy has challenged the admiration of the world and has placed his name on the pages of history among the foremost of the illustrious soldiers of his own age as well as those of the past.

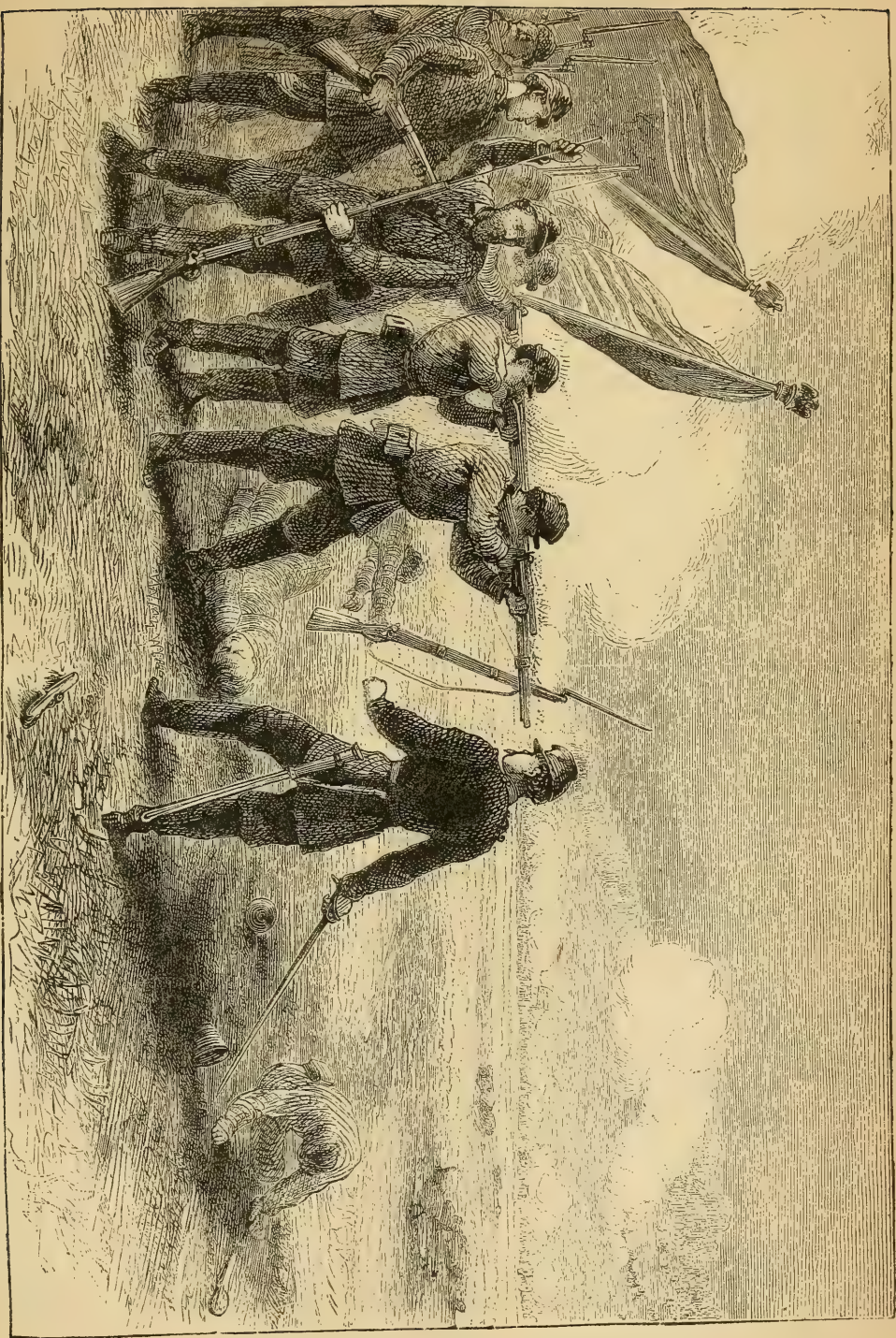
RESOLVED: That in the life of our late comrade in arms we recognize that type of manhood which characterizes the man born and reared under our free institutions, blending the citizen with the soldier, and whose lofty patriotism so guided and moulded ambition that it was formidable only to the enemies of his country.

RESOLVED: That our deep sympathy be extended to his sorrowing family in this their hour of grief, and assure them, while we mourn with them the loss of the loving husband and tender father, we will ever cherish with pride the memory of Philip H. Sheridan.

One interesting hour during the session is given to receiving the committee from the Woman's Relief Corps, also now in session in Columbus, who present the following address indicating the now thoroughly established character of this organization, and its definite relation to the Grand Army of the Republic:

Commander-in-Chief Rea, and Comrades of the Twenty-second National Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic:

By the appointment of the President of the Sixth National Convention of the Woman's Relief Corps, auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic, now assembled in this city, and at the request of the Commander-in-Chief, John P. Rea, we appear upon the floor of this Encampment to return the greetings which your committee—Comrade Vanosdol, Department Commander of Indiana: Comrade Evans, Past Department Commander of Massachusetts, and Comrade Allan, Past Junior Vice-Commander-in-Chief of Virginia—so gracefully extended to our national organization. In the performance of this pleasing and agreeable duty we come to assure you of our lasting fealty and unswerving allegiance to the Grand Army of the Republic. Nor would we fail at this time to express



RAW RECRUITS AT THE FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

our approbation of the continuous and cordial recognition which you have given our work since its inception. When the National Association was effected at Denver, Colorado, in 1883, you gave it noble sanction and blessed it in its birth. And each successive year has our national convention been stimulated to increased work by inspiring approbation that we have received at your hands.

Heartily have you signified your gratitude for all our efforts to share in assuming the duties and responsibilities that you owe to each other by the ties of your sacred fraternity, a fraternity that was born of friendship in the camp, in the hospital, on the march, in the battle or in loathsome prison pens. It is unnecessary to picture what would have been the condition of the soldiers of the republic had treason conquered the armies of loyalty. From what might have been, I turn to the more pleasing reality of a nation saved, loyalty victorious, treason dethroned and writhing in its own downfall, and the brave defenders of our nation assembled in this grand encampment in the capital of the Buckeye State, which gave as her offering for loyalty 200,000 of her noblest sons to battle for the cause which you here to-day so grandly represent. The Woman's Relief Corps, auxiliary to the most exalted and praiseworthy organization of soldiers born of woman, comes to you to-day with greetings of honor for you, the chivalry of America.

We bear you greetings for your loyalty to manhood, the pride of woman's heart.

We come to you with greetings for your devotion to comradeship, sanctified by the service, yes, how often by the blood of men who were our fathers, husbands, lovers, sons or brothers. We come to you bearing the individual and united greetings of 63,000 of America's patriotic daughters, who to-day stand in one solid phalanx to aid you in all measures designed to advance Grand Army interests. We bring special greetings to your commander-in-chief in recognition of the loyal and soldierly sympathy which he, throughout his administration, has manifested toward the Woman's Relief Corps of the nation. And especially does our honored National President, Mrs. Emma S. Hampton, through the committee, acknowledge profoundest gratitude for his faithful co-operation and eminently wise counsels in the consideration, and assisting in the adjustment, of complicated questions and issues, which have been so successfully met during the year now closing. We hail with eagerness and solemnity the annual return of our memorial day duties, the performance of which is peculiarly and sacredly in accord with woman's heart.

It has been, and will be more extensively, throughout the several departments, the special concern of the Woman's Relief Corps to provide the joys of Christmas tide for the children of our veterans who are the wards of state or county homes. We are zealously in favor of, and will persistently and continuously work in every way that is womanly for the pensioning of those women who were war army nurses and diet kitchen managers.

Again we reaffirm our professions and pledges to you who rank as the noblest soldiers' organization on the earth, realizing that the mission of our order will enlarge and the demands for our work become more imperative as the veterans of the war advance towards decrepitude.

And, finally, we declare ourselves enlisted in this cause of holy charity so long as a veteran of the Union Army or his widow or his orphan shall need the helping hand of woman.

The training of the young in the principles and sentiments of loyalty to the Union has long been one of the enthusiastic aims of the Grand Army. And now the obverse of this question is presented when, during the session, attention is called to the disloyal character of certain text-books on United States History, which are now in use in schools in the late rebel states, and which plainly glorify the treasonable doctrine of State Sovereignty and the cause of Secession. The case is not one for any formal action on the part of the Encampment; but it is mentioned as a fact worthy of the thoughtful consideration of every individual patriot in the land.

And yet, perhaps, it is not a matter for deep anxiety. There was a time when the doctrine of State Sovereignty was a subject for dignified debate in which was developed the most brilliant and effective oratory of the United States Senate. But fifty years or more of explication, with some sharp experimental tests in the laboratory of action, have convinced the great mass of American citizens that the mask of State Sovereignty covered the face of a project for the extension of slavery. This being a dead issue, and one that under no conceivable circumstances can be revived, there hardly seems to be left any motive for the States' Right doctrine, which existed primarily, if not altogether, for that ulterior purpose. People who were always Federalists are stronger than ever in the faith to-day; and a large proportion of the former advocates of State Sovereignty have been converted to the belief that the Federal Union is not only the correct interpretation of the constitution, but also that it is, in itself, the best governmental policy that could be devised. Some have frankly and cordially avowed this. Some have reluctantly though honestly yielded the point. But it is too much to expect that this change of faith should be at once universal. Every march of progress leaves some stragglers in the train. There are persons still living who cherish the identical prejudices that they were born with; others, of the younger generation, who affect to pride themselves on being "arrant little rebels." As to the latter, they will probably outgrow this nonsense; as to the former, they are political fossils who can do no permanent harm, even though they do try to turn United States History into a political eulogy of Mr. Jefferson Davis. The teachers of youth are too many in this thinking age for any one to become dangerously influential, and especially one that attempts to proclaim an obsolete idea. When the goose-bone and the ground-hog become formidable to the United States Signal Service,

perhaps the feeble echoes of the "lost cause" may disturb the harmonies of the Federal Union.

But while we are musing the legislation of the session has been going on; and when we again give alert attention to the scene before us we see the delegates unanimously voting the appropriation of \$500 for the relief of yellow fever sufferers at Jacksonville, Florida. Ah, we are sure that we need not be anxious about the "influence" of the rebellious fossil so long as the great-hearted Grand Army exists, to show, in every sharp emergency, the fraternity and charity that helps to mitigate disaster and to ward off death. "Overcome evil with good" is a glorious rule of conduct. What more is needed to silence a bitter enemy than the fact that his life and the lives of those dearest to him, it may be, are saved by the prompt and generous service rendered by the once hated "blue-coats?" It will be hard hereafter for him to tell his children that the Union soldier is their implacable foe; harder yet to make the children believe it.

Before the canvas rolls out of sight, we spend some time studying the picture of the camps that are conveniently located near the scene of the session, and where thousands of veterans have chosen to "lodge on the cold ground." Here, in the midst of much jolly comfort, they try to imagine themselves once more enduring the hardships of a soldier's life—eating from tin plates and cups the soup and chowder cooked in camp cauldrons, and drinking from canteens. Well, perhaps it is not really quite this; but roast-beef and Apollinaris may easily be transmuted into old-time camp fare by the power of a vivid imagination. But a silver fork is, after all, a more agreeable thing to eat with than a whittled stick; and since patriotism demands no special sacrifices of this nature just now, no doubt the most heroic veteran would echo Mrs. Boffin's impulsive exhortation:

"Lor'! let's be comfortable!"

And who should be, if not they? Looking about we see some who, during a three years' term of enlistment, were under "raining fire" a score of times, in skirmish and on perilous picket duty unremittingly, the active dangers alternating with the fatigues of long marches and the harsh discomforts of a hastily pitched camp. We reflect that "hard tack" was often the only luxury on the soldier's bill of fare. We recollect one dear old lady who, in war time, when potatoes were especially scarce and dear, never put a morsel into her mouth without a qualm of tender conscience and a plaintive "wish that the poor soldiers had some." We are glad to see the steaming platters borne to their tents to-day! Here is a group who were once associated within the gloomy walls of southern prisons, haunted by squalor and starva-

tion. Some of them had the experience of repeated escape and recapture. Here and there is one who, in the effort to get back to the lines, braved the horrors of lonely swamps, keeping life in his emaciated body by browsing upon such vegetation as the desolate place afforded. We cannot keep silence as we gaze on the picture of this reunion. Ho, Mr. Commissary! if, in your mammoth hampers there is a pudding that is especially well-stuffed with plums, send it this way. If anything would inspire one to master the art of cookery, it is the ambition to prepare the best and the daintiest food for a famished soldier. Let them feast, in tent or banquet hall, while in the sunny atmosphere the starry flag floats over a land of peace and plenty!

But the Grand Army cannot long remain on this pleasant camping-ground. Many duties await their energetic performance; there are still foes to meet and conquer. The tents are struck; instead of restful slumber, once more the bivouac!

Marching forward as ever before, "going on from strength to strength," the natural order of prosperous progress, so moves the veteran army, led by the earnest and enthusiastic Commander-in-Chief, William Warner.

During the year which now unfolds, the Mt. McGregor Memorial Association is organized by act of legislature in New York, and deeds for the Drexel Cottage are executed by the heirs of the late owner.

More than a quarter of a million dollars finds its way into the records of the year's charities, as usual but a partial report of the amount thus expended.

The 30th of May witnesses a general observance of Memorial Day, with its gentle memories of the dead and its eloquent suggestions of duty to those who still survive. More than four thousand
1889. comrades have been laid in their graves since this time last year, and thus brigade after brigade is mustered out of the army of Time. This thought reminds us of the untiring efforts of the Committee on Pensions, who this year are unable to make any definite advance. The measures suggested last year are still urged upon the consideration of Congress, but without results as yet.

On August 27, 1889, the Grand Army cohorts assemble in Milwaukee and inaugurate the Twenty-third Annual Session of the National Encampment by a grand parade of veterans, accompanied by a large representation from the Order of the Sons of Veterans. Commander-in-Chief Warner, accompanied by his staff, rides at the head of the column, and afterwards reviews the parade.

On August 28th, we witness the convening of the delegates to the Twenty-third Session. The commander-in-chief gives a spirited and

whole-hearted address from which we note the following eloquent passages. Referring to the present membership of the Grand Army he says:

The Grand Army of the Republic is the grandest civic organization the world has ever seen—its list of membership is the nation's roll of honor, containing the most illustrious names in history, the names of the brave men who, in the darkest days of the rebellion, followed the Stars and Stripes as the emblem, not of a confederacy of states bound together by ropes of sand, but as the emblem of an indissoluble Union of indestructible states.

They followed that flag, whether in sunshine or in storm, victory or defeat, with more confidence and greater reverence than did the children of Israel the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. The men who compose this organization are they who, when others faltered, laid "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors" upon the altar of liberty and Union, that "a government of the people, by the people" should not perish from the earth.

As the war recedes the men who shared together the privations of the frozen camp, the hardships of the forced march, the dangers of the battlefield, the sufferings of the field hospital and the untold agonies of the prison pen, long for the touch of a comrade's elbow as of old, and seek the Post room, where the partisan and sectarian are not heard. The teachings of the Grand Army of the Republic are so conservative, its practices so patriotic, its comradeship so universal, that all honorably discharged Union soldiers and sailors of '61 and '65, who have done nothing in civil life to cast a stain upon their honorable record in liberty's cause, feel that they are at home when in the Post room, in the house of their friends.

It is there that the general and the private, the merchant prince and the clerk, the millionaire and the laborer, sit side by side as comrades, bound each to the other by ties the tenderest yet the most enduring of any in this world, outside of the family circle.

"There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true lovers' knots, I ween;
The boy and the girl are bound by a kiss,
But there is never a bond, old friend, like this—
We have drank from the same canteen."

The membership of the Grand Army of the Republic constitutes the great conservative element of the nation, the champions of civil and religious liberty, recognizing the dignity of labor, but having no sympathy with anarchy or communism, recognizing no flag but the Stars and Stripes, believing that loyalty is a virtue and that treason is a crime. It was this spirit of loyalty, love of liberty, reverence for the Constitution and an inborn respect for the law that made the volunteer soldier and sailor of '61 and '65 the thinking machine—the model soldier and sailor of all time; of these to-day there are enrolled under the banner

of Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty 410,686. These comrades are found in 6,711 Posts in 42 Departments. We have carried our banner into every State and Territory. On the 9th of this month we scaled the walls of Fort Sumter, there organized a Grand Army Post and installed the officers on the ramparts of that historic fort, erecting our standard, "with malice towards none and charity for all," on the spot where the Stars and Stripes went down in '61. The growth of our organization has been steady and healthy. Strong as it is, it has never been, and I trust never will be, used for partisan purposes or to gratify the personal ambitions of any man or set of men.

In 1879 our membership in good standing was but 35,961; to-day it is 382,598—a net gain in a single decade of 324,020. Great as is the membership of the Grand Army of the Republic, it has not yet reached its maximum either as to numbers or influence. I am persuaded that the spirit of comradeship never permeated our ranks more than now. The comrades are in line, touching elbows from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the cypress to the pines, the worthy successors of the grandest army that ever marched to battle. The enlarged catholicism of our organization is such that there is and can be but one Grand Army of the Republic. It had its birth amid shot and shell, was baptized in patriot's blood and has grown with the years in the sunshine of peace.

Whatever of success has attended my administration is due to the cheerful acquiescence of the comrades in all orders.

It has been my good fortune to visit many of the departments; wherever I have gone a welcome warm and generous awaited me. I have been made to realize the truth of the words of the world's greatest poet:

"The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel."

If it has been my good fortune to retain the confidence and esteem of the comrades I am rich indeed, although a bankrupt in my ability to pay in kind a tithe of the generous hospitality that has ever been showered upon me by them.

The following patriotic suggestion of the commander-in-chief receives the hearty endorsement of the Encampment:

I commend to each department the patriotic practice of the Posts in the Department of New York of presenting on the 22d of February, the birthday of the Father of his Country, the American flag to such public schools as are not yet in possession of one. Let the children receive the Stars and Stripes from the men who placed their bodies as a living wall between it and those who would tear it down. The future citizens of the Republic are being educated in the public schools—the flag of their country should ever be before them as an object lesson. From its stars and stripes let them learn the story of liberty as exemplified in the lives of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and the patriotic sons of the Republic who, by their valor, suffering and death, rendered the imperishable fame of this illustrious trio possible. Let them learn to look upon the

American flag, "by angels' hands to valor given," with as much reverence as did the Israelites look upon the ark of the covenant. Let the eight millions of boys and girls in our elementary schools be thus imbued with a reverence for the flag and all it represents. Then the future of the Republic is assured and that flag shall forever wave

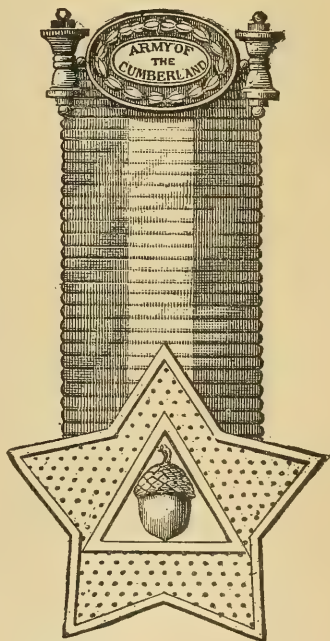
"O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave."

Also, this expression of welcome to the Sons of Veterans is unanimously approved :

In accordance with the instructions of the last National Encampment a committee was appointed to report to this body "a plan defining and establishing our relations with the Sons of Veterans." Without anticipating the recommendations of the committee, I earnestly hope that this Encampment will take such action as shall draw the young men, if possible, closer to us. They are our sons, our cause is their cause; they are justly proud of the record of their fathers; being young and knowing their strength they feel that they should be assigned a place in the line to help us fight our battles. They have read the story of liberty, they sing the songs we sang, and aglow with the fires of patriotism they stand ready to march to our assistance. They do not come as conscripts, but as volunteers. They constitute the great reserve of the Grand Army of the Republic. I say let us have the boys with us. They are "bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh;" in them we see the counterpart of the boys who did the fighting for home, country and liberty from Fort Sumter to Appomattox; in their veins courses the blood of patriots. Hail their coming, welcome them with open arms.

Referring to the question of pension legislation, the commander-in-chief urges the importance of unity of action on the part of the Grand Army Posts, and in closing utters these telling words :

The service pension will come. The day is not far distant when an honorable discharge from the Union Army or Navy shall be all the evidence required to secure a pension to its holder.



BADGE OF THE ARMY OF THE
CUMBERLAND.

“Aid its dawning, tongue and pen,
Aid it hopes of honest men.”

“A pension given as a reward for services to the State is surely as good a ground of property as any security for money advanced to the State,” said the great English statesman Burke.

Let the bond holders of the country remember that the men who rendered their securities valuable—the men who have ever insisted that they be paid to the uttermost farthing, principal and interest, of the money advanced by them to the State—let them remember that these men have claims upon the State, equal at least to that of the bond holder. Let those who inveigh against pensions remember that it was the boys in blue who, by their trials, sufferings and death, bequeathed to them the legacy of Liberty and Union, insuring to them and their children the blessings of free institutions under which they enjoy a greater prosperity, a larger liberty, a higher civilization and a purer Christianity than was ever before enjoyed by a people. Let the people remember that to preserve to them these blessings,

“Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave.”

We, the survivors of these men, we who gave the best years of our lives to our country, will present our claims to Congress, and in doing so will not approach those in authority “with bated breath and whispering humbleness,” but as free men we will demand, asking only that which is just. We would rather have the Nation help our comrades living than erect monuments to them dead. “My countrymen,” said an illustrious comrade, “this is no time to use the apothecary’s scales to measure the rewards of the men who saved the country.” The spirit of these noble words should govern the legislative and executive branches of the government, that the performance of the Nation may be equal to her promise. Comrades, the Roman youth gloried in singing how well “Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old.” So through the ages shall the children of the Republic sing of how well you maintained the Constitution, preserved the Union of the States established by our fathers, kept the flag unsullied, giving to “the Nation a new birth of freedom.”

Your deeds shall go down in song and story which shall be sung and told by a grateful people to the glad coming time,

“When the war drum throbs no longer,
And the battle flags are furled,
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world.”

Throughout the address every ear is attentive, every heart beats responsively. It is as though the cumulative force of all these years of eloquent exhortation is thrilling the speaker; and the magnetic current circulates through the vast assembly.

The commander-in-chief generally gives credit to his staff-officers, who, notwithstanding the constantly increasing weight of care and responsibility attached to the several offices, have met the duties with business-like energy and accuracy. The quartermaster-general's report shows the assets still growing, and the Grant Memorial Fund over \$10,000.

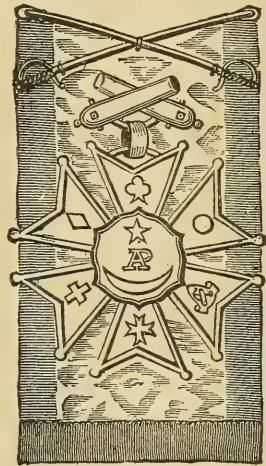
When the legislation of the Session is at an end, the officers for the coming year are elected. We are especially interested to learn who is to lead the Army on its march toward the Twenty-fourth Annual Session in 1890. The mantle of chieftainship falls on the shoulders of General Russell A. Alger. As he gathers his staff about him to be installed in office, we see that all are new incumbents except one, the veteran "watch-dog of the treasury," Quartermaster-General John Taylor. Every one applauds his reappointment. While Captain Taylor holds the key in his hand, and the combination in his head, the safe of the Grand Army is secure.

The closing pageantry of this year's celebration takes the form of a naval battle on Lake Michigan, on the evening of August 29th; a scene which gives, to the immense concourse of people assembled to witness it, all the realistic impressions of the actual battle except the thrilling sense of present danger.

And now we have reached a point where the finished painting ends; and close at hand are the artists at work on the canvas of the never-ending Now, while beyond stretches the blank space of the future toward which they are moving. We watch the deft manipulation of the brush, and under the master-strokes we see unfolding the vision of this current year. Whatever shadows the picture may receive before it is finished, the red, white and blue are the conspicuous colors in the grounding.

RETROSPECTIVE MUSINGS.

Standing at this end of the far-stretching canvas, we give one swift look backward over the years that we have just minutely reviewed. It is the vision of a warrior host whose swords are beaten into ploughshares, their spears into pruning-hooks. Let despots maintain their "standing armies" clad in warlike array; our "Grand Army" wears



BADGE OF THE ARMY OF THE
POTOMAC.

civilian dress to-day, and yet it was never more unflinchingly ready to meet the emergency, should the emergency come. Let us hope that its battles may ever hereafter be, as now, the bloodless onsets of intelligent opinion, directed to the maintainance of the best government on earth—the Federal Union.

Stationed along the line of the successive years, we see the commanders-in-chief, ever the bright figures in the fore-ground, who have led this invincible army of unity and peace. Call the roll of honor: Stephenson, Hurlbut, Logan, Burnside, Devens, Hartranft, Robinson, Earnshaw, Wagner, Merrill, Van der Voort, Beath, Kountz, Burdett, Fairchild, Rea, Warner, Alger, and at each name the flash-light of memory brings to view the face and form of a veteran soldier, a recognized master-spirit chosen by his comrades of the Grand Army to be for a time their representative and chieftain.

Thirty years ago, arch-traitors were holding counsel, plotting the final stroke that should overthrow the Federal government. If they could then have sought the cave of the "weird sisters" to demand that the mysteries of an unknown future should be revealed to them, the sight would have unnerved the arm of treason and paralyzed the project of rebellion. More prophetic than was the procession of kings in the vision of the doomed Macbeth would have been this procession of the commanders-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, gliding before the spell-bound gaze of its presumptuous foes.

INDIVIDUAL DUTIES OF EVERY COMRADE.

In '65 the "returned soldier" was the central figure in every village group. Many a man who went away an obscure volunteer returned to find the laurels of social distinction awaiting him. If before the war he had borne a reputation of "wildness," it was all forgiven him; if for years afterward he accomplished little or nothing noteworthy, his "war record" still floated him on the crest of popular admiration. But there is a limit to the time that one may rest on his laurels. It is much to *attain*; it is more to *sustain*; and to-day the men who maintain the credit of the Grand Army of the Republic and keep its hold on the patriotic esteem of the people at large are the men whose later lives have honorably fulfilled the promise of those few brilliant years of conspicuous nerve and bravery. It is because they have "lived up to their record" that the record itself remains glorious; otherwise it would have become but a common-place memory so far as it was associated with their individuality. The heroic element is not manifested on the battle-field alone; it often finds its severest test under conditions the least resembling a conflict. To do

may be the feat of one supreme moment, and under the stimulus of unique circumstances; to *be* costs the effort of a lifetime, under all varieties of circumstances, sometimes in the face of sad discouragements or in the midst of insidious temptations. As the years pass on, each individual veteran is honored more and more for *what he is*, proportionately less for *what he was*. Glorious as is the field record of the Grand Army of the Republic, the average of its claim to continued honor and respect is raised or lowered by the *personnel* of its membership, and each man in its ranks is responsible for some degree of variation in the scale. This fact, universally true of organized societies, is the strongest motive for that *esprit de corps* which is the life of all organizations. It is especially a motive for every one who has ever worn the blue to so order his private and public life that no dishonor shall ever fall on the veteran army to which he belongs.

From '61 to '65 the soldier had a chance to show what he could *do*; from '65 to '90 he has been showing what he *is*. We are glad to believe that in this world full of erring human beings no class can show a better record, in respect to character development, than the veterans of the Union army. As individuals they are filling honorable positions in the State and in society, and helping to demonstrate in the every-day life of the nation the practical value of the principles for which they fought, and thus proving to a hitherto incredulous world that, in our country at least, no radical distinction exists between the soldier and the citizen.

SPECIAL DUTIES OF THE LOYAL LEGION.

All over the land, in every town and village on commemoration days, we meet the men who wear the badge of some veteran society. Here the badge of the "Army of the Tennessee," or the "Army of the Cumberland;" there the anchor, or cross, or crescent, or star, of a distinguished corps; and on every lapel the button of the G. A. R. On many a coat, side by side with the cannon-metal badge of the Grand Army, is pinned the ribbon suspending the eight-pointed star of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, and we know that beneath the insignia beats the heart of a comrade who may probably claim the added title of "an officer and a gentleman."

Those who were in Philadelphia, on April 15, 1890, will never forget the pleasant sunshine, the balmy air, the flags gently floating in a scarcely fanning breeze; the throngs at Broad street Station, where ever and anon the red, or blue, or yellow ribbon, with the glint of its gold star, identified the Companions who were taking the serene city by storm to celebrate the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Loyal

Legion. "Ah, General!" "Hello, Colonel!" "Well, Major!" were cheery greetings heard at every other step as we threaded our way through the smiling groups on Chestnut street. We felt curiously interested to study these types of the commanding element in our army, and we understood better than before *why* these men were chosen chiefs. We reflected that the old Saxon word for King meant simply "the man who CAN." This potential force of character, which made the Loyal Legion the commanding spirit of the army, makes them also influential factors in the civil affairs of the nation. Since the war many of them have borne the titles of distinguished civil office. "Governor," or "Senator," quite as often as "General," was heard in the greetings of these Companions; and the commander-in-chief this year, Ex-President Hayes, has filled the highest office in the land.

During the war, the character of the commanding officer gave tone to his regiment, or brigade, or division. So, in the veteran army, the personal nobility and culture characterizing the Loyal Legion gives an example of the gentle manliness which the Grand Army in all its divisions may proudly emulate.

When, on the evening of April 15th, we saw the Companions assembled in the Academy of Music, and especially that brilliant group upon the stage, we were impressed with this thought: that the commissions in our army were not bought and sold for money, but officers wore the rank which their own merit won for them. Was the air within that beautiful auditorium electric? Or were we only thrilled by the presence of so much concentrated will-power?

May the Companions of the Loyal Legion ever maintain their high standard of honor and courtesy, and ever faithfully meet their responsibilities as examples to the rank and file of the veteran army.

Noblesse oblige.

FEMININE ALLIES OF THE G. A. R.

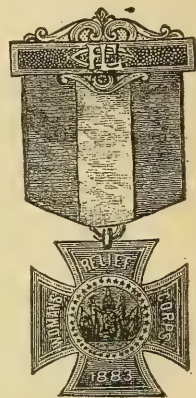
EMERGENCIES are inspirations. It is the need of the hour that develops the latent force of human purpose. The crisis of 1861 marked an hour when a strange, appalling need confronted the nation. And not the nation, as such, merely; it stood in the pathway and solemnly challenged each individual with the question "What canst THOU do?" It jolted the elbow of the merchant and the laborer; it obtruded itself between the lawyer and his brief; it snatched the Commentaries of Cæsar from the hand of the musing school-boy and placed a copy of Hardee's Tactics before his

flashing eyes ; it went about relentlessly serving the summons in field and shop and office and college class-room ; and men dropped their tools and pushed aside their books and arose to respond to the need of the hour.

It made those who loved home best the first to leave it, that they might the more surely preserve it from the threatened danger. It transformed desultory groups of citizens into tramping battalions of troops ; and when it had sent the regiment away it haunted the pillows of women who were keeping sleepless vigil ; straining their ears to hear the last receding drum-beat to which their best beloved ones were marching away to the southward. And still it whispered in the silence, "What canst THOU do?"

It was not long before the emergency inspired the answer. From the camp and from the field and from the wards of army hospitals came the urgent call. The insufficiently clothed, the sick and the wounded were in need of such aid and comfort as only home love and thoughtfulness could bestow ; in need of the practical ministrations that would strengthen them to continue the strife and carry it to a successful issue ; in need of more than army "supplies," of more than the mere provisions of the most liberal commissariat ; in need of the unmistakable assurance that their valiant endeavors were so far as possible seconded by those whose lives were bound up in their own, and for whose sake the soldiers were facing danger and death. And into the minds of thousands of women there flashed the meaning of the Creator's words—never before so clearly interpreted : "It is not good that the man should be alone ; I will make him a help-meet for him !"

"What canst THOU do?" By one common impulse women all over the land replied to the insistent need : "I can and will *help* !"



BADGE OF THE WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS

SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETIES.

Everywhere this magnetic resolve was the attractive point around which clustered groups of earnest women. In every city and village the Soldiers' Aid Societies sprang into existence. Time would fail to record the variety and extent of the work accomplished during the war-period by these Aids. Boxes of substantial underclothing and little accessories of a comfortable wardrobe ; hampers of delicacies and bundles of lint and bandages for hospital use were daily sent over the railway lines leading southward : while busy hands were moving from

morning till night to keep the supply equal to the demand. In some places, like Philadelphia, where one continuous line of regiments was passing through *en route* for the field, efforts were bent to the chief purpose of providing bountiful refreshments for the hungry troops. Many were the hands that drooped at their task, and were folded for the last time during that period of fatiguing care and anxiety. Many a woman really died at her post, the latest energies of her useful life devoted to the "Soldiers' Aid."

So the four dark years went by. In 1865 the war was declared over; the regiments, one by one, were mustered out. No more scraping of lint and tearing of strips for bandages; for the bullet and the bayonet no longer were making havoc of precious human life. No more sending stores of wine and medicine and clothing, for the boys were coming home now for mother to nurse them back to ruddy health. The "Ladies' Aids" stopped knitting socks and packing hampers. They did not exactly disband, but all were busy in their own homes with the domestic preparations to receive the returning soldiers—the remnant of those who had gone forth.



MRS. E. FLORENCE BARKER,
(National President, 1883.)

Some came bearing the cross of lifelong disability; some suffering the weakness and discouragement of shattered health. Some came with grave faces and troubled hearts

to fight a battle with poverty made doubly hard by the loss of opportunities which they had sacrificed in order to give these best years of their lives to the service of their country. Plainly, while it might be that for the majority of the soldiers, thus interrupted in their private purpose, life would again unfold prosperously and happily, still there would always be some, a large number it might be, who would never fully rebound from the shock of war, and whose recompense for sufferings past must come largely through the fraternity and charity of others. Soldiers recognized this; the strong discerned it before the weak realized it; and a noble spirit of fraternity, charity and loyalty led representative veterans to establish the Grand Army of the Republic.

WOMAN'S WORK NOT FINISHED IN '65.

Perhaps, at first, few thought of continuing the Soldiers' Aid Societies, that had seemed to be only one of the "military necessities" that could

have no *raison d'être* after the restoration of peace. But habits grow into character fiber, and these patriotic wives and mothers and sisters had formed a habit of generous thinking and acting. And now, though they had no more active duties to perform for the soldiers in the field, they could not fail to watch with absorbing interest the muster of the Grand Army of Peace. The Post to which the husband or son belonged became an object of deep interest and pride to the wife and mother.

Perhaps, if no comrade of the Post had ever been in needy circumstances, if none had ever been sick or disabled, if no muffled drum-beat had ever sounded "lights out" beside an open grave, if no widow's sob or orphan's cry had ever broken the serene silence, perhaps then the Post would never have needed the co-operation of women in its work. But the tragedy of the individual life goes on in times of general peace. The record of the Grand Army Posts, if fully written, would give many an instance in which the prompt aid rendered by the Post has saved life and hope to a comrade otherwise broken down and discouraged. It would tell of many a dying veteran whose last hours were spared what would have been their keenest agony by the assurance that his comrades would care for the helpless wife and children that he must leave. It would tell of fraternal visits to disabled comrades shut in from active life and doomed to hopeless invalidism. And just here, if it finished the story, it would have to tell of how some comrade's wife came also, and brought the bunch of roses, or the sparkling jelly, or refreshing beef-tea, and when she went away left behind her a beam of "the light that never was on sea or land"—the indefinable uplifting of spirit that comes to a lonely invalid when the cheery presence of some good motherly woman has driven away from his morbid mind the moody sense of neglect, and put in its place the glad thought, "After all, somebody *cares* for me!"

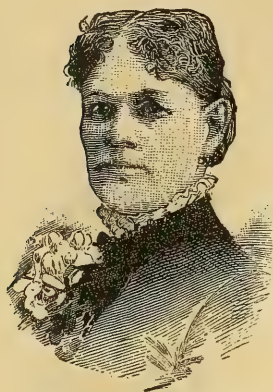
It was soon apparent that the Grand Army, which had so much needed the ministrations of woman in its days of warfare, could not prosperously do without the same helping hand in its peaceful campaign of charity. As the years went by, and the brotherly kindness of the Grand Army became more and more a necessity to suffering comrades and their helpless families, the need of woman's co-operation



MRS. KATE B. SHERWOOD,
(*National President, 1884.*)

became more apparent. To nurse the sick and to comfort the bereaved, to clothe and educate orphans, were surely within the scope of woman's mission. And then, too, how swiftly a clever woman's wits could devise some bright and original method of raising money for the soldier's relief fund.

These new occasions for benevolent ingenuity and work led to the reassembling of women, here and there, to renew in peaceful days the exercise of the same spirit of generosity so eloquently manifested under the sublime conditions of war. Again a central idea was the magnet that drew the groups together; and again the soldiers welcomed them as the "Grand Army Reserve." Posts in many places were prompt to accept the assistance thus proffered, and the number of "Ladies' Aids," auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic, grew rapidly.



MRS. SARAH E. FULLER,
(*National President, 1885.*)

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS.

Among these volunteer allies of the Grand Army, the Woman's Relief Corps of Massachusetts was the first to form a State organization. This was done in 1879. Their example was followed in New Jersey, in 1881, by the Loyal Ladies' League, later known as the Ladies of the G. A. R.

Besides these State organizations, numberless Ladies' Aid societies existed in different parts of the country, with more or less permanency of organization according to the special phase of duty which they assumed; and everywhere, whether their work was continuous or only the brief effort attending some single enterprise of fraternity and charity, they were recognized as powerful auxiliaries of the Grand Army. Their efficient services were appreciated. Frequent and complimentary reference was made to them by comrades at the National Encampment of the Grand Army; and in 1880 an especially urgent plea of Chaplain-in-Chief Lovering for the formal recognition of these societies led to the appointment of a committee whose report at the National Encampment, in 1881, embodied a general approval



MRS. ELIZABETH D'ARCY KINNE,
(*National President, 1886.*)

and endorsement of all these patriotic bands of women, commending them under the title most frequently used of "Woman's National Relief Corps," and granting them the right to add to the title, the words "Auxiliary to the G. A. R.," etc. But many societies existed which, though not bearing that exact title, were included in the spirit and purpose of the endorsement; and it was deemed desirable that these many separate bodies should form a general organization, under one name, and with one National headquarters. In order, if possible, to secure this consolidation, Commander-in-Chief Van Der Voort, of the Grand Army of the Republic, sent out a request that representatives of the Woman's Relief Corps, the Ladies' Loyal League and any other Ladies' Aids of similar aims should meet in Denver at the time of the National Encampment of the Grand Army, July 25, 1883, to confer with a view to merging their separate societies in one grand organization.

The several leading societies promptly responded to the call. The meeting was held, with Mrs. E. Florence Barker, president of the Woman's Relief Corps of Massachusetts, in the chair, and Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, of the Forsyth Post Relief Corps, of Toledo, Ohio, acting as Secretary.

The delegates were practically unanimous for consolidation. But one difference of opinion hindered the perfect unity of action. The representatives of the New Jersey society, the Ladies' Loyal League, held that eligibility to membership in these auxiliary societies should correspond to the eligibility standard in the Veterans' societies, and that, therefore, only the immediate relatives of veterans—mothers, wives and daughters—should be admitted to membership.

The Massachusetts society already admitted all loyal women of good character, without reference to their family relationship to the veterans; and they naturally were unwilling to accept the limitations of the New Jersey idea, which would have at once annulled the membership of some of their most earnest and efficient workers. The weight of opinion was in favor of the more liberal terms adopted by the Massachusetts society. This being so decided by a vote, the Ladies' Loyal League declined to concur, and so remained a separate organization, known of late years as the "Ladies of the G. A. R." They have since formed departments in several other States, their member-



MRS. EMMA S. HAMPTON,
(National President, 1887.)

ship being made up of those who hold the conservative view as to eligibility to membership. Otherwise there is no practical difference between this order and the more wide-spread order of the Woman's Relief Corps, as the National Organization formed at Denver was named.

The objects of the Relief Corps are thus stated :

To specially aid and assist the Grand Army of the Republic and to perpetuate the memory of their heroic dead, to assist such Union veterans as need our help and protection, and to extend needful aid to their widows and orphans. To find them homes and employment, and assure them of sympathy and friends. To cherish and emulate the deeds of our army nurses, and of all loyal women who rendered loving service to their country in her hour of peril. To inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country among our children, and in the communities in which we live. To maintain true allegiance to the United States of America. To discountenance whatever tends to weaken loyalty, and to encourage the spread of universal liberty and equal rights to all men.



MRS. CHARITY RUSK CRAIG,
(*National President, 1888.*)

On the completion of the consolidated organization, the chairman of the meeting, Mrs. Barker, was

elected the first National President of the Woman's Relief Corps.

The report of the first year of this new Order shows, in 1884, 155 Corps, with a membership of 10,085. Five years later, the report for 1889 shows 1,937 Corps and a membership of 73,055, and over \$81,000 expended for relief, more than 22,000 needy persons having shared in its benefits. A relief fund of more than \$56,000, and a general fund of over \$77,000 remained in the treasury of the Order in 1889. Although numerical estimates are but as husks to the kernel of good deeds performed by these patriotic women, still they are significant indications of that practical condition of financial prosperity, without which the noblest sentiments may remain merely theories.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, of Philadelphia, was chosen National President at the Annual Session held in Milwaukee in September, 1889.


The Woman's Relief Corps has a form of organization similar to

that of the Grand Army of the Republic, having a set of National Officers, elected annually at its National Sessions, and department officers in the several States. Its Corps correspond to Posts of the G. A. R.

At each National Session of the Grand Army, the commander-in-chief has spoken words of heart-felt commendation of the work carried on by these faithful aids. The social advantage to the Posts which has resulted from including the Corps in their reunions is a feature that is often referred to in the most chivalrous terms; and one eloquent committee, reporting in the work of the Woman's Relief Corps in relation to the Grand Army of the Republic, practically figures it under the symbol of an ideal marriage.

May they live long and happily; and in the culture of a noble fraternity, in the royal contribution to charity, and in the unswerving adherence to loyalty, may they celebrate each year a golden wedding.

CHRONOLOGY BY DEPARTMENTS.

HE movement to establish the Order of the Grand Army of the Republic was far-reaching. Nearly every State in the Union was the scene of some effort in that direction in 1866-1868. In many cases the effort, for local reasons, was short-lived; and in a large number of States the Permanent Departments formed in those earlier years were after a time discontinued, and remained extinct for a longer or shorter period. In the majority of the States, however, the Order has been revived, and the State Departments have been permanently reorganized.

In the following outline the several departments are sketched in the order of their final PERMANENT ORGANIZATION; that is to say, in the order of present seniority.

DEPARTMENT OF ILLINOIS.

This department was the starting-point of the Grand Army of the Republic, and was organized with the informality usual in initial proceedings, about March, 1866.

Its definite claim to official authority was first shown in the issuing of a charter for the first Post of the Grand Army, located at Decatur, Illinois, and dated April 6, 1866, and signed by B. F. Stevenson, Commander of the Department of Illinois.

For some reason this department, out of which the National Organization speedily grew, suffered serious relapse of local interest during the first few years of its existence. While other departments, especially in the east, were flourishing and enthusiastic, the Department of Illinois was barely kept alive by the

persistent efforts of a few comrades. The political disturbances, and the attendant confusion of ideas as to the aims of veterans' societies, which hampered the progress of the Grand Army everywhere at that period, may account for the apathy manifested in the Department of Illinois, from '67 to '72.

The senior post of the department is Nevius Post, No. 1, of Rockford, chartered October 3, 1866, and having an unbroken record of existence, while 123 other Posts chartered prior to this date were disbanded before 1872. Since the latter date, however, the department has steadily grown, and now ranks third in the number of its chartered Posts, and fourth in aggregate membership. The number of Posts in 1889, is 568. The aggregate membership in 1889, is 31,576.

The effort to establish a Soldiers' Home was begun by the department in 1884, and was immediately successful, an appropriation being secured from the Legislature. The Home is beautifully located at Quincy, Ill. The State has, up to 1889, made appropriations amounting to over \$600,000.

By Act of Legislature, dated May 30, 1881, Memorial Day became a legal holiday in Illinois.

The Department of Illinois had the honor to enroll Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, the general having been mustered into George H. Thomas Post, No. 5, of Chicago, in October of 1879.

DEPARTMENT OF WISCONSIN.

Permanent Organization, June 7, 1866, Gen. J. K. Proudfit first Department Commander. First Post chartered, Post No. 1, of Madison. The senior Post of the department now is Post No. 4, of Berlin, chartered September, 1866. Number of Posts in 1889, 250. Aggregate membership in 1889, 13,249.

The State Soldiers' Home was established in 1887 by Act of Legislature. By a subsequent act during the same year, an appropriation was made of \$3.00 per week for each individual received as an inmate of the home. Aside from this, the enterprise has been carried on by the patriotic efforts of Posts, aided by the Woman's Relief Corps and many citizens. One special feature of this home is the admission of indigent widows of veterans. The home is located at "Greenwood Park," a tract donated by the city of Waupaca, and lying about three miles out of town.

SPECIAL LEGISLATION.—Memorial Day was made a legal holiday in 1879.

An Act passed by the Legislature on April 11, 1887, forbids the unauthorized use of the Grand Army badge, under penalty.

An Act approved April 2, 1887, orders a tax not exceeding one-fifth of a mill to be levied in each county, to provide a relief fund for veteran soldiers, the fund to be entrusted to a Soldier's Relief Commission, in order that no veteran in Wisconsin shall ever be sent to a poor-house.

An Act approved April 8, 1887, provides for burial expenses of veterans who die in needy circumstances.

DEPARTMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Permanent Organization, January 16, 1867, General Louis Wagner first Department Commander. First Post chartered, Oct. 16, 1866, as Post No. 1, of Philadelphia. Number of Posts in 1889, 585. Aggregate membership in 1889, 44,781.

The record of the Department of Pennsylvania is full of interest. Much of the stirring and vigorous action of the National Organization may be traced to the enterprising spirit of this department. A thoroughfare for marching troops during the war, Philadelphia has since been the scene of many impressive reunions.

The Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association was incorporated April 30, 1864. Ever since, as funds could be gathered, the Association have been purchasing the historic ground; and although only a small part of the entire field has been thus secured up to date, the most conspicuously interesting spots are now the property of the Association. The national interest in this mournful victory is shown in the fact that contributions for the purchase fund and for monumental purposes have been made by at least fourteen States. The Gettysburg field is the scene of the Annual Department Encampment.

"Grand Army Day" is observed throughout the State each October, by local parades and reunions marked by social and patriotic spirit, and naturally has much to do with the sustained interest of the department.

Through the efforts of the Department of Pennsylvania the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home was finally established at Erie, in the buildings originally designed for a marine hospital, and was opened on February 22, 1886. Extensive improvements have since been in progress.

From 1862 to 1865 efforts were made to provide homes for Soldiers' Orphans, and charitable plans resulted in the founding, or developing, of several such homes and schools. In 1865 the Legislature began a course of conservative legislation for the support of these institutions. Their action in the matter from year to year, through the influence of the Grand Army, has been growing more and more liberal. The splendid results shown in these schools are a full justification of the enthusiasm of their projectors.

ADDITIONAL LEGISLATION.—Memorial Day was made a legal holiday May 26, 1874. By Act of May 13, 1885, appropriation was made for burial expenses of any indigent veteran.

Gen. U. S. Grant was mustered into the Grand Army of the Republic, May 16, 1877, as a member of George G. Meade Post, No. 1, of Philadelphia, just before his departure on his journey around the world. On his return, in December, 1879, Philadelphia was the scene of a special reunion of the Grand Army in honor of its former chief. The demonstration was one of the most brilliant in the history of the Order.

DEPARTMENT OF OHIO.

Permanent Organization, January 30, 1867, Gen. Thomas L. Young first Department Commander. The Senior Post of this Department is Forsyth

Post, No. 15, of Toledo, chartered November 19, 1866. Number of Posts in 1889, 670. Aggregate membership in 1889, 43,487.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.—The Soldiers' Orphans Home at Xenia was established by the Department of Ohio, but, owing to the depressed condition of the the Grand Army at that time, it was given over to the control of the State in 1870. But the department maintains its interest in the Home, and the Woman's Relief Corps has also been a conspicuous factor in its success.

The Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Home was projected in 1866 on a large scale; and in 1888 the first of the several buildings was opened. Others are in progress. It is designed to provide accommodations for 1500 inmates, at a cost of over half a million dollars.

MEMORIAL ENTERPRISES.—Buckley Post, No. 12, of Akron, is the only one of the Posts chartered during 1877, that has maintained its organization. This fact is commemorated by a beautiful memorial chapel, built on the plot of ground devoted to veterans' graves in the Akron Rural Cemetery, and dedicated on May 30, 1876. The chapel contains memorial tablets for Akron veterans, and several beautiful memorial cathedral windows.

Memorial Hall, in Toledo, was dedicated on May 26, 1887. The same day a fine statue of Gen. James B. Steedman was also dedicated. A memorial building has also been erected at Zanesville, and another is projected in Columbus.

The memorial idea seems to have taken a strong hold of Ohio, the Legislature having authorized the issue of bonds, if needed, for this purpose.

ADDITIONAL LEGISLATION.—Memorial Day has been made a legal holiday.

The unauthorized use of the G. A. R. badge is forbidden, under penalty.

By an Act of Legislature, similar in tone to the celebrated "1754," preference in civil appointments is granted to veterans of the civil war.

One of the National Military Homes is located at Dayton, Ohio, and was the scene of the National Encampment in 1880.

DEPARTMENT OF CONNECTICUT.

Permanent Organization, April 11, 1868, General Edward Harland first Department Commander. First Post, No. 1, of Norwich, chartered February 15, 1867. Number of Posts in 1889, 67. Aggregate membership in 1889, 6,841.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.—Fitch's Home for Soldiers is the gift of the late Benjamin Fitch. Originally the farms and buildings were used for a Soldiers' Orphans Home, under the personal management of Mr. Fitch. Later, the property was donated to the State to be used as a Veterans' Home. Extended improvements have since been made.

SPECIAL LEGISLATION.—Provision is made by the State for free hospital treatment for veterans who may require it.

Special provision is made to assist any child under fourteen years of age, who is the orphan of a veteran whose death was directly or indirectly the result of his army service.

Memorial Day became a legal holiday in 1874.

By Act of Legislature in 1883, the burial expenses of needy veterans are paid by the State.

The property of all honorably discharged veterans, or of pensioned widows or mothers, to the extent of \$1000 is exempt from taxation; and the soldier or sailor who suffers the loss of a limb in the service is exempt from property tax to the extent of \$3,000.

The unauthorized wearing of the Grand Army badge is forbidden, under penalty, by Act of Legislature in 1887.

The principal memorial structure within the bounds of this department is the memorial arch, in Bushnell Park, designed by George Keller, and erected at the expense of the city. The design is complex, and, both for its architectural points and its commemorative features, deserves a close and intelligent inspection.

DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK.

Permanent Organization, April 3, 1867, Colonel James B. McKean first Department Commander. First Post, No. 1, of Rochester, chartered 1867. Number of Posts in 1889, 595. Aggregate membership in 1889, 39,281.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.—After a decade of fruitless effort, the New York State Soldiers' and Sailors' Home was finally started, a Board of Trustees for the same being incorporated May 15, 1876. The Home was located at Bath, Steuben county, and was formally opened on January 22, 1879.

The Union Home and School for soldiers' and sailors' orphans has provided for over 6,000 children. This Home was organized by private subscriptions, and mainly supported in the same way.

SPECIAL LEGISLATION.—An Act passed June 25, 1887, authorizes any town in the State to provide a relief fund for needy veterans or their families.

Burial expenses for veterans are provided for, by Act of May 21, 1884.

Memorial Day became a legal holiday in 1873.

Unauthorized wearing of the Grand Army badge, or of the insignia of the Loyal Legion, is prohibited under penalty.

By several Acts of Legislature, from 1885 to 1888, preference in employment in public service, and protection from unjust removal from the same, are given to veterans of the civil war.

By several Acts of Legislature, in '86, '87 and '88, the use of public money variously for monumental purpose is authorized.

Other legislation facilitating the work of the Grand Army has occurred from time to time.

Various associations, or "committees" of the nature of bureaus of employment and relief for veterans, have been organized in different counties in the State.

The Department of New York is conspicuous for its notable parades. On two great occasions the entire department has been in line; on the celebration of "Evacuation Day" November 26, 1883, and on the occasion of the funeral of General Grant, on August 5, 1885.

DEPARTMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Permanent Organization, May 7, 1867, Major A. S. Cushman first Department Commander. Senior Post of the Department, Post No. 1, of New Bedford, chartered October 4, 1866. Number of Posts in 1889, 197. Aggregate membership in 1889, 21,417.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.—The Massachusetts Soldiers' Home was opened in 1881, and has received the most cordial support from the State, and from Grand Army Posts, and notably from the Woman's Relief Corps and other patriotic women of Massachusetts. The property of the Home is located at Chelsea, and was formerly known as the Highland Park Hotel.

The late date at which this Home was instituted might puzzle those who do not know that from the beginning of the war, in '61, the State of Massachusetts assumed the care of all her soldiers and their families, with the idea of rendering aid in such a way that each veteran could stay in his own home so long as he had one. It was the growing number of really *homeless* veterans that made it necessary to add a Soldiers' Home to the other methods of dispensing relief. The same earnest patriotism that gave life to the earlier efforts characterizes the conduct of this later enterprise.

In this connection it may be proper to state that the Department of Massachusetts, which ranks sixth in aggregate membership, stands first among the departments in the amount of relief annually disbursed by its Posts.

SPECIAL LEGISLATION.—Memorial day became a legal holiday in 1881.

By Act of March 10, 1887, the unauthorized use of the G. A. R. badge is forbidden under penalty.

By Act approved June 16, 1887, veterans of the civil war are preferred for civil appointments. Another echo of "1754."

The Department of Massachusetts boasts several very handsome Post Halls. The hall of General Lander Post, No. 5, is valued at \$80,000.

The first general parade of the Grand Army of the Republic took place in Boston in the autumn of 1867, the occasion being a reception to General Philip H. Sheridan. This demonstration aroused intense interest, and gave the Grand Army a favorable introduction to public favor.

DEPARTMENT OF NEW JERSEY.

Permanent Organization, December 10, 1867, General Edward Jardine first Department Commander. Senior Post of the Department, Kearny Post, No. 1, of Newark, chartered December 6, 1866. Number of Posts in 1889, 111. Aggregate membership in 1889, 7,724.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.—New Jersey established the first State Soldiers' Home, by Act of Legislature approved March 23, 1865. The idea originated with Governor Marcus L. Ward, who, in 1863, petitioned the Legislature to consider the matter. Governor Ward was identified with the project throughout the remainder of his life, and his mantle of patriotic devotion has fallen on the

shoulders of his son, Marcus L. Ward, Jr. The Home was first located in Newark, in buildings used in war times as a U. S. hospital. In 1866, on petition of the Grand Army Department, a generous appropriation by the Legislature secured a new site for the Home, in Hudson county, on the shore of the Passaic river, where it is now located.

SPECIAL LEGISLATION.—New Jersey also made liberal provision for its soldiers and sailors and their dependents, both during the war and since its close. Burial expenses are met by the State, when necessary

Memorial day has long been a legal holiday.

COMMEMORATIVE.—The most conspicuous memorial in New Jersey is the bronze statue of General Philip Kearny, at Military Park, in Newark.

DEPARTMENT OF MAINE.

Permanent Organization, January 10, 1868. First Post chartered at Bath, June 28, 1867, by charter from National Headquarters. Number of Posts in 1889, 156. Aggregate membership in 1889, 9,363.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.—The Bath Military and Naval Orphans' Asylum was founded by the State, in 1866.

SPECIAL LEGISLATION.—An Act passed 1874 made Memorial Day a legal holiday.

The State appropriates \$35,000 a year for pensions to indigent soldiers and their widows and orphans. The sums thus paid range from two to eight dollars per month, according to circumstances. In case of necessity, burial expenses for veterans are borne by the State.

An Act approved February 15, 1887, forbids the unauthorized wearing of the G. A. R. badge, under penalty.

DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA (INCLUDING NEVADA).

Permanent Organization, February 21, 1868, General James Coey first Department Commander. First Post chartered in San Francisco, on April 22, 1867. The present senior Post of the department is Lincoln Post, No. 1, of San Francisco. Number of Posts in 1889, 111. Aggregate membership in 1889, 6,411.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.—The Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at Yountville, California, was opened in 1884. The Department of California contributed largely to the funds for the enterprise. The State now supports the institution, but the board of managers is made up of comrades of the Grand Army, and veterans of the Mexican War.

A branch of the National Homes has also been located at Santa Monica, California, which, when finished, will give shelter to all needy veterans in the Pacific coast region.

SPECIAL LEGISLATION.—Memorial Day became a legal holiday in 1880.

COMMEMORATIVE.—A unique memorial project is undertaken by Post 23, of

Stockton, California, that of building a monument to R. C. Gridley, the merchant of Austin, Nevada, who, during the war, raised a quarter of a million dollars for the Sanitary Commission by the device of selling over and over again at auction a thirty-pound bag of flour. According to the terms of an "election bet," Mr. Gridley, the loser, had been obliged to carry this bag of flour through the streets, to the great amusement of the crowd assembled as usual to witness the performance. At the favorable moment, when every one was ready for any jolly suggestion, the happy thought occurred to Mr. Gridley to put the bag up at auction, for the benefit of the soldiers. The instant and overwhelming success that followed illustrates how a whimsical notion may sometimes be the starting-point of an intensely earnest endeavor.

That the Grand Army should now plan a monument to a private citizen seems like a reversal of the usual order of things; but it is after all a grateful recognition on their part of the service rendered to the army by patriotic civilians, without which the prosperous conduct of the war would have been doubtful, if not impossible.

The Department of California may be called the cosmopolitan department of the order, for it has this peculiar characteristic, doubtless due to the tide of emigration westward after the war, that its membership represents 1,564 regiments and batteries, and 128 war-ships, and every State and Territory that furnished any troops during the civil war.

DEPARTMENT OF RHODE ISLAND.

Permanent Organization, March 24, 1868, General A. E. Burnside first Department Commander. Senior Post of the department is Prescott Post, No. 1, of Providence, chartered April 12, 1867. Number of Posts in 1889, 21. Aggregate membership in 1889, 2,802.

LEGISLATION.—In 1885 the Legislature authorized the appointment of a Relief Commission to aid needy veterans and their widows and orphans, also, provision was made for a temporary Soldiers' Home. When necessary, the State assumes the burial expenses of deceased veterans.

Memorial Day has been a legal holiday almost from its institution, and is observed with marked respect.

The wearing of the badge or button of the G. A. R. by any other than a member of the Order is forbidden, under penalty.

MEMORIAL.—Prescott Post, No. 1, has led the department in the enterprise of building memorial halls, and other Posts throughout the State are contemplating following the example of the senior Post.

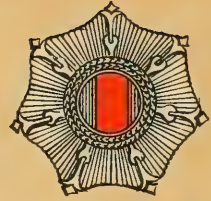
A colossal bronze equestrian statue of General Burnside has been placed in "Campus Martius," at Providence, and was dedicated July 4, 1887, with impressive ceremonies. A full parade of the department marked the occasion.

The Department of Rhode Island has been distinguished for the cordial and "home-like" hospitality that it has so often extended to national officers and comrades of the Order. The little State is large enough, in area and in generosity, to welcome all who come.



Sheridan's Cavalry.

TWENTY-SECOND CORPS.



Hancock's Veteran Corps.

TWENTY-THIRD CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.

TWENTY-FOUR CORPS.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.

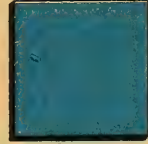
TWENTY-FIFTH CORPS.



1st Div.

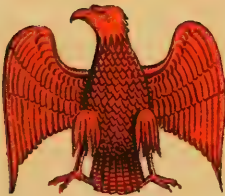


2d Div.

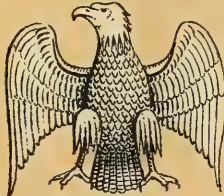


3d Div.

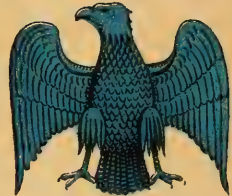
ARMY OF WEST VIRGINIA.



1st Div.



2d Div.



3d Div.



Wilson's Cavalry.



Signal Corps.



Engineer Corps.

DEPARTMENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Permanent Organization, April 30, 1868, Captain W. R. Patten first Department Commander. Senior Post of the Department, Post No. 1, of Portsmouth, chartered November 6, 1867. Number of Posts in 1889, 90. Aggregate membership in 1886, 4,984.

LEGISLATION.—Provision is made by the State for maintaining dependent Union veterans, or their widows and orphans, at their own homes, or in some place not a poor-house.

A law was passed by the Legislature, forbidding the unauthorized use of the Grand Army badge, under penalty.

Memorial Day was made a legal holiday in 1877.

THE WEIRS ENCAMPMENT.—Closely allied in interest to the Grand Army of the Republic, though formally distinct from it, is the annual reunion of New Hampshire regiments and the various veterans' societies within the State bounds. This reunion occurs during the last week of August, at the beautiful camp at Wiers, on the banks of Lake Winnipiseogee, where extensive improvements have given ample facility for the soldiers of New Hampshire to spend a delightful week devoted to patriotic reminiscence. This camp in all its appointments is the finest one in the country.

DEPARTMENT OF VERMONT.

Permanent Organization, October 23, 1868, General George P. Foster first Department Commander. The first Post, Wells Post, No. 1, of St. Johnsbury, was organized January 10, 1868, the charter being issued from National Headquarters, General John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief. This Post afterwards disbanded, but was reorganized as Chamberlain Post, No. 1, in 1880. The senior Post of the department, properly, is Post No. 2, of Burlington, chartered April 27, 1868, which has maintained an unbroken record. Number of Posts in 1889, 102. Aggregate membership in 1889, 5,113.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.—The Soldiers' Home, at Bennington, was established by Act of Legislature in 1884. The trustees are mainly comrades of the Grand Army, and the resident superintendent is a Vermont veteran.

The surroundings of the Home are peculiarly advantageous. The clear springs in the hills round about furnish an abundant supply of water for the buildings, and for one of the finest fountains in the world, throwing a stream to the height of nearly 200 feet. The beautiful scenery and the homelike atmosphere of the place make it a welcome retreat for the worn and weary veteran.

LEGISLATION.—May 30th is a legal holiday in Vermont.

An Act of the Legislature forbids the wearing of the G. A. R. badge, by any unauthorized person, under penalty.

DEPARTMENT OF THE POTOMAC.

A Provisional Department from 1866 to 1869. Permanent Organization, February 13, 1869, Samuel A. Duncan first Department Commander. Post No. 1, of Washington, was chartered October 12, 1866.

This department grew out of the National Organization of the "Soldiers' and Sailors' Union," a society formed in 1865 to look after the interest of veterans.

The small area of this department, merely the District of Columbia, affords little scope for local interest; its enterprises have always been peculiarly national. The Provisional Department in those early years did efficient work in organizing Posts in the southern States, as well as elsewhere.

DEPARTMENT OF MARYLAND.

A Permanent Organization was effected January 8, 1866, but the department was discontinued in 1872. The Permanent Department was reorganized June 9, 1876, E. B. Tyler Department Commander. The first Post organized was Post No. 1, of Baltimore, chartered November 14, 1866. This Post ceased to exist in 1872, but was reorganized as Wilson Post, No. 1, of Baltimore, by charter dated August 23, 1875. The senior Post of the department is Post No. 2, of Frederick. Number of Posts in 1889, 39. Aggregate membership in 1889, 2,102.

DEPARTMENT OF NEBRASKA.

Permanent Organization, June 11, 1887, Paul Van Der Voort, first Department Commander. The senior Post of the department is Post 1, of Kearney. Number of Posts in 1889, 249. Aggregate membership in 1889, 7,669.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.—The Nebraska Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, at Grand Island, established March 4, 1887, and in progress of development, is in its provisions the most liberal institution of its kind yet planned. Veterans and their dependent families, and also hospital nurses and their children, are eligible beneficiaries. A two years' residence in the State and proof of actual need are the conditions of admission to the Home. A site of 640 acres of land, and the sum of \$19,200 was donated by the citizens of Grand Island. The Legislature has made provision for the yearly expenses. The main building of the Home was opened July 10, 1888. Other buildings will be added as needed.

SPECIAL LEGISLATION.—Funeral expenses of indigent veterans are met by the State.

By Act of March 31, 1887, the property owned by veterans and purchased with pension money, to the extent of \$2000, is exempt from levy and sale upon execution or attachment.

Memorial Day became a legal holiday in 1885.

The unauthorized use of the G. A. R. badge is forbidden, under penalty.

COMMEMORATIVE.—By Act of Legislature in 1887, a room was set apart in the Capitol building, to be used as a repository of army records of the Nebraska volunteers, and also as a museum of mementoes and relics of the civil war, as they may be from time to time collected or donated.

Also, by Act of Legislature in 1887, \$20,000 was appropriated for a building on the grounds of the State University, at Lincoln, to be used for an armory and gymnasium, and to be known as the "Grant Memorial Hall."

The Department of Nebraska holds an annual reunion of soldiers and sailors at some camping ground each year selected. Arrangements are made on a grand scale, and the attendance is general and enthusiastic. The extent of the enterprise can be conceived when we are told that a tract of 240 acres is required to accommodate the camp.

DEPARTMENT OF MICHIGAN.

A Provisional Department was organized in Michigan in 1867. A more or less vague record remains of the department until 1872, at which time it was discontinued. A Provisional Department was again formed in 1875. A Permanent Organization was made January 22, 1879, with Major C. V. R. Pond, Department Commander. The Senior Post of the department is Post No. 1, of Coldwater. Number of Posts in 1889, 360. Aggregate membership in 1889, 20,977.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.—The State Soldiers' Home, at Grand Rapids, was established by Act of Legislature, approved by Governor Alger, June 5, 1885. The State appropriated \$100,000 for buildings, and \$50,000 for two successive years for maintenance. Citizens of Grand Rapids purchased a site of 132 acres, and presented it to the State. The large building was dedicated on December 30, 1886, and on January 1, 1887, the Home was opened.

Governor Alger, now (1890) Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, was chairman of the first Board of Managers, who so promptly engineered the project at its start.

DEPARTMENT OF IOWA.

Iowa in effect repeated the history of the neighboring States. Posts were formed and a Department organized with much enthusiasm on September 26, 1866. In 1871, the department had dissolved and only one Post retained its charter. The effort at revival, shown all over the country in 1872, was feebly successful in Iowa; a Provisional Department was formed, and Posts were slowly established through several years. The Permanent Organization was established January 23, 1879, and H. E. Griswold was elected Department Commander. The senior Post of this department is Post, No. 1, of Davenport, chartered July 12, 1866. Number of Posts in 1889, 403. Aggregate membership in 1889, 19,380.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.—The Iowa Soldiers' Home was founded by Act of Legislature in March, 1886. It is located at Marshalltown, on a tract of 128 acres donated by the citizens, who also made a liberal cash contribution. The Home will accommodate 400 inmates. A three-years' residence in the State is essential to admission.

Three separate Soldiers' Orphans Homes have been opened in the State, but

all have been consolidated at the Home in Davenport, which was founded in 1863, by private enterprise, but became a State Institution in 1866. Over 300 children are cared for in this Home.

LEGISLATION.—By Act of Legislature in 1888, a tax not exceeding three-tenths of a mill is to be levied to secure a Soldiers' Relief Fund.

Burial expenses of indigent veterans are ordered to be paid by the County Supervisors.

The badges of the Grand Army of the Republic, and of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion are protected by law from unauthorized use.

Memorial Day has become a legal holiday.

DEPARTMENT OF INDIANA.

The tremendous enthusiasm with which the Grand Army idea sprang into life in 1866 was equalled only by the almost total extinction that followed. The large number of Posts formed prior to 1871, and the large membership of each, might have made Indiana a stronghold of the Grand Army; but here, as in several other States, various causes, chiefly political, temporarily killed the interest in the Order, and after 1871 only one Post, out of 300 chartered, remained in existence—the one now known as Auten Post, No. 8, of South Bend. This Post, deserted by its mother department, was adopted by the Department of Illinois, and remained thereunto attached until the Department of Indiana was reorganized. Auten Post is deservedly the senior Post of Indiana, but No. 1 is assigned to Morton Post, of Terre Haute, the first Post enrolled in the reorganized Department of Indiana.

After several dormant years the Permanent Department was re-established October 3, 1879, with Captain John B. Hager as Department Commander. Number of Posts in 1889, 495. Aggregate membership in 1889, 24,431.

COMMEMORATIVE.—Through the influence of the Grand Army of the Republic, ably sustained by public sentiment, a magnificent Soldiers' Monument is being constructed in Indianapolis, "To Indiana's Silent Victors, by a grateful State." The design is exceedingly beautiful and symbolical. The estimated cost is over a quarter of a million dollars; \$200,000 was appropriated by the Legislature, and the balance is being contributed by counties and by regiments.

This beautiful memorial will surely be an objective point for tourists and sight-seers in years to come.

DEPARTMENT OF KANSAS.

A secret society known as the Veteran Brotherhood was organized in Kansas in 1865. One year later, after the Grand Army of the Republic was fairly started, the Veteran Brotherhood, at a State camp held in Topeka, unanimously adopted the following:

RESOLVED: That the Veteran Brotherhood, State of Kansas, be, and is

hereby transferred to the Grand Army of the Republic, and that we hereby adopt the ritual, and agree to be governed by the Rules and Regulations of the Grand Army of the Republic.

By this transfer thirty-two camps of the Veteran Brotherhood became Posts of the G. A. R., and the Department of Kansas was formed. The Department was, however, short-lived, existing for about two years only. In 1872 an attempt was made to revive it, but little was accomplished for several years. A Permanent Organization was finally made in March 16, 1880, with J. C. Walkinshaw as Department Commander. Post 1, of the present numbering, is located at Topeka. Number of Posts in 1889, 452. Aggregate membership in 1889, 17,727.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.—By Act of Congress in 1884, the National Soldiers' Home at Leavenworth was founded, providing for all disabled Union veterans, whether disabled in the service or not; but no one disabled in service against the United States can be admitted.

The Soldiers' Orphans' Home is located at Atchison. The city donated the site of 160 acres, and \$5,000 in cash. The State has borne the further expense of buildings and maintenance. Besides the main building, cottages are in progress to meet the requirement of more room.

The necessity for further provision for needy veterans than is made by the Leavenworth Home, has led the department to take action. Their plan is a compromise between the two extremes of opinion as to the best way to care for the needy. The large public institution with its vigorous military discipline, or the assisting of the poor to live comfortably in the privacy and freedom of their own homes—these are the two extreme plans. But there are cases where the latter is out of the question, and yet the former is distasteful to those whose happiness depends on domesticity. The Kansas idea, (also adopted to some extent in Nebraska) when carried out will be the best union of the two ideas that has yet been suggested. It is proposed to have a tract of land not less than 640 acres, and to build cottages, allowing with each some land to be cultivated by the occupants, so that those who are able may partly maintain themselves. In this way families otherwise homeless may still have a home. Army nurses, and widows of veterans are also to be admitted to these privileges.

LEGISLATION.—Provision is made for burial expenses of deceased veterans. Memorial Day became a legal holiday in 1886.

Preference in civil appointments is given to veterans of the civil war.

COMMEMORATIVE.—The annual reunion of Kansas veterans is one of the notable events in the State. Two camps are permanently located, one at Topeka and one at Ellsworth, where the reunions will be held alternately.

DEPARTMENT OF DELAWARE.

A Provisional Department existed in Delaware from 1868 to 1872. In 1880 the Provisional Department was revived. The Permanent Organization was

effected January 14, 1881, with W. S. McNair Department Commander. The senior Post of the department is General Thomas A. Smith Post, No. 1, of Wilmington. Number of Posts in 1889, 19. Aggregate membership in 1889, 1,150.

DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA.

Posts formed in Virginia prior to February 10, 1868, were attached to the Department of the Potomac. At that date Virginia Posts were constituted a Provisional Department. Permanent Organization, July 27, 1871, Hazlett Carlisle, Department Commander. Senior Post of the Department (latest numbering), Post No. 1, of Portsmouth. Number of Posts in 1889, 34. Aggregate membership in 1889, 1,214.

Isolated Posts in the Carolinas, where no departments exist, are attached to the Department of Virginia.

DEPARTMENT OF MINNESOTA.

This department, first established in 1866, had a checkered existence until 1879, when it lapsed. But during that time the department secured the founding of a Soldiers' Orphans' Home at Winona, which was in operation for ten years, and was maintained by the State. The existing Permanent Department was established August 17, 1881, Adam Marty being elected Department Commander. The senior Post of this department is Post 1, of Stillwater, known in the former department as Post 14. It is the only Post of that older period that survived; and it became the nucleus of the reorganization. Number of Posts in 1889, 139. Aggregate membership in 1889, 7,164.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.—The Minnesota Soldiers' Home was instituted March 2, 1887. Veterans of the civil war, of the Mexican war, and of the Indian campaign in Minnesota in 1862, are eligible to admission. The site of 50 acres, donated by the city of Minneapolis, is located at Minnehaha Falls. In buildings the cottage system is adopted.

LEGISLATION.—A tax of one-tenth of a mill is levied to provide a Soldiers' Relief Fund, to be used in assisting veterans at their own homes in cases where this is the wiser plan. The Legislature made generous appropriations for immediate relief, until the tax could be levied and collected.

Burial expenses for Minnesota veterans of the civil war, the Mexican war and the Indian troubles, are, when necessary, defrayed by the State.

DEPARTMENT OF MISSOURI.

This department was first organized May 7, 1867, with General Carl Schurz as commander. The record of the department for four years was much like that of other western departments at that period. In 1872 the Missouri department had ceased to exist. During the next few years several efforts were made

to revive it, and a provisional commander was appointed in 1880. The Permanent Department was reorganized April 22, 1882, and Major William Warner was elected department commander. To Major Warner's administration is due the re-establishment of the Order in Missouri, 160 Posts being chartered during the two years of his official service. In his admirable management of the Missouri department Major Warner gave evidence of the executive ability that, in 1888, won for him the election as Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army. The senior Post of the department is No. 1, of St. Louis. Number of Posts in 1889, 383. Aggregate membership in 1889, 18,289.

Ransom Post, 131, of St. Louis, has the honor to claim General W. T. Sherman as a charter member. Ever since his muster with the Grand Army in Missouri, General Sherman has been annually elected Representative-at-large from the Department of Missouri to the National Encampment.

DEPARTMENT OF COLORADO AND WYOMING.

In 1868 Colorado and Wyoming were constituted a provisional department, but in 1875 these territories, with several others, were consolidated under the title of the Mountain Department, and so remained for several years. The membership of the department was largely made up of soldiers at the various army stations in those regions, and suffered constantly from the changing about of regiments, etc., until it was found inexpedient to continue the department. It was accordingly dissolved July 31, 1882, and Colorado and Wyoming at the same date reorganized as a Permanent Department, under their former title of Department of Colorado. This was practically an official transfer of the mountain department, as the officers of the latter remained undisturbed in their respective offices till the expiration of the year, E. K. Stimson being Department Commander. Post No. 1 is located at Laramie, Wyoming. Number of Posts in 1889, 63. Aggregate membership in 1889, 2,818.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.—A Soldiers' Home is being established at Montclair, a few miles from Denver.

LEGISLATION.—Veterans of the Army and Navy of the United States are exempt from militia duty, and from military poll-tax.

Pensions received from the United States government are exempt from execution and attachment.

The Grand Army badge is protected by law from unauthorized use. Also unauthorized persons are forbidden to use the consecutive letters "G. A. R.," on penalty of fine of not less than one hundred dollars, or imprisonment of not less than six months, or both.

Burial expenses of indigent veterans are met by the State.

DEPARTMENT OF OREGON.

Permanent Organization, September 28, 1882, N. S. Pierce, Department Commander. Senior Post of the department, George Wright Post, No. 1, of Port-

land, chartered July 18, 1878. Number of Posts in 1889, 43. Aggregate membership in 1889, 1,551.

LEGISLATION.—The Grand Army badge is protected from unlawful use, by Act of Legislature.

Memorial Day has been made a legal holiday.

DEPARTMENT OF KENTUCKY.

A Provisional Department was formed in Kentucky in 1867, and reported to National headquarters until 1874, but no records are preserved. A Permanent Organization was made January 16, 1883, Captain James C. Michie, Department Commander. Post No. 1 is located at Newport. Number of Posts in 1889, 98. Aggregate membership in 1889, 3,981.

LEGISLATION.—Memorial Day became a legal holiday in 1888.

DEPARTMENT OF WEST VIRGINIA.

A Permanent Department was established in West Virginia in 1868, but discontinued in 1871. The present Permanent Organization was made February 20, 1883, W. H. H. Flick, Department Commander. The senior Post of the department is No. 1, of Martinsburg, chartered in 1880. Number of Posts in 1889, 74. Aggregate membership in 1889, 2,923.

DEPARTMENT OF DAKOTA.

To Comrade Horace G. Wolfe, chief mustering officer of the Department of Iowa in 1882, belongs the credit of developing the Department of Dakota. Through his efforts enough Posts were organized in the Territory to warrant the founding of a Provisional Department in 1882. The Permanent Organization was effected February 27, 1883, and Thomas S. Free was elected Department Commander. The senior Post of this department is Geo. A. Custer Post No. 1, of Fort Yates, chartered January 7, 1882, by the Department of Iowa. Number of Posts in 1889, 91. Aggregate membership in 1889, 2,644.

DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON AND ALASKA.

A Provisional Department was instituted July 10, 1878. The Permanent Organization was made on June 20, 1883, and George D. Hill elected Department Commander. The senior Post of the department is Stevens Post, No. 1, of Seattle, chartered June 27, 1877. Number of Posts in 1889, 33. Aggregate membership in 1889, 1,344.

DEPARTMENT OF NEW MEXICO.

Grand Army Posts existed in New Mexico from 1867 to 1873, and a Provisional Department was early formed, but was discontinued at the latter date. Three Posts were afterward organized, and on May 28, 1883 they were constituted a Provisional Department, by Commander-in-Chief Van der Voort, then on his round of official visits. Other Posts were soon formed. The Permanent Organization was made July 14, 1883, and Henry M. Atkinson was elected Department Commander. The senior Post of this department is Thomas Post, No. 1, of Las Vegas, chartered May 30, 1882. Number of Posts in 1889, 9. Aggregate membership in 1889, 314.

MEMORIAL.—At Sante Fe on Memorial Day, 1885, a monument was dedicated to the memory of Brevet-Brigadier-General "Kit" Carson, Colonel of the First Regiment, New Mexico Volunteer Cavalry.

DEPARTMENT OF UTAH.

Permanent Organization, Oct. 8, 1883, Dr. George C. Douglas, Department Commander. Senior Post of the department, Post No. 1, of Salt Lake City, chartered September 18, 1878. Number of Posts in 1889, 3. Aggregate membership in 1889, 165. The Department of Utah formerly included Posts chartered in Montana and Idaho. The organization of these as independent departments leaves to the Department of Utah the Posts within its own territory only.

DEPARTMENT OF TENNESSEE.

This department was first organized as the Department of Tennessee and Georgia, on August 18, 1868, with F. W. Sparling, as Department Commander. At this time seventeen Posts were reported; but the department could not survive the political crisis of that period. In 1883 Posts were again organized in Tennessee, and in 1884 a Permanent Department was established, and Colonel Edward S. Jones was elected Department Commander. Up to 1889 this department included the existing Posts in Georgia and Alabama. Georgia and Alabama became independent departments in 1889. After these transfers this department met, on April 24, 1889, and reorganized at the Department of Tennessee, electing Augustus H. Pettibone, Department Commander. Post No. 1 is located at Nashville. Number of Posts in 1889, 53. Aggregate membership in 1889, 2,506.

DEPARTMENT OF ARKANSAS.

An effort was made in 1867 to organize a department of the Grand Army of the Republic in Arkansas, with results similar to those noted in Tennessee at the same period. Five Posts having been organized, in 1883, Commander-in-

Chief Van Der Voort established a Provisional Department. On April 18, 1884, a Permanent Department was formed, and the Provisional Commander, Stephen Wheeler, was elected Department Commander. Post No. 1 is located at Little Rock. Number of Posts in 1889, 39. Aggregate membership in 1889, 1,437. The official area of the Department of Arkansas includes the reservations of the Choctaw, Cherokee and Chickasaw nations in Indian Territory.

DEPARTMENT OF LOUISIANA AND MISSISSIPPI.

(Formerly Department of the Gulf.)

When the Grand Army of the Republic was first instituted, much interest was felt in the project by the Union soldiers in this region, chiefly colored troops still in the service. Ten Posts had been formed before 1868, but the mustering out of regiments, from time to time, and the consequent scattering of the veterans, and the intense local feeling of hostility to the Grand Army, combined to defeat the organization of a department. On April 10, 1872, was organized the John A. Mower Post, No. 1, of New Orleans, which remains the senior Post of the department. A Provisional Department was formed on March 28, 1883. The Permanent Organization was effected May 15, 1884, with William Roy as Department Commander. In 1888, the name of the department was changed from "Department of the Gulf" to "Department of Louisiana and Mississippi." Number of Posts in 1889, 7. Aggregate membership in 1889, 367.

MEMORIAL.—Through the efforts of John A. Mower Post, No. 1, a Soldiers' and Sailors' monument has been placed in the Chalmette National Cemetery.

DEPARTMENT OF FLORIDA.

Florida was constituted a Provisional Department in 1868, and so remained until 1875, when, the Posts having been disbanded, the Provisional Department was discontinued. In 1880 a revival of interest occurred, and by 1884 six Posts had been chartered. On July 9, 1884, a Permanent Department was established, and Frank N. Wicker was elected Department Commander. The senior Post of the department is Post No. 1, of Warrington, chartered in 1880. Number of Posts in 1889, 12. Aggregate membership in 1889, 319.

DEPARTMENT OF MONTANA.

Montana was a Provisional Department of the Grand Army of the Republic as early as 1868; but owing to the fact that almost the only veterans in that part of the country were soldiers at the army stations, and liable to frequent change of location, the department could not be systematically organized,

though the spirit was well sustained. After many changes, the Department of Montana was permanently organized on March 10, 1885, and Thomas P. Fuller was elected Department Commander. The senior Post of the department is John Buford Post, No. 1, at Fort Custer, originally chartered as Post 15, of the Department of Colorado, on February 19, 1881. It was afterwards attached to the Department of Utah; and on the organization of the Department of Montana, was transferred to it, as Post No. 1. Number of Posts in 1889, 16. Aggregate membership in 1889, 599.

DEPARTMENT OF TEXAS.

The effort made in 1866-'68 to establish the Order of the Grand Army of the Republic extended through the South-Atlantic and Gulf States, in all of which temporary results were reached. The record of these pages is, however, confined to those departments which ultimately revived and formed Permanent Organizations. Scattered through the other States are isolated Posts that may some day consolidate into departments. Texas is one, on the list of the Gulf States, that has finally organized a department of the G. A. R. Its history in the earlier years is practically identical with that recorded of other Southern departments. The Permanent Organization was made March 25, 1885, with W. D. Wiley, Department Commander. The senior Post of the department is Post 1, at Sherman, chartered in the early days, and revived in 1876. Number of Posts in 1889, 23. Aggregate membership in 1889, 637.

DEPARTMENT OF IDAHO.

From 1882 to 1887 Posts formed in this territory were attached to the Department of Utah. The Provisional Department of Idaho was formed in September, 1887. The Permanent Organization was made January 11, 1888, and William H. Nye elected Department Commander. The senior Post of the department is Garfield Post, No. 1, of Bellevue, chartered June 1, 1882. Number of Posts in 1889, 12. Aggregate membership in 1889, 354.

DEPARTMENT OF ARIZONA.

This department was developed by efforts made by the Department of California. When six Posts had been formed in Arizona, a Provisional Department was formed, September 10, 1887. The Permanent Department was established January 17, 1888, and A. L. Grow was elected Department Commander. The senior Post of the department is Negley Post, No. 1, of Tucson, chartered October 28, 1881. Number of Posts in 1889, 7. Aggregate membership in 1889, 315.

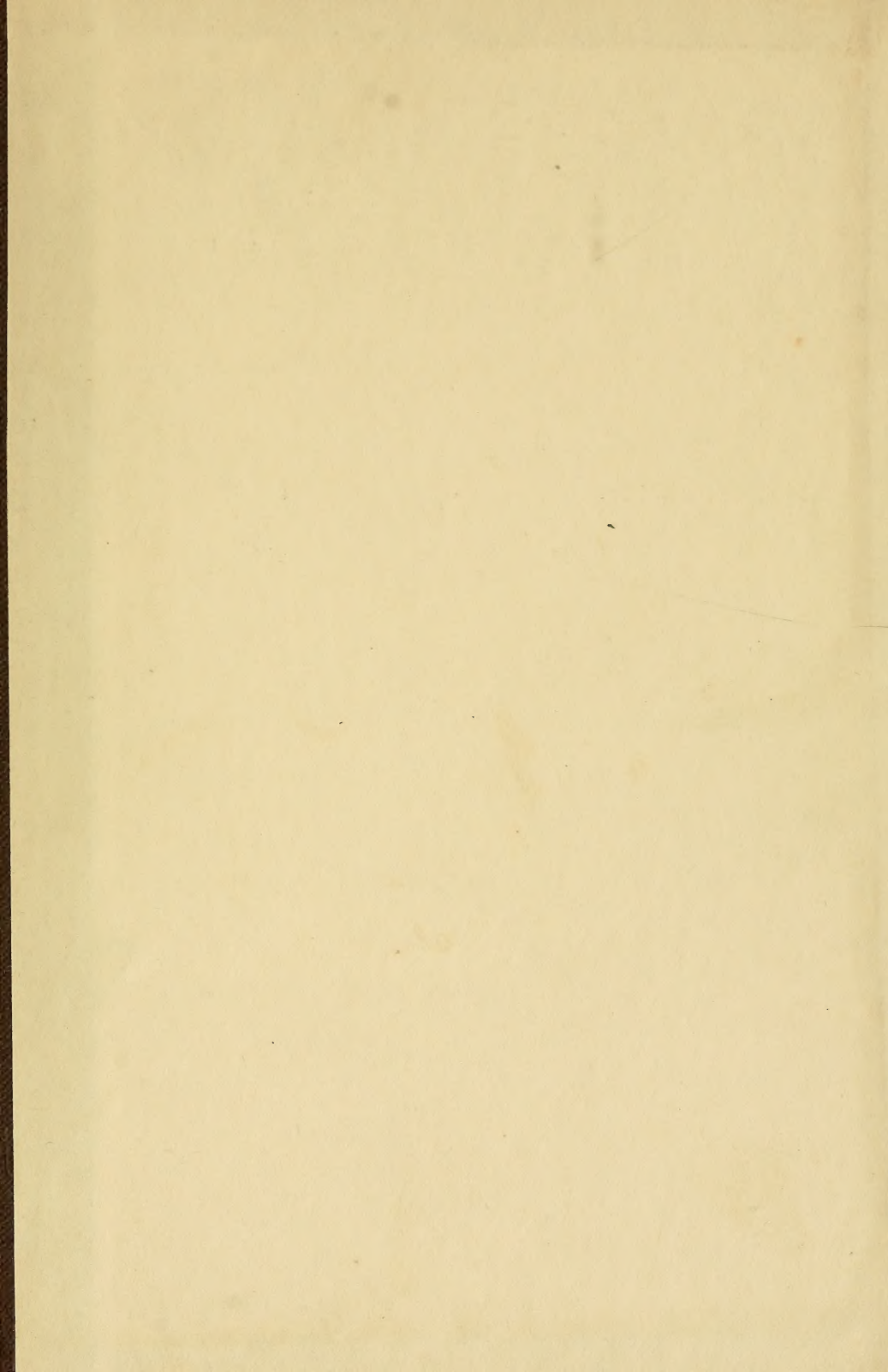
DEPARTMENT OF GEORGIA.

The Posts first chartered in Georgia were attached to the Department of Tennessee. A Provisional Department of Georgia and Alabama was formed December 11, 1888. The Permanent Department of Georgia was established January 25, 1889, John R. Lewis being elected Department Commander. Post No. 1 is located at Atlanta. Number of Posts in 1889, 6. Aggregate membership in 1889, 232.

DEPARTMENT OF ALABAMA.

Posts formed in Alabama, like those of Georgia, were first attached to the Department of Tennessee, and afterwards included in the Provisional Department of Georgia and Alabama. Detached, January 15, 1889, to form the Provisional Department of Alabama. The Permanent Department of Alabama, was organized March 12, 1889, and F. G. Sheppard was elected Department Commander. Post No. 1 is located at Birmingham. Number of Posts in 1889, 9. Aggregate membership in 1889, 223.





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